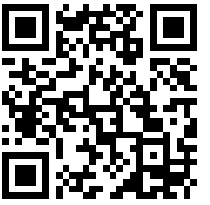
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The Rosary Magazine

Dominicans

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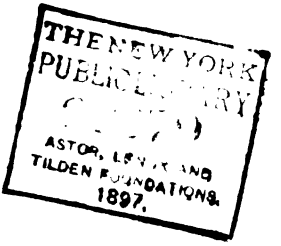
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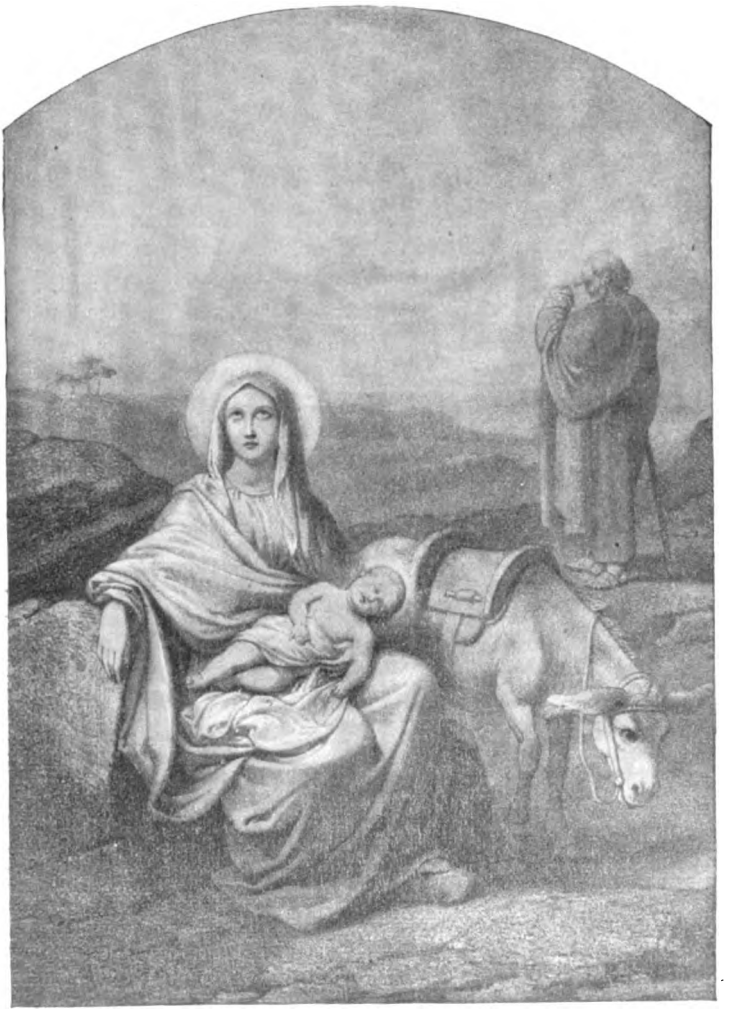
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Where, oh, where could he find shelter,
There to rest the patient mother
And her Son, the gentle Jesus?

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VOL. VIII. JANUARY, 1896. No. 1.

A LEGEND OF THE FLIGHT.

'Tis a legend I would tell you,
An old, quaint, and curious story
Of the worth of every kindness
Done to Jesus or His children,—
'Tis the poor are Jesus' children,
They, whom He has left among us
As a father leaves his children
To the care of those who love him.

Oh, how wearysome the journey
From the smiling land of Juda,
To the shores of distant Egypt!
Many days had Joseph travelled,
And now, penniless and footsore,
Sadly watched the shades of darkness
Closing out the radiant sunshine;
And the pensive hush of evening
Stilled all thoughts but those of sadness.
Where, oh, where could he find shelter,
There to rest the patient mother
And her Son, the gentle Jesus?
Who would shelter or protect them?
Gloomy were his thoughts within him
As the desert land around him.
Far as stretched the dark'ning country
Naught could he discern but desert
Reaching on in silent sadness.
Oh, the voidness of the desert!

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As they slowly journeyed onward,
Suddenly a light shone brightly
From the gathering gloom before them,
Lighting up with misty radiance
All the dismalness around them;
When the moment's fear subsiding,
Hope flushed joyously within them;
But its flame as quickly darkened
'Neath a cloud of sad forebodings
And despair of strangers' welcome.
As they silently drew nearer,
They beheld a mighty cavern
Shaped and hewn into a dwelling.
Filled with wonder and amazement,
There they stood, misdoubting—trusting,
Hoping still, and yet despairing,
Nearer they approached and entered.

Then a wondrous sight burst on them!
All the walls were hung with weapons;
And the lamp-light, flaming on them,
Flashed around a dreadful radiance,
Such as from the words of warning
God showed to the doomed Belthasar.
There were arms from every nation:
Lances, cuirasses, and cross-bows;
Shields and helms and heavy armor;
Spears that bore the Roman eagles,
And the short sword of the German.
Round were hung in strange grotesqueness
Many rich and curious treasures:
Cups adorned with massive carvings
Wrought in gold by cunning artists;
All the precious wares of India;
Robes of dainty fleece from Cadiz
Dyed in rich Gætulian purple;
Scattered were a thousand treasures
Round the cave in wild profusion!
Long they stood in awful wonder,
Filled with all conflicting feelings,
Ever varying emotions,
Till at last the gentle accents
Of a woman broke the silence.
Low and sad, yet sweet, her voice was
Like the nightingale's sweet music

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As they slowly journeyed onward,
Suddenly a light shone brightly
From the gathering gloom before them.

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When, amid th' oppressing stillness
Of a dark and gloomy evening,
Suddenly she wakes the forest,
Pouring forth in gentle music
All that's tender in her nature.
"Fear not!" said she, smiling sadly,
"Though a robber's cave's my dwelling,
Though I live mid scenes of bloodshed,
I can feel for those who suffer.
And as now the band is absent,
Prowling o'er the Arabian desert,
I may bid you welcome, travellers!
Welcome to all I can give you,—
Food and shelter to the morrow;"
And the woman soft advancing
Kindly met the weary travellers.

Once again the heavens brightened,
And Apollo's golden arrows
Flashed amid the haze of morning,
Darted through the depths of ether,
Driving out, in wild confusion,
Sleep and crime and silent sorrow,
Night, and all that comes with darkness.
And the tide of life awakened,
Leaped again upon its journey,
On amid its beds of flowers!
Never heeding, never heeding
That 'tis every moment nearer
To the dreadful, infinite ocean!

By a little crystal streamlet
Whose sweet waters, flowing onward
Wheresoe'er its Maker led it,
Murmured in unbroken music,
"Happiness" and all its secret,
All the pleasures of contentment.
There stood Joseph and his dear ones,
Bidding farewell to the woman
Through whose kindness they were sheltered
From the dark and damp of night time.

Mary stood there with her Jesus,
And beside them on the greensward
Lay the woman's child, but oh! how
Different from the rosy darling
That reclined on Mary's bosom!
Ere the flowers of youth had blossomed,
Ere the beauty had unfolded,

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That a mother's care had nourished,
Frost had come, and all was blighted.
No! there was no beauty left now
Where the leprosy had stricken.
And the mother stood there, weeping,
As she kissed the little Saviour,
Whose bright face, so wreathed in roses,
Filled her mother's heart with longing
That her child was fair as Mary's.
Soon the blessed three departed,—
But a holy blessing lingered,
And unto the grieving mother
Came a wondrous inspiration:
Whence she knew not, but she followed
All obediently its prompting,—
Swiftly plunged her leprous darling
In the crystal waters standing
In the bowl where Blessed Mary
Had her beauteous Infant bathéd.
Lo! the magic of the waters!
Lo! the child that issues from them!
Cleansed from all his foul diseases,—
All his ugliness departed.
To her breast his mother clasps him—
To her heart, with joy wild-beating.

Now my task is almost ended,
Almost ended and completed;
I have little more to tell you.
Thirty years had come and vanished,
And the little infant, Jesus,
Had become the Christ, the Saviour.
Time had made his changeless marches
'Tween the winter and the summer.
Three times more, and now the passion
Of the Lord was almost ended;
'Twas that dreadful day of mourning,—
'Twas the Saviour's Crucifixion!
There He hung between the robbers!
But why linger any longer?
All have heard the good thief's story,—
How, amid his dreadful torments,
He was touched by Jesus' suff'rings;
How the Saviour promised to him:
"Thou shalt be with Me in glory!"
And that thief, my legend tells me,
Was the child, whose mother's kindness
To the holy travellers brought him
Peace on earth, and joy in Heaven.

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COLUMBUS THE GOVERNOR.

JOHN A. MOONEY.

WITH a pen dripping honied vocables, an unknown artist has attributed to an unflinching pulpit-worker the following graceful and gracious attempt to express an uncultured untruth: "Columbus was the first to establish slavery in America, *which* cursed the new country for centuries." And not to be surpassed by a mere pulpit-worker, the artist composed, for the delectation of students, a dulcet sentence, thus worded: "The record of the terms *without which* Columbus refused to sail is a monumental exposure of his greed, and that of the dealings by which he strove to effect his purpose reveals a lust of the flesh and of base desire at once brutal and shameless." Were the pupils in the schools of Chicago compelled, daily, to turn these two "brutal and shameless" sentences into English, there is no doubt in my mind that Young America would curse this country during all the ages; and that, even the old folk, repressing, for a time, all lusts of the flesh and base desires, would laugh "to kill" at the monumental exposure of the self-culture of the pulpit-worker and the magazine worker.

The end is not yet. "There is no reason whatever,"—the artist tunefully intones,—"for imagining that we could see Columbus more favorably if we had more light. There is but too much light for those that have eyes to see, and in the not yet translated parts of Las Casas there is enough more to put a brand of eternal infamy on the Italian adventurer who enslaved and slaughtered the natives of the islands discovered by him as recklessly, and exterminated them in vast numbers as ruthlessly, as if they had been so many field vermin."

O awfully, cruelly funny "Whichwhater!" There shall be a light in our window for thee; just enough for a blind man to see. But what should one do with that Italian adventurer who discovered islands as recklessly as if they *had been* so many field ver-

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min? Put a brand of eternal infamy on him with too much and enough more light! Nay; the penalty must fit the crime. Let him be interned with "the not yet translated parts of Las Casas," in the Winsorian Hospital for Enslaved and Slaughtered English Grammars!

In a letter written in 1500 to Dona Juana de la Torre, the Discoverer of the New World used the following words: "I have reached a point where even the vilest seek to outrage me".... "If I had stolen the Indies and given them to the Moors, it would be impossible to show more hatred to me, in Spain." With this quotation I dismiss the "Whichwhaters." Their hatred will avail no more than Spanish hatred availed. But their vile language, their outrages on our mother-tongue, are so shameful, that I feel bound once more to warn all self-culturing youths and maidens to keep a watchful eye on the Magazine of Knowledge. Eternal vigilance is the price of good English.

The name of the great Dominican, Las Casas, has been freely used by scribblers who knew little about him. A mere mention of the titles of his works will expose the cheap pretension of the one who referred to "the not yet translated parts of Las Casas." Besides the: *De unico modo vocationis*, he published a Spanish translation of the Brief: *Euntes docete omnes gentes*, issued by Pope Paul III., on May 29th, 1537; and this translation was followed by the: *Brevissima relacion de la destruycion de las Indias*, commonly known as: "The Destruction of the Indies." Pursuing a single aim, Las Casas multiplied treatises. Of these a number exist only in manuscript. Those printed during his lifetime, in the original Spanish or Latin, or published after his death, in traitorous French translations, are more than a few; as the following titles exhibit: "*Entre los Remedios*"; "*Tratado comprobatorio del Imperio Soberano*"; the "Thirty Propositions", otherwise presented as the "Twenty Reasons"; the "*Quæstio de imperatoria vel regia potestate*"; the treatise on the "Liberty of the Indians"; the "Controversy with Dr. de Sepulveda"; the "Letter to Don B. Carranza de Miranda"; and the "Consultation on the Affairs of Peru." The best known, though not the most learned work of Las Casas, is the: "*Historia de las Indias*," printed for the first time, in 1875. I have not heard of any English translation of the *Historia*, though

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I have read that some of his works have been translated into English. There is an Italian as well as a French version of the *Brevissima relacion.* The Italian version is reliable. Several of the treatises have been paraphrased, most liberally, by Llorente,[1] who cooked texts always with a freedom allowable only to a Spanish *chef* when concocting an *Olla Podrida.*

Translating "parts" of Las Casas, we can compare his estimate of Columbus, with the estimate formed by Von Humboldt, Prescott, Markham and Fiske. "He was a man with a great valiant soul,"—thus Las Casas wrote,[2]—"of high thought, and from what can be deduced from his life and deeds and from his writings and conversation, naturally inclined to attempt illustrious and noble actions and deeds; patient and long-suffering, a pardoner of injuries, and one who desired no other thing, as he himself said, than that those who injured him should acknowledge their errors, and that delinquents should confess their offenses; most constant and *adorned* with longanimity in the hardships and adversities that ever befell him, *the which were incredible and infinite*, maintaining always a great confidence in Divine Providence; and truly, from what I myself have heard, both from my own father who was with him when he returned to colonize the island of Hispaniola in 1493, and from other persons who accompanied him and served him, he had and always preserved affectionate fidelity and devotion to the Sovereigns."

From this single quotation, the ignorance or the malice of those who use the name of Las Casas in support of their falsehoods, will be apparent. The "Great Apostle of the Indies"[3] never hesitated to use a strong word in the right place. To their face, he compared men high in power with one who is known to all Christians as the father of lies. And were Las Casas alive to-day, and writing here, I am not certain that, moved by a just indignation, he would have spared the calumniators of Columbus a comparison that I deem superfluous.

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[1] Œuvres de Don Barthélemi de las Casas, par J. A. Llorente. Paris, 1822. 2 vols.

[2] Historia de las Indias, in the: Coleccion de documentos inéditos para la Historia de Espana, Madrid, 1875, vol. lxii. p. 45.

[3] Thus Sir Arthur Helps calls Las Casas.

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However, we shall not confine ourselves to one quotation. Passing over a tribute to the "grand memory" and the "extraordinary faculty of judgment" with which God had endowed the Discoverer of the New World; and omitting the testimony of Las Casas to the fact that Columbus was "a man fearing God, and temperate," and that "his constancy and the generosity of his soul were no less remarkable than his knowledge," I beg my readers to reflect on the following passage:[1] "And so I (Bartholomew Las Casas) believe that Christopher Columbus was moved principally for God, and for spiritual and eternal treasures, and for the salvation of the predestined." Perhaps there are unflinching pulpit-workers, student-librarians, and uncultured speech-makers who had not read the "now translated parts" of Las Casas. Dare they say that Columbus was greedy for gold alone; or, that he was a criminal? If he were a mere adventurous criminal, what was Las Casas? Was he also a criminal? In the: CASE AGAINST COLUMBUS, there is a criminal somewhere; and if the criminal be neither Columbus nor Las Casas, I think we shall catch him red-handed.

"All the days of his life"—I am translating another passage from Las Casas—"were full of perils, surprises, hardships, such as were never before heard of, bitter sorrows, persecutions, afflictions, and one continued martyrdom."[2] A martyr criminal! and the first recorded in history. The criminal,—all the days of whose life were full of hardships, such as were never before heard of; the criminal who,—suffering always the bitter sorrows, persecutions, and afflictions that only a great, valiant soul could have borne,—was moved to seek a new world, principally for God, and for spiritual and eternal treasures, and for the salvation of souls,—is a criminal unique in the experience of mankind.

What estimate should we form of the life and the deeds of such a "criminal"? The "martyr of charity"[3] shall answer: "To extol and manifest two things, I (Bartholomew Las Casas) have many times, when meditating on this matter, desired that I might have new grace and aid from God, and the pen of Tullius Cicero

[1] Coleccion, vol. lxii., p. 248. [2] Coleccion, vol. lxii., p. 249.
[3] It is Llorente who thus qualifies Las Casas.

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with his eloquence; the first of these things is the ineffable service that Christopher Columbus rendered to God, and the universal benefits he conferred on the whole world, especially on Christendom, and, among others, more particularly on the Castilians, if we recognize the gifts of God, with which he was endowed, and his risks and hardships, and the industry, skill and valor, which he abundantly displayed in the discovery of this orb."[1] ... "It would seem that, before the ages, God conceded to this man the keys of that most fearful sea, and desired that no other should open its mysterious locks; that to him we owe all those harbors, within, that have followed since (he opened the locks), and whatever benefits of any sort shall follow from this day forward until the end of the world."[2]

Lengthily does Las Casas enumerate the manifold benefits conferred on mankind and on religion by Christopher Columbus; and, deeply affected, as all men of thought and feeling have been affected, by the remembrance of the immortal deeds of Columbus, the great Dominican thus concludes: "Of all these illustrious and incomparable benefits, and of other innumerable benefits that each day strike our eyes, ... the second cause, under God, and the first with respect to all the men of this world, was that most worthy man, the first discoverer of that most extensive and most famous New World, of which he alone worthily deserved to be the first Admiral."[3]

To these enthusiastic eulogies of Columbus, we could add others no less hearty, written by the same hand in the: *Historia de las Indias;* but from those I have quoted, one having eyes can see that no child of the father of lies can be in communion with the first priest ordained in the New World,—Bartholomew Las Casas. The "criminal" of Winsor *et al.* is the Christian hero of Las Casas, and of all other educated and truthful men. A brand of eternal infamy, the fiery Dominican would have burned into the forehead of any one malicious enough to represent as a criminal, the most worthy man, who, with respect to all men, was the first cause of all the incomparable benefits that have accrued to humanity

[1] Coleccion, vol. lxii., p. 470. [2] Coleccion, vol. lxii., p. 471.
[3] Coleccion, vol. lxii., p. 474.

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through the discovery of the marvellous New World,—Christopher Columbus.

Relating the story of the occupation and colonization of the Indies, Las Casas did pass a severe judgment on many acts for which he held the Admiral responsible; but by no word did the honest and learned Dominican question the purity of the Admiral's intentions. The wisdom or the legality of these acts, Las Casas questions or denies; but nowhere does he cast a suspicion, however slight, on the motives that determined Columbus in his policy as a governor.

The position maintained by Las Casas was peculiar. He did not absolutely deny the right to make or hold slaves. The Law of Nations recognized such a right, and, as a jurist, he was bound to recognize the validity of that law. What he did deny was: that anybody, not excepting the Rulers of Spain, had a right to make slaves, contrary to the law of nations, or to hold slaves illicitly acquired. To this sound major proposition, he added a minor having this intent: The Indians enslaved in the New World were illicitly enslaved. Conceding this minor, his conclusion was logically consequent: Therefore all the Indian slaves should be set free. To prove his minor, Las Casas maintained that a good title to a slave could be acquired only by capture in a just war (*bona guerra*) or by purchase or gift, the seller or donor having a good title; and to this new major he appended a new minor: No title, acquired through a just war, existed in the New World; and few, if any Indians, had been purchased, or received as a gift, from individuals who had a legal right to sell or give. This new minor, he supported by a declaration that the sole title the Spaniards had in the New World was the title conceded them by the Bull of Pope Alexander VI.; and that the sole right acquired under this Bull, was the right to preach the Gospel to the inhabitants of the New World. The occupation by Columbus was in the eyes of Las Casas, a forcible, unjustifiable occupation; the attempt to establish a form of government other than that existing among the natives, he denounced as an act of injustice; nay, more, he protested that, in attacking the Spaniards, and in killing them, anywhere and everywhere, the Indians were justified. On their side was right; the Spaniard was an unjust aggressor. So that,

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in the opinion of Las Casas, all acts performed by Columbus, or by his successors, excepting only such acts as were directed to the peaceable spreading of Christianity, were unjust, radically. The argument of Las Casas, I have summarized here. In several of his memorials and treatises, as well as in the *Brevissima relacion* and in the *Historia* he stated the argument clearly, though it is in the controversy with De Sepulveda that he develops his thesis the more fully and closely.

If the student-librarians and their co-working pulpiteers will apply the principles and the reasoning of Las Casas to the occupation of our coasts by Puritan or Cavalier, and to the "civilizing" methods adopted by these models of sweet Christian charity, they will find material for volumes of illicit English and of righteous indignation. There is light enough in the "not yet translated parts of Las Casas" and in the written and unwritten history of the American colonies and of the United States, to "put a brand of infamy" on the slaughterers and exterminators of the American Indians who were not fortunate enough to come under the mild rule of Christopher Columbus, but who were so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of Englishmen and Dutchmen, whose purposes reveal not only "a lust of the flesh and base desire at once brutal and shameless," but also a contempt for right and for justice that only a Las Casas could fittingly expose and condemn.

Clearly, the conclusion of the jurist and theologian reached and purposely reached beyond Columbus. He was but the servant of the crown, and the policy he adopted was passed upon or initiated, by the kings Spain. They were responsible for the injustices that were radical. And this responsibility Las Casas charged them with, again and again. Indeed, on account of his iteration of royal responsibility, he was accused of disloyalty; a charge against which he skilfully defended himself.

Reading the *Historia*, by bits and scraps, one may fall upon a passage, which, wrested from the context, and presented unintelligently or dishonestly, would mislead. Everything Las Casas wrote, was written under the influence of his grand argument. Coming to details, each act of Columbus was measured by Las Casas according to the Law of Nations. and the canons

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of Catholic theology set forth in his works; and not only for every act, illicit under the law and the canons, did he condemn the Admiral, but also for all the consequences of these acts. This sweeping condemnation, Las Casas qualified, however, by excusing Columbus for performing these condemnable actions, on account of his good faith, sincerity, gentleness (*dulzura*) and benignity; or on account of his ignorance of law; or on account of the royal approbation of his acts. On the crown it is that Las Casas really places the responsibility, as he should do. A Council composed of jurists and theologians, decided all questions relating to the treatment of the Indians. To this Council all the politic acts of Columbus were submitted; and, with the Council, the Sovereigns passed upon those acts; as, advised by the Council, the Sovereigns frequently instructed their Admiral how they desired him to act. For whatever policy he adopted, the Council was finally responsible; and on the Council, Las Casas imposes the final responsibility.

Making the Council bear the burden of the policy followed by Columbus, Las Casas aimed one shaft at King Ferdinand, and another at Fonseca, the king's favorite; both of whom, as Las Casas testifies, were ever unfriendly to the noble Discoverer; and both of whom influenced the Council to serve ends personal to the king and to Fonseca. No policy formed by Columbus could have been permanently established, against the advice of the Council and the will of the Sovereigns.

Here it may be well to recall some facts that are seldom considered. On his first voyage, Columbus constructed Fort Navidad, and left in the fort, a garrison of forty-four men. Returning to Spain, he reached Palos on March 15th, 1493. A month had hardly passed when the Sovereigns organized the department of Indian affairs, with Fonseca as its head. From that day forward Columbus was subject to the control of this department as well as of the Sovereigns. Making a second voyage to the New World, the Admiral reached Navidad, on November 27th, 1493. Until April 24th, 1494, he remained on land, planning the new city of Isabella, stamping out the conspiracy of Bernal Diaz and exploring the island. Discovering and observing, amid perils and hardships, he spent the following five months

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at sea. "Prostrate, insensible, delirious,"[1] "deprived of memory, sight and all his faculties,"[2] he was carried on shore, at Isabella, on September 29th, 1494. During the succeeding five months, he lay there, helplessly ill. Recovering, he spent the next eleven months in defending the colony against disorderly Spaniards and warring Indians. On March 10th, 1496, he sailed once more for Spain. Two years and five months later, on August 31st, 1498, he returned to the New World, and entered the new city of San Domingo for the first time. Pacifying the country, contending with rebels, and successfully founding the colony on a basis of prosperity, Columbus, with his brother Bartholomew, surmounted many and rare difficulties, and bore hardships innumerable. On the 22d of August, 1500, Bobadilla appeared in the harbor of San Domingo, and the authority of Columbus ended forever. Seven years had passed since the first discovery; and, during these seven years, the Admiral had exercised authority for no more than three years and four months.

Reference has been made to the rebellion of Diaz, which was only the first of several traitorous attempts to nullify the authority of the Admiral and of the kings of Spain. And it is noteworthy that the favorites of royalty were frequently implicated in the conspiracies against the representative of the crown. When in April, 1494, Columbus went in search of new lands, he appointed a commission or Junta, of five, to manage affairs during his absence. At least one member of this Junta proved a disturber; and the rebellious Margarite, a favorite of the king, found a supporter in Boil, another favorite. Convalescing after his long illness, the Admiral learned of the rising of Caonabo, a savage no less unreliable than the royal favorites. Roldan, Riquelme, Guevara, Mejica, in turn, threatened the very existence of the colony, and made the two latter years of his nominal governorship a "martyrdom."

We have already noted the control exercised by the Sovereigns over the affairs of the Indies, from the day that they first knew of the existence of the Indies. Sixty years ago, Von Humboldt

[1] Life of Christopher Columbus, by C. R. Markham, p. 169.

[2] The Life and Voyages, Irving, Hudson edition, vol. i., p. 524.

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wrote: "Official documents, and especially the large number of royal orders addressed to Columbus prove that the court occupied itself with the smallest details of the administration of the colony."[1] These documents and orders exist, and a biographer of Columbus, desirous of claiming thoroughness and honesty, must read every one of them. Having read them, he cannot honestly represent the Admiral as an autocrat, ruling according to his own pleasure. A document, made public by the Sovereigns on April 10th, 1495,[2] shows how lightly they esteemed his powers, and how absolutely they assumed to control the Indies, regardless of any privileges or grants they had accorded him, under their hand and seal. In this document, they gave "general permission to native-born subjects to settle in the island of Hispaniola, and to go on private voyages of discovery and traffic to the New World." By this act, they attacked the authority nominally placed by them in the Admiral's hands, and invited the disorders which, later, he repressed at so great cost to himself. Again to advertise their royal control, they sent Juan Aguado to Hispaniola, in August, 1495. The spirit of the Sovereigns and of the department of the Indies can be fairly judged by Aguado's bearing when he arrived at Isabella, in October of the same year. "He assumed," says Washington Irving, "a tone of authority, as though the reins of government had been transferred into his hands. He interfered in public affairs; ordered various persons to be arrested; called to account the officers employed by the Admiral, and paid no respect to Don Bartholomew Columbus, who remained in command during the absence of his brother."[3] To defend himself against the calculated ill-will, and against the calumnies of this agent of the Sovereigns,—the Admiral was obliged to return to Spain, in March, 1496. Two years and five months he was detained there, by the machinations of Fonseca and the neglect of the crown. When he embraced his brother once more, in the new city of San Domingo, it was "with grief and disappointment that he learned of the mutiny of the

[1] Examen critique, vol. iii., p. 262.

[2] See Navarrete, Coleccion de los viages y descubrimientos; vol. ii., pp. 165-168.

[3] Irving, vol. ii., pp. 82, 83.

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miscreant, Francisco Roldan, whom he had raised from the dust." Roldan, Riquelme, Guevara, Mejica might well have charged Ferdinand and Fonseca with having encouraged rebellion, by their own repeated attacks on the Admiral's authority. When he had compromised with Roldan, and had reduced the others to obedience, the Sovereigns practically approved all the treacheries and rebellions that Columbus had mastered. The chains of Bobadilla were the sole reward of the Admiral's affectionate loyalty, valor, high judgment, prudence and longanimity.

From these records, it is as clear as the day that, before Columbus exercised a single act of authority in the New World, and indeed before a community existed there, the Sovereigns assumed the direction of Indian affairs; and that, henceforward, they supervised the smallest details of his administration, acting, commonly, without consulting with him, and often ordering affairs of their own motion; and it is equally clear that—from the destruction of Fort Navidad until the disgraceful day on which he was put into irons,—beset continually with trials, caused more than all by Spanish miscreants who hated him because of his ability and virtue, the crown, instead of supporting him, offered an example which naturally encouraged ambitious and greedy men to despise the mean and insecure authority that Columbus was permitted to exercise.

Now, I may fairly ask, is there any sensible person, weighing the facts here presented, who will believe that Christopher Columbus could have introduced slavery into the New World? The answer is plain: He could not have introduced slavery, during the three years and four months of his administration, without the consent or connivance of the Sovereigns; and, had he introduced slavery, the crown would be responsible, and not Columbus. Does Las Casas charge Columbus with introducing slavery into the New World? He does not so charge him; nor could he, for the simple reason that, by no free act did Columbus introduce or endeavor to introduce slavery into the New World.

The economic systems adopted by the Admiral are succinctly stated by Las Casas in the "Eleventh Reason" of the "Remedies." I quote his words: "The first Admiral of the Indies, who discovered the New World, *believing that he followed the will of the*

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kings, when he was at the island of Hispaniola in the beginning, made tributaries of the Indians, imposing on each of those living in the neighborhood of the mines to fill a hawk's bell with gold; and on those who were far away from the mines he laid a tax of a certain quantity of cotton and of such other things as they could give. Afterwards some tyrants among the Spaniards, who were with him, separated from him and revolted against his authority, and were the cause of his suffering great hardships and afflictions; and they possessed themselves of the Indians in a province of the island (of Hispaniola) called Xaragua, a rich province, and very populous, and commenced to make use of the Indians very unjustly; and after having come to an agreement, he permitted the Spaniards to retain some settlements (of Indians), and to use their labor and so to till farms for themselves."[1]

The "Spanish tyrants" to whom Las Casas alludes were the turbulent followers of Francisco Roldan, who in the year 1497, led a revolt against Bartholomew Columbus, during the Admiral's absence in Spain. In the *Historia de las Indias*, Las Casas narrates all the evil doings of this "miscreant," who, persecuting the Indians on the one hand, and, on the other, exciting them to destroy the royal colony, maintained an independent government until the arrival of Columbus at San Domingo, on August 30th, 1498.[2]

The terrible dangers that threatened the colony at this time are forcibly narrated by Las Casas. Columbus saw but one way out of them: negotiation with Roldan, and an appeal to the Sovereigns. Step by step, Roldan, who knew his strength and the Admiral's weakness, forced concession after concession. Hoping to get Roldan and his horde out of the island, for at first they promised to return to Spain, Columbus granted them a slave each, of those whom they had already enslaved. Having gained this concession, Roldan refused to return to Spain, and demanded a grant of lands for himself and followers, and the use of the services of the Indians to cultivate the lands. This demand was also granted.

To these terms compelled by "the serpent," Roldan, Las Casas alluded in the passage quoted from the "Remedies." Let us hear

[1] Remedios, edition of 1552.

[2] Washington Irving's account of this rebellion, based as the account is on that of Las Casas, is full, trustworthy, and instructive: vol. ii., pp. 199–265.

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what he says on the subject in the "*Historia de las Indias.*" "Certainly, the ambition and bad conduct of this miserable Roldan are manifest, and the extreme necessity in which the Admiral found himself, and how he signed the concession against his will."[1] Nay more, the Dominican Patron of the Indians relates, what we know to be a fact, that Columbus promptly, and more than once, advised the Sovereigns of each one of his concessions and of all the circumstances; and that he protested to them that: "what he had signed was against his will, and was done under the advice of the principal persons (in the colony) who desiderated the advantage of their Highnesses, because they saw the danger there was of the island's being ruined for either Indians or Christians, if these (rebels) did not leave the country, or did not submit, and if that shameless fire which daily increased was not confounded with shame."[2]

Nor does Las Casas rest here. He maintains that not one of the concessions made by Columbus, was granted "*proprio motu*" and of his own will. "The extreme necessity in which he found himself constrained him to sign the concessions," Las Casas writes; "wherefore they were null and void." When Columbus advised the Sovereigns of Roldan's acts and of his own, he also specified the neglect of the crown in not having provided the colony with a jurist. One experienced in the law should have been sent from Spain, "because the people on the island were unruly, and knew the Admiral dare not restrain them, on account of the unjust accusations they had made against him in Castille; accusations that were believed." "The concession made to Roldan," the learned Dominican adds, "was *nihil*, because, according to Jurists, to give, transfer, or prorogate jurisdiction, pure and totally free consent is required; and Columbus, under the circumstances, was deprived of free consent."[3]

Prudence, respect for law, acknowledgment of the crown's authority, and a manly independence, were displayed by Columbus in his letters to the Sovereigns concerning Roldan. Not content with asking them to supply a notable defect, by appointing a jur-

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[1] Coleccion, vol. lxiii., p. 365. [2] Coleccion, vol. lxiii., p. 360.
[3] Colecçion, vol. lxiii., pp. 366–368.

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ist to give force to law, he also requested that two "virtuous persons" should be named as official councillors of the colony. Nor did he hesitate to reproach the crown for having weakened his authority. Treating him openly as a governor, named by the crown, should not have been treated, the crown invited disorder. In answer to his protest and requests, did the Sovereigns repudiate the *void* agreement forced from the Admiral by Roldan? No! Fonseca supported the rebel. Did they create a department of justice and select virtuous councillors to assist their nominal governor? No. At the mercy of the rebels, he remained. The crown preferred to retain absolute power in its own hands. Bobadilla answered the protests and requests of the Discoverer of the New World.

By the forced compromise with Roldan, or by the methods thereafter adopted to give stability to the colony, did Columbus introduce a system of Indian slavery into the New World? He did not; nor has any intelligent and honest writer charged him with introducing such a system. Indeed, no one who can read, except a reader-liar, could make such a charge against him. Sir Arthur Helps evidenced an unselfish and intelligent interest in the welfare of slaves long before the "New England conscience" was generally awakened to the inhumanity of the "forefathers" whose "lust of the flesh" could be gratified only by the exchange of "rum" for "niggers." In the "Conquerors of the New World,"[1] Mr. Helps truthfully relates the facts: "Columbus apportioned to any Spaniard, whom he thought fit, such and such lands, to be worked by such a Cacique and his people—*a very different procedure to giving men*—a feudal system as Munoz justly calls it, *and not a system of slavery*." Open Washington Irving's "Life and Voyages of Columbus," and read this passage:[2] "He made an arrangement, also, by which the Caciques in their vicinity instead of paying tribute, should furnish parties of their subjects, *free Indians*, to assist the colonists in the cultivation of their lands: *a kind of feudal service*, which was the origin of the repartimientos, or distributions of free Indians among the colonists, *afterwards* generally adopted and shamefully abused throughout the Span-

[1] London, 1848; vol. i., p. 189.

[2] Vol. ii., p. 263.

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ish Colonies." Mr. John Fiske's "estimate" confirms the statements of Irving and Helps: "By 1499 the island had begun to be divided into *repartimientos*, or shares. One or more villages would be ordered, under the direction of their native chiefs to till the soil for the benefit of some specified Spaniard or partnership of Spaniards; and such a village or villages constituted the *repartimiento* of the person or persons to whom it was assigned. This arrangement put the Indians into a state somewhat resembling that of *feudal villenage;* and this was as far as things had gone when the administration of Columbus came abruptly to an end."[1] To these quotations I might add indefinitely.

The authority of Las Casas would have sufficed to prove that Columbus did not introduce a system of slavery into the colony. The Dominican historian is careful to record the provisions made by the Admiral.[2] He states that no Spaniard was permitted to employ Indians in the mines, unless he held a written license, signed by the Admiral; and that this license was good, only "from such a month to such a month." Indeed, Las Casas expresses the opinion that the plan devised by Columbus for the use of Indian labor was intended by him to be merely temporary. And as to the whole policy, though Las Casas considered it unlawful, he declares it to be his conviction that Columbus was inspired by "a holy intention"; and, "I believe it to be certain" —I quote the words of Las Casas—"that he (Columbus) believed he was not in error."[3]

Arguing that the original occupation of the New World was unjust, Las Casas looked upon the distribution of the land among the Spaniards as an injustice; and he looked upon the partitioning of the Indians to cultivate the farms and work the mines, as a

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[1] Vol. ii.. pp, 434-435.

[2] Consult: "The Life of Columbus," by Sir Arthur Helps, London, 1869, p. 196; and the same author's: "Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen," London, 1848, p. 167. "Columbus placed a Cacique and his followers on certain lands, and then named certain Spaniards who were to receive the benefit from the tillage of these lands. We find also that he allowed Indians to be taken to work in the mines; but then an especial license was necessary, and it was given from such a month to such a month."

[3] Coleccion, vol. lxiii., p. 379.

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second injustice. Hence his assumption that, adopting the *repartimiento*, Columbus "erred." In fact, Columbus did not introduce the *repartimiento*. The Sovereigns introduced it, as we know from the Patent issued by them on July 22d, 1497.[1] In this document they instructed the Admiral to distribute lands to each one of the Spaniards, according to his condition and quality. These lands, the grantees were to cultivate; and the real ownership of the lands was formally vested in the grantees. The Patent is silent about a partitioning of the Indians; and yet, evidently, the Sovereigns had some such scheme in mind when issuing their order. The lands were not "self culturing." If the Indians did not cultivate them, who would? Unless the *repartimiento* was to be a vacant lot, and no more, Columbus had to provide a means of utilizing the land. It was his duty to make the colony self-sustaining. Without food, neither the Indians nor the Spaniards could be kept alive. Cultivating the land, not only was a sustenance assured to all, but the natives and the Spaniards were also assimilated, and the order and prosperity of the colony secured. Force, Columbus did not use in the experiment with the *repartimiento*. He entered into a peaceful transaction with the Caciques. Instead of the tribute of gold, or cotton, *etc.*, previously paid, they voluntarily agreed to supply the farms and mines with laborers.

That the Admiral acted in accord with the intentions of the crown, there can be no doubt. Advised after, if not before, the establishment of the *repartimiento* of Indians, the Sovereigns made no change in the system. Nay more, they formally commended it; and, even after the abuses introduced by Bobadilla, and continued by De Lares, the crown confirmed the systems of compulsory labor for which, not the Admiral but his successors were responsible.

Nor need we wonder that the Sovereigns looked favorably on the *repartimiento*, as Columbus administered it. The feudal system he introduced was an institution flourishing not in Spain alone, but also throughout Europe. "*Mis Vasallos*," "my vassals," are the words frequently applied by the Sovereigns to the Indians. As their vassals, the Sovereigns instructed Colum-

[1] Navarrete, Coleccion de los viages, etc., vol. ii., pp. 215–216.

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bus to treat the Indians; he, in return, advises the crown that, as the crown's vassals, he deals with the Indians. The full meaning of this expression, the Sovereigns themselves defined by their orders to De Lares; and the meaning they gave to the word "vassals," in these orders, was much more extended than the practical definition of Columbus, as exemplified in the *repartimiento* of his day. The abuses that followed, under Bobadilla and De Lares, were not inherent in the system, but were due to the fact that neither of these men was endowed with the prudence, judgment, or longanimity of the Admiral; and to a fact no less important, namely: that, into the New World, there entered a mass of miserable fellows who, as Columbus pithily said: "deserved water, neither from God nor from man."

A writer whose reputation depends on the credit he enjoys among the malicious and the uncritical,—Llorente, the author of the lying "critical history of the Inquisition,"—was no more than just when he asserted that Columbus "treated the Indians with a mildness and kindness which his successors never imitated." [1]

Mr. Markham's judgment on the Admiral's administration is justified by the facts. Thus the learned Geographer writes: "If the sovereigns of Spain had trusted Columbus and his brothers fully and completely, had established trading posts and imposed a moderate tribute, and had absolutely prohibited the overrunning of the country by penniless and worthless adventurers, they would have had a rich and prosperous colony." [2] Nor is the scholarly English biographer more than fair, when describing the results of the Admiral's tranquillizing policy; results largely due to the establishment of the *repartimiento*. "With the restoration of peace," Mr. Markham truly says, "trade revived and prosperity began to return. The receivers of grants of land found that they had a stake in the country, and sought to derive profit from their crops. Similar activity appeared at the mines, and the building at San Domingo progressed rapidly." [3]

In the "Remedios," Las Casas certifies that before the coming of De Lares: "The Indians remained in their villages and houses

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[1] Œuvres de Las Casas, vol. i., p. 137. [2] Life of Columbus, p. 194.
[3] Life of Columbus, p. 200.

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working at their occupations, and in peace as they were accustomed to live."[1] If the Indians were maltreated and enslaved after the removal of Columbus, no one who is familiar with the writings of the conscientious Dominican, can for a moment doubt upon whom he puts the blame. The guilty man came from Spain in the year 1502, charged with the government of the Indies by Their Most Serene Highnessess, Don Fernando and Dona Isabel; and by them he was instructed "to rule the Indians *as freemen*, and with much love, mildness, charity, and justice, *not placing them in servitude;*" but he, "before the devil, *invented* the plan of giving the Indians to the Spaniards," as "he *invented* the system of parcelling out the Indians *generally*, as if they were so many cattle." And what was the name of this man? Las Casas will answer: "De Lares, the *comendador mayor* of Alcantara."[2]

The charge that Columbus introduced a system of slavery among the Indians of the New World is untenable. Had we no other evidence than the testimony I have just adduced from Las Casas, the falsity of the charge would be apparent. Such a charge can be inspired only by ignorance, or by malice; for Las Casas repeatedly names De Lares as the author of a system which, though no worse than the system of negro slavery long cherished even in the United States, was, nevertheless, unjust. "Hate and envy," said Llorente, "have ever persecuted men whose talents or virtues elevated them above their contemporaries." Virtuous and talented, in a remarkable degree, Columbus will not escape the shafts of hate and of envy, during the ages. Still these shafts are harmless. Virtue, at least, is armored, at all points, in shining and impenetrable steel.

YOUTH.

JOSEPH W. S. NORRIS.

BRISK step, bright eye, great hope,
Brave heart, strong hand-clasp given;
Firm faith, and the fearless trust
That seemeth a foretase of Heaven.

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[1] Remedios: Razon Onzena, edition of 1552. [2] Remedios: loco citato.

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AN OLD MUSICIAN.

A SKETCH OF THE ADIRONDACKS.

WALTER LECKY.

IT was his way, Père Monnier's way, to pay an annual visit to Montreal. As he used to say, "A man should keep in touch with civilization, if it was only for a few days every twelvemonth."

Old Anna, the good priest's housekeeper, thought differently, and was often heard to say, even in his presence, that it was a mad rush for old and half-backed books that took him to the city. If her position was disputed, as it was sure to be, by Napoleon, the man-servant, she would tap her old carpet-slipper quickly on the floor, and turning with a sarcastic twist from his tantalizing words, poke the fire, nodding her head and muttering:

"Books, aye, books! If he hadn't enough of them! Books! You cannot stir for them! Picked up everywhere, poking on his knees in every old store, paying his good money, and carting them here as if they were gold. Books! Many's the one's head they have put out of kilter."

The Père's only response to such tirades from his constant friend was a hearty laugh, the lifting of some old half-clad tome, and shaking it at her. She feared "the black art that slept between the leaves," and a shake was enough to silence one whose policy was, "It's better to be quiet, if your noise troubles your betters."

Not a few of Père Monnier's parishioners thought as Anna, as was shown by the presents they brought their pastor. If they were from home any length of time, they were sure to return with some book or other, fished from a dust-heap in some old book-stall. The more worn and foxed, the better it was thought to please the Père. They had an idea that books, as wine, grow with age. They grasped a truth. From such a strange way of increas-

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ing his library, many "queer customers" stood shoulder to shoulder. Byron, a helpmate to a stray copy of Jeremy Taylor; the *Summa* of St. Thomas supporting the arch scoffer, Voltaire. Rollicking Lever in his shirt sleeves bending over Gury. Each book, strange as his housing, was known to the Père, who had a tale of how Le Roy brought this raggy fellow as a New Year's gift, or how Rosalie found that giant bursting with syllogisms, modestly sleeping beneath a heap of modern romances and Montreal dust. He was proud of his books, and boasted of the intuitive taste of his parishioners, who so easily discerned, amid lesser lights, the sleeping wizards of the olden time.

Whether for books, or to rub against civilization for a few days, the evidence favoring the former, Père Monnier, leaving his little property in the safe custody of Napoleon and Anna, had gone to Montreal. It was winter time, to him the most pleasant of the seasons. The land lay white in snow. The bare and bold mountains were covered with the same soft mantle. Trees wove around their nakedness many a fantastic ice design, prettier than their green summer gown. The rivers and ponds were the scenes of skating tournaments, the music, the merry, laughing voices of the young. On the roads sleigh bells jingled, while the light and graceful cutters, bowing to each other, gave the occupants a moment of banter.

Holding up a red pocket-handkerchief, by the side of the little coal-box station, as the Montreal train was rounding the curve, the engine slackened pace, and soon puffing and panting, stopped at the station. Père Monnier, with a bow to the conductor, entered the car, and was soon lost in his Breviary. The scenery along the route, for the most part picturesque, was so well known to him that he preferred to finish his "office" rather than chat with old friends, and evoke old memories. Being well-known, he had to endure what that entails,—a touch on the shoulder, a slight tap on the back, a warm hand squeeze, and many a hearty *bon jour*. These salutations were always followed by the Père's rapid cross-examining as to the health, wealth, gladness, or sorrow of the family, and they not infrequently ended by whispering into the Père's ear, "My son Johnny," or "my daughter Eliza, has a book as long as my arm, and as thick as my calve, full of

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gosh queer lettering for M. le Curé." How the cross-examiner's eyes would flash as his mind wandered to his library, and speculated on what shelf could he find room for the latest love token!

Soon St. Henri was passed, and the Père, opening his little grip, put away his Breviary, and was ready when the porter called out "Montreal—Bonaventura station! All out, this way, sir!"

In another moment he was one of a half running, eager crowd, peering this and that way, some to discover friends, others as if in a moment they could tell what a Canadian city and people were like. Sleighs were ready, and warm furs to wrap and furry men with red or black toques, to persuade, argue, threaten, grab your bag, and if they succeeded in seating you in their sleigh, to purr like a cat, mount the dickey, make faces at their beaten rival, singing some familiar Canadian ditty.

But Père Monnier resisted alike persuasion, argument and threat. He preferred to saunter slowly through the streets. Being a man fond of humankind, and with but few opportunities of contact with human nature, of a type different from those to be met with in his own little mountain parish, he enjoyed the sight of the many faces to be met upon the busy thoroughfares and the quiet streets of the great city. It was not only books that he gathered up and took home with him from these periodical visits, but recollections of faces, and characters, and sayings that remained fresh ever after. It was a good hour from the mid-day meal, and in that time his sauntering would bring him to St. Patrice, where a hearty greeting was sure to await him. He had not gone far when his eyes, so quick when sinners or books were their objects, greeted an old book store and curio shop. It was a find, and explorer as he was, he would enter and note it on his map. In front of the door were two rickety deal-tables, one lacking a foot, and leaning so heavy to the maimed side, that the slightest touch gave the onlooker an awkward feeling at the groundward movement of its contents. By the dexterous use of a string, and the keen eye of the bookseller, the falling proved delusive, and many a passer-by was saved an apology. The tables were covered by well-thumbed, badly-written stories in rough paper covers, with a few coatless religious works to keep the motley throng in order. The inside corresponded to the outside in pleasing confusion. The store was long and narrow, and every nook was ingeniously utilized. Shelf

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after shelf crept up the wall bulging full of worth and trash lovingly hugging each other. It was a strange mingling of brain-children, who spat spleen at each other in life, standing shoulder to shoulder, presenting a stiff line to dust and flies. And what a friendship! When one was taken, how lonely and sad looked his companions, and how quickly they closed ranks! The floor was equally interesting: a huge clock of the 17th century, once the possession of a famous French beauty, solemnly ticking time and life away; an arm-chair, cracked, squeaky, and soiled, whereon the chivalrous Champlain once sat; a sword, good, bright, and trusty, of Maisoneuve; a little silver crucifix of the gallant Brœbeuf; a gold medal of Marguerite Bourgeoys; a cane of Montcalm; Montgomery's cap; ancient china, rare dishes, Japanese ware, Indian relics, bits of rare-colored carpets, daggers, pistols, long barreled guns, water-colored daubs, engravings, something to catch civilized and savage, a medley of climes and times, history that is mute.

Amidst these sat, or walked, the old bookseller, wise and witty, genial to the lovers of things artistic, a hater of pretensions and superficial book knowledge. He was of an old school, and would not sell a rare book to a dunce. He read a face as easily as he told the time of his clock. No one was importuned to buy, and every article had its price plainly marked. That price was honest, and no amount of persuasion could change it.

"Talk, sir, has no effect on my prices; they are honest, sir,—a bare living; you see I have to deal in all things to do it. I guarantee that you shall find your purchase what it was bought for; that is John Thompson's reputation; it was my father's who kept sixty years in Edinburgh, friend of Wally Scott, sir, who gave him that reputation."

That bit of personal history was a warning to the purchaser to buy at the marked price or to go elsewhere. To the genuine book-lover what hand was warmer, whose eyes were brighter, than those of honest John Thompson? He lies in Mount Royal, sleeping those many years, but how plainly his figure comes to me as I write. I see the lithe and supple frame, bent a bit by age, clad in the loved Scotch tweed "sent from hame by brother Jed," as he used to say with a long Scotch drawl, the talking, merry blue

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eyes that told a story quicker than the tongue, and with more art; the domelike skull well thatched by long, glossy white hair, fringing his Tam-o-shanter cap. It was love at first sight between the warmhearted Père and the honest Scotchman.

"Just look around and see if I have not something that you need. I know you want no help. You'll find a step-ladder that will take you to the roof,—a little shaky, but safe. A book-man like you, Père, needs no ladder. Christopher North, when climbing like a monkey from one book-shelf to another, used to say to my father:

"Donald, maun, 'there's nothing hard to mortals;' aye, maun, there's something in that same saying."

A breaking of words to win the Père's heart.

"I will do so, and I warrant if I want a book, I can imitate the monkey movements of Christopher North," rejoined Père Monnier.

"As I think of it," said the bookseller, "I have a splendid edition of Lactantius, Oxford copy, 1684, best edition. How thoroughly they made books in those days! Those that survive have, as Hazlett says, "the pure, silent air of immortality." Like him, I hate the dust and smoke and noise of modern literature, froth, puffery, skim-milk, waste paper, stuff to light the morning fires with. Yes, sir, but Wally Scott, Bobbie Burns—aye, even Charlie Dickens, that they hoot nowadays as a sentimentalist, will live. They will bury your realists; little Nell cannot be snuffed out by every tasteless brat that dirties paper. But let me show you Lactantius. It once had a place in Sterne's library; strange, is it not? His name is written on the fly-leaf; yes, yes, Laurence Sterne, author of *Tristram Shandy*. Who writes a book like that nowadays? Listen to your little men criticising him; they say 'he is bound to die'—nonsense!—star bombarding. I would not want to see one of those mannikins enter my store. Let him do his prating; there will always be some one to need stove paper."

The old book-man laughed, and bent over his desk. As he did so, a thin, spare figure entered, wrapped tightly in an old brown cloak, carrying a little package carelessly folded in an old newspaper. He swept his large, lustrous almond eyes on every nook of the book store, and then with a strange hurrying step and start-

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led face expression, brushed past Père Monnier, and dropped gracefully into the chair of Geoffrey Champlain.

"Here, Père," said the bookseller, "is Lactantius; see Sterne's handwriting! Take a seat, and examine it. I want to see what I can do for Count Henry. Poor fellow! titles don't amount to much when there is nothing in the pocketbook."

These last words were whispered in the Père's ear.

Great as Père Monnier's love was for books, it was greater for men. He merely glanced at the Lactantius, and used it as a screen to cover his real thought, which was a growing interest in the ill-clad but noble occupant of Champlain's chair.

"Bon jour, Count Henry! A raw day for you to be around. I have not sold the book, but will; it's rare."

"That is sad to me," said the Count, bending his head, his long, bony fingers playing with the package. By the peculiar emphasis placed on some words, and his use of the pronoun, it was easy to tell that he was a foreigner whose book English was better than his colloquial.

"I do so wish it to be sold; my circumstance is so poor, and the Brunetaires will make me to pay my chamber or leave it to-day. It is so sad to me,"—and tears, little glassy globules, pin-points, came to the corner of his eyes, ran into a furrow, waited for comrades, and then embracing, sped down his cheek.

"There is much douleur in life, Mr. Thompson, but"—and with an innate air of nobleness, he drew his old cloak closer, and prepared to withdraw. He bit his talk; what use to air sorrow? No man cares to accept another's burden, and listening to another's ills is wearisome. The world's salve, like patent medicine, is for all complaints. Its label is marked "suffer." It either kills or cures,—a blessing on either hand.

As he arose, his shoes, leaky, giving glimpses of torn stockings wet with the melting snows, were shuffled backwards to hide their awkwardness, while the parcel was drawn beneath the cloak, and the startled look blotted out on Champlain's chair crept into the eyes, and lit up the olive wrinkles.

"How much is this book?" asked Père Monnier, holding up a well-clad tome.

"Peut-etre," murmured the Count, arresting his footsteps.

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"Sell it very cheap," said the book-man, "yes, very cheap, and glad that a man like you will get it. That's a handsome copy, sir,—a bargain,—an ornament to a library. It is not one of my books, so I can plead and show it off. Open it. Corneille; the great Corneille. Life by Fontanelle. Let me whisper in your ear the price."

"No need, Mr. Thompson, I'll take it at your value."

"Vraiment?" uttered the Count.

"Perhaps," said the bookseller, "the Count might find in you a purchaser for a few other rare books. Count, this is a Rev. Mr. ——— from the States. I was so busy talking o fone thing or another, that I forgot to ask his name, a sure sign he interested old Thompson."

The Count bowed, saying:

"You do me the pleasure to acquaint. I know of your land; it is beautiful, full of intelligence. But the books of it, I have few. Circumstance, Monsieur, is very afflicting on me."

He drew out the parcel, untied it, gazed on his last treasures with eyes charged with the heart's electricity. Then said:

"The final of my library, Voilà Monsieur," and his head turned away.

"Your old friend Dante," said the bookseller.

"Oui, oui, Monsieur. I loved him for his pensée, and souvenir of days that will never, never come back to me. While I could keep him, I did not feel the douleur of parting with my library, yet it was much to me; but the master was comfort—now adieu, Monsieur, you know him who 'sovra gli altri come aquila vola.' Let me see him again, you will be careful of him; here is a baize to cover him."

"Count," remarked the book-man, "the gentleman may not wish to buy."

"Pardon, pardon," he answered, tapping his forehead; "my emotion makes me forget. Pardon, Monsieur; circumstance is sad to me."

"I will buy," said Père Monnier. "Make the price, Mr. Thompson."

"Here it is," said the book-man, handing the Père a piece of paper.

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"Very, very cheap," said the Père. "Here is the money."

"Give it to the Count," said the bookseller.

"Merci! merci! Monsieur," said the Count, "you have done me much to-day; my heart is full. Bon jour."

"Strange man," said the bookseller,—"a man with a history. Poverty is a leveller, no doubt of that, but as Bobbie Burns says somewhere: 'Nature wrote the man on every feature.' Poverty degrades rogues, not men. The Count,—well, I must look him up; his books sold, means near the end. I have little to spare, but it's not Thompson to see such a man begging. Begging, did I say? Nonsense! The Count beg? He couldn't do it. I must look him up. Men of his stamp die in garrets without a whimper; it's the curs that give tongue."

His moralizing was cut by Père Monnier's request to tie up the books, and keep them until he should call.

"All right, Reverend," was the blithe reply. The Père sallied forth; the book-man eased his mind with a song of home:

> "Symon Brodie had a cow,
> The cow was lost, and he could na find her;
> When he had done what man could do,
> The cow cam hame, and her tail behind her."

He whistled the chorus, waiting for a new customer.

Père Monnier's brisk walking soon brought him in sight of the Count standing in front of a baker's shop, gleeful as a child snuffing the delicious smells. He could see him draw out the purse and fumble for a coin, make a motion as if to go, then remain still. Were the future and the Brunetaires ominously shaping themselves in his mind? Hunger and honesty gnawed him. His first duty was to pay the irascible Madame Brunetaire. So he moved on, closely followed by the Père. He seemed in no great hurry; his homeward journey became a strange roundabout by alleys and small streets. Shabbiness avoids highways and glare. At length he turned into a small street, quickened his pace, until in front of a church door he suddenly stopped, and leaning against the railing, listened to Gounod's *Ave Maria* stealing through aisles, melting into the snowflakes around him. As the music died away, he entered the church, wending his way slowly; his head down, his heart oppressed by memories, and knelt in front of a

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little altar by a swinging red lamp. Arising in a few minutes, he piteously looked in the direction of the choir, as if begging for music. None came, save the loose beat of his old shoes on the wooded floor. Down the aisle and out, the wild look blotted from his eyes, the old cloak a little loose, and the old shoes more shown.

"Bless me!" said the Père, "this is St. Patrice; but it is long after the dinner hour, and I'm bound to wind this matter up. It will be a tale worth telling my good friend, and ample apology for an old trick of mine, dinner missing."

The Count had turned a corner, and was now in a shabby, dirty part of Lagauchetiere Street. A few steps, he entered an open door decaying on its hinges, mounted a staircase lurched many feet from the wall, its natural support, and was soon lost to view. Père Monnier had his foot on the first step when a shrill, shrieking voice from a little wrinkled mouth, shouted in Quebecquois French:

"Monsieur the Count! Come down at once, and pay or get! That's my terms."

All of the commander's person visible at the door was a bit of slippered foot, a wrinkled mouth, a nose, and two gray eyes, cunning as a fox's. Sceing her mistake, she slammed the scarcely open door, shutting shriek and beauty from the well-pleased Père. It was Madame Brunetaire on her most orderly parade. Her shriek brought the Count from his seclusion. It was a tocsin blast that no inmate could scorn. Bad as it was, the presence of the commander, which followed its disloyalty, was worse. Of two evils, the Count chose the lesser. Purse in hand, jingling the dollars, sweetest music to soothe Madame, music that would wreathe her shattered homeliness with sunny smiles, he left the room and met Père Monnier on the stair. The startled look bounded to his eyes.

"Does Monsieur regret his bargain?" he falteringly asked.

"By no means, Count; I just came to visit," was heartily delivered by the Père. "I take an interest in every man, much more in a countryman and scholar."

"Ah, M. Le Curé, you do me the grand honor, but I have it not in my power to receive you. Circumstance is very, very sad to

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me. I cannot ask you to my chamber,—it is most miserable; but I have the grand confidence that I will be better, Monsieur; circumstances will not always be cruel to me. It is to me the one grand consolation, that the deepest misery has an end. Human douleur goes away with life. Death will cure me. Hear, Monsieur, a line from my Corneille: 'Je te l'avoue, mon ami! mon mal est incurable.' Pardon! Madame calls; she will come. Pardon! she will come."

"Let her," said the Père, laughing; "a woman that can let such a shriek is worthy of study."

"I fear she will come. Pardon! Monsieur," muttered the Count.

"Well," continued the Père, "I have a little home, a poor but cozy little church, warm-hearted parishioners, books in all tongues and dresses. I want an organist. You are a musician. Why not come home with me and be a friend and companion, read your Dante, and be as happy as you can? I will settle with Madame. You keep your little store. I don't want to recommend myself, but I will say that you will not find me unkind or harsh. Say yes."

The Count hesitated. Madame's voice swept the stair, a creaking door told of her coming.

"Say yes," said the Père; "the train leaves in an hour."

"Monsieur, je dis," rose the Madame's voice.

"Say yes," repeated the Père.

Tears filled the Count's eyes, and stole down his cheeks. He shook his head; Père Monnier read *yes*.

"Je dis," said Madame.

"Oui, oui," laughingly retorted the Père.

* * * * * *

We are the victims of periodical fads. A few years ago it was haste to the seashore to find health, bathe in the breakers and gain strength. All that has changed. Newspapers—and are not they omnipotent?—declare that the seashore is unhealthy. Microbes hold their annual convention by the loud, roaring sea; colored folk find religion by its surf, and jaunty Jews there elbow too closely mushroom respectability. All things change, as change they must, so goes the song; the popular tune is heigh-ho to the mountains. Respectability there has full length to swing its

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train, and what is more gratifying, unbridled opportunity to waste its pocketbook. Inducements as these have crowded our mountains with a peculiar class of aristocrats, who quite naturally treat the inhabitants as barbarians. These Greeks, sallow and gaunt for the most part, Sangrado types, swarm on the lakes by day, reading cheap realism in yellow covers, by night singing sentimental songs to the tattered notes of a loose-stringed guitar. We mountaineers laugh a mental laugh, the face as serious as that of a Bishop taking his See, use the waste for many a needful thing, hoist ropes, spread tents gladly for these summer circuses. I wrote *gladly;* I was going to explain, but let the word stand while I add, if the pay-car accompanies each show. That is mercenary, you say; tell it to the mountaineer, and like the traditional Celt, he will respond by asking, "Don't you think, sir, our company's worth something?" On your answer will depend whether you are a Greek or brother barbarian. Père Monnier lived in the mountains, but in a secret nook unknown to the Greeks. There was no noise in the woods save that of pleasantry, singing birds, chattering squirrels, mumbling coons, with not unfrequently the soft musical bleat of the doe calling her fawns to covert and rest. The brooks and lakes were well stocked with fish, and their banks with the wily musk-rat, the saucy minx, and the unsocial otter. The woodsman's axe had not strewn the mountains with giant trees for lumber or pulp-wood; aloft they pointed with all their gracious majesty, true guards of the mountains in their merry green gowns. Respectability had not shot the warbling tribe in order to decorate spinster's hats, nor slaughtered fish to gain the empty name of crack sportsman. Deer were not hurried and worried to death by a mongrel crowd of curs running at fifty cents a day, choice game for those who crowded the lakes and were in as much danger of shooting each other as shooting the dog-run deer. Respectability had not found this nook. She will,—but the Père will not know of her coming—a blessing for which he earnestly prayed.

* * * * * * *

Three years had passed,—three years of peace and piety for M. le Comte. He had become attached to the Père, loved the little, homely, wooden church, and played its organ with as much

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enthusiasm as in the days when brave men applauded, and fair ladies waited in sunshine and rain to kiss his hand. The parishioners, sturdy fellows and comely women, saw in him a scion of old France,—that France long lost, but near and dear to every Canadian heart.

Blood and nobility, even in our plebeian age, count. Monsieur was, as they said, a French Frenchman, and let any of the Yankees come up to him. It was their mode of speaking, a challenge to the saucy Yankee who had so often derided their race and language. Monsieur le Comte was not cold to their warmth. Like most men, he held that blood meant more than water. Canada was the daughter of France; her ways and half-bitten French awoke but memories of the fatherland. He was growing old gracefully, and priest and people were happy dreaming of years and Monsieur le Comte.

It was a summer habit of Père Monnier—habits differ in season—to walk in his garden every evening, reciting the rosary, now and then bowing to a lily, touching lightly a sweetbriar rose, or watching that bit of sunshine, the golden robin fall from a tree, adding color to a bed of poppies, or listening to his sombre-clad namesake from a leafless maple twig sing sweet roundelays to his brooding spouse. It was M. le Comte's delight, on such occasions, to steal to the organ-loft, after opening every window and door, and touch the keys, sending the spirit of music on hushed wings through the garden, giving a new meaning to flowers, a truer insight to bird songs, a soul to the Breviary's printed page. How often had Père Monnier tried to give this divine feeling a name! But baffled, he used this word language to stimulate his memory, "a subtle something as easy to capture as to define." It is vague, but let the critic be reminded that it is a trifle hard to put your word drapery on a spirit. In his failure of expression he found comfort quoting Collins' lines:

> "Exalting, trembling, raging, fainting,
> Possest beyond the Muse's painting."

It was after one of these scenes that Monsieur le Comte, accompanied by a huge mastiff—the parish dog—joined the Père.

"Well, well! Yes; well, well!—how prosaic! But that is all the criticism I can sputter out when you play."

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"Ah, M. le Curé! it is to me much. The eyes have given to me the best compliments. It is easy to make nice words, but intelligence talks with the eyes. The mouth deceives, the eye,—never, never; ignorance or knowledge, M. le Curé, is the flashlight."

They had dropped into a rustic settee, shaded by a huge maple tree.

"That makes me think what an experience you must have had, Count, in your life."

"Experience, Père, is the motive power in sorrow; sorrows are all experiences." He was using his native tongue. "What is life but a series of experiences? Experience is the fulness of every life; it varies. If you say I had strange experiences, yes; and as I feel so well to-day, to-day so grateful, let me relate one. It will be a commentary to the line from Corneille quoted in those days of misery and Madame Brunetaire; you remember it: 'Je te l'avoue, mon ami! mon mal est incurable.' The story is short. You are an artist, M. le Curé; I will submit the skeleton, clothe it with flesh, give it blood. It is a reality to me, but I cannot transfer it as it is. I have lived it. It is a part of me in flesh, blood, marrow; to you it can be but the story of a friend. I can put the bones together better standing; emotions want room."

He stood; then, as if narrating the story of another, he said slowly:

"Henry Marie Perryve, Count of Cayla, of illustrious descent, was born in Paris fifty years ago, educated in the province. At an early age he showed great love for music, and was sent to study with the best Italian masters. He became an artist whose fame still haunts the concert rooms of Europe. After a European tour filled with honor and decorations, he returned to France, and wedded his first love, Marie Auguesseu, a famous actress. One of his letters at that time, now faded and torn, would say that this rare artistic union was the height of married bliss. She bore me two children,"—he had unconsciously become the actor;—"they haunt me. I cannot see them, but I feel their presence near, or is it a delusion of a mad-wrung brain? Soon will the solution come. I longed to see Canada and the great Republic. It was easy to gratify my wish, as managers had long been pressing me to take that trip. I embarked from Havre, with my Marie and

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her children, bidding a year's adieu to the hundred friends who came to see us depart. It was a long voyage, but we were young, and the children healthful and merry. One night I was awakened by creaking of cordage, cursing, and human wailing. I jumped from my cot and hastened deckward. A quick, dull thump, a lurch, that was all. Some time when in Montreal, if my history interests you, call at the asylum and ask for a record of Count Henry. It begins by my being picked up by the fishing smack *Halifax*, brought there, and there remaining for years and years. 'Saved' is the record word,—hideous word to me. At length little glimmers of reason fused in my mind, until they became strong enough to warrant my keeper's writing on my passport, 'Harmless.' I was free, owner of a little money held in France, and a few rare daily used books that had followed us by the next outgoing vessel from Havre, and had laid boxed for years and years in the cellar of my asylum. No one knew me but Thompson, and misery drove me to him. The money drained, day by day, vanished, and my only friends had to go. Poverty is despotic. In my last struggle you came, Père Monnier; Marie and the babies besought the Master, and He sent you, Père Monnier,—my own Père Monnier. That is the tale. How easy to box life! I feel a strange sensation. I will compose myself at the organ. List to my music."

He stole away, and soon the garden was sad and dreamy with sound. Sound begot forms, hope full of joy and life, charity folding her wings over age, faith conquering death.

"Mozart's last requiem," said the Père.

A zephyr caught the dying strains, swelled into a breeze, and played a melody with the maple boughs.

"This is his masterpiece," said the Père. "I must thank and soothe him. It is strange that he should delay his story, and this his best, so long from me."

He entered the little church, clambered the stairs that led to the organ-loft, and noiselessly approached the bending Count. His long, bony fingers pressed the keyboard, but the spirit that animated them had fled.

"Requiescat in pace!" was the broken sob of Père Monnier.

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THE NEW YEAR.

LOUIS H. MONTFORT.

Pure and white from the hand of God
There comes a volume to me;
A road ne'er yet by mortal trod
His hand points out, I see.
And I must keep a record in one,
O'er the other a path must trace;
God guide my hand till the record is done!
My feet till I've finished the race!

A volume white, and a road all fair—
You question me, "What are they?"—
A fresh, new season for toil and prayer
That opes with New Year's Day.
Why do I tremble for things unknown?
Why question the issue in fear?
Must I labor or journey unaided, alone,
One moment of all the year?

Nay, nay; there's a strength that may be mine;
There's a Presence to help and guide,
And Faith, beholding the Presence Divine,
Breathes softly: "In peace abide."
Come, strange New Year! bearing joy, I know—
And laden with sorrow, may be,—
But of joys and of sorrows of life below
Are wrought Heaven's glory for me.

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LACROMA.

(*Conclusion.*)

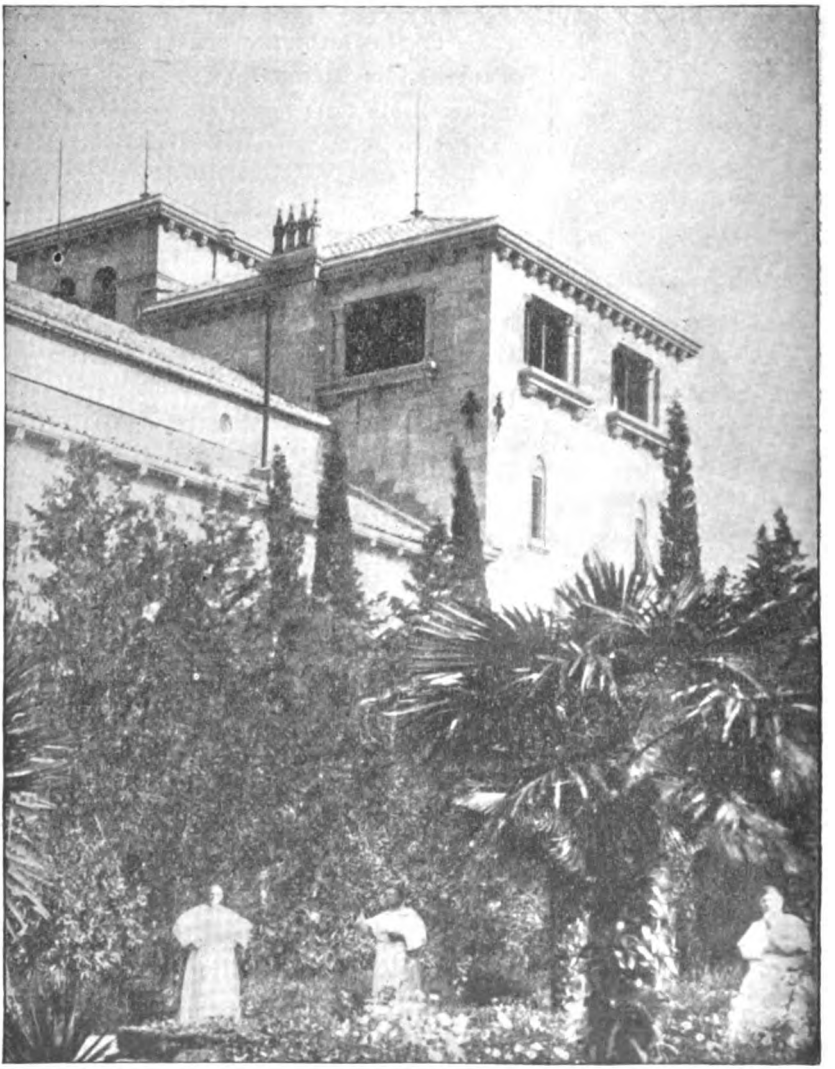
HAVING seen, in outline at least, something of the history of Lacroma, of its legends and traditions, let us now return to the reality, the ivy-clad ruins of the old abbey and the present castle.

The latter is a large structure in the style of the profane Gothic. Two outstanding towers, rising above the surrounding tree tops, flank the building. They are, however, of more recent date, and they contain the beautiful newly-fitted residences. From the ground floor, with servants' rooms, kitchen, and dining hall, an outside flight of stairs leads up to the first story of the oldest portion of the building, and into a long, spacious corridor artistically hung with fine engravings, with scenes from the life of Cromwell, with works beautifully done in water colors, with photographs and a variety of marine subjects. Seventeen apartments open upon this corridor. These, with simple, whitened walls and plainly furnished, were the former monastic cells. A quaint motto or instructive saying is fixed above nearly every door. The following selections will convey an idea of their general import:



ARCHDUCHESS STEPHANIE AND HER DAUGHTER, ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH.

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THE ABBEY OF LACROMA.

NOW A DOMINICAN MONASTERY OF THE DALMATIAN PROVINCE.

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"God my hope,
Honor my riches."

"Peace! from evil turn aside,
Watchful be and fain to bide,
Everything will have its tide."

"Who would to ease and quiet give increase,
Though seeing much, must ever hold his peace."

"Where love and peace the household reign,
God's blessings inly dwell:
Where bickering brawls the sceptre gain,
A home becomes a hell."

"Ever sad is troublous;
Ever glad is perilous;
Ever just is generous."

"A steadfast friend in a needful day,
A friend when friends are far,
A friend when death shall bar life's way,
Three faithful bridges are."

Passing from room to room, one may enjoy a delightful view from nearly every window, out upon the Adriatic, or upon the olive-covered hill, or into the wondrous garden. Going further, one comes, at length, to a spacious open balcony, where one can spend many an agreeable hour that will impress itself upon the memory indelibly. Towards evening, for instance, there is a glorious prospect in the West, when the fire-globe of the sun sinks into the sea, and the Apuleian coast is fringed with purple and gold, and the sky runs through the subtile changes and successions of its richest and most variegated colors. At such an hour and in such a place the deep peace and the solemn stillness cannot but work salutarily upon the soul of man.

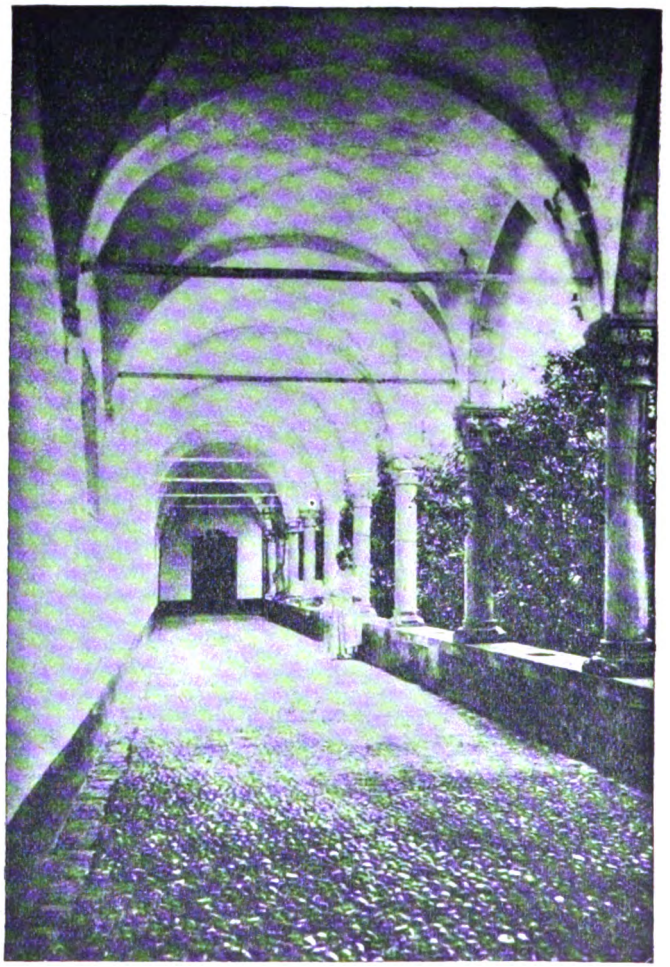
From this terrace, an outer staircase leads to a hall in the southern wing of the castle. This was formerly the refectory of the monks, but it has now been adapted to a handsome and cheerful dining room. The following inscription is placed over the entrance:

"We build us houses high and strong,
Although we tarry here not long;
And where our life shall endless be,
How mean we build, and niggardly!"

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At the entrance into the cloister, we read:

"Concordia res parvæ crescunt,
Discordia maximæ dilabuntur." [1]



THE CLOISTER.

These gray old walls were the silent witnesses of long meditations, of deep studies, and of many an interior combat. Troops of pilgrims formerly passed and repassed them, chanting devout

[1] Small things grow by harmony; the greatest things are destroyed by discord.

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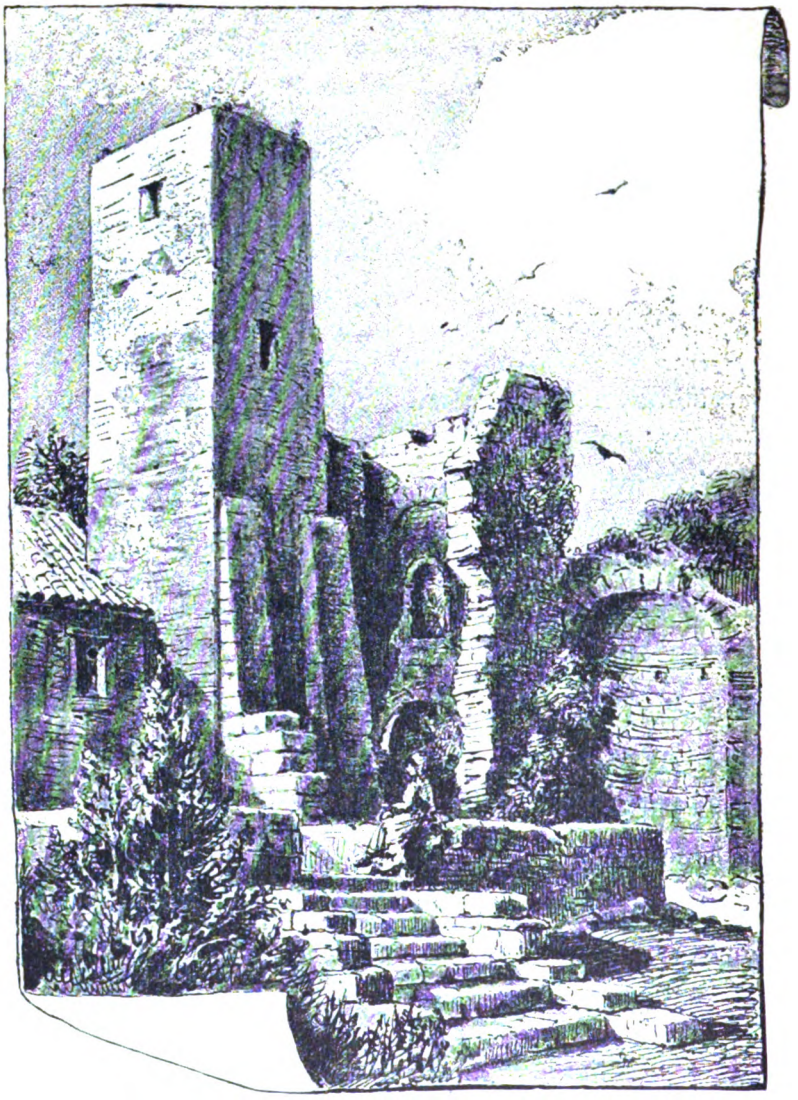
hymns with joy and holy enthusiasm. Now they stand silent and solitary, stirring up sad thoughts by the contrast between their past and the present. Such thoughts, however, must speedily yield to the irresistible magic of the beautiful and more than friendly picture of nature, which, rarely framed by the cloistered enclosure, here presents itself to view.

The picturesque pillars, crowned with beautiful capitals, are wreathed with ivy of a century's growth. Gorgeous glycines, rejoicing in their clustered blossoms, passion flowers, clematis, and roses, all tangled and knotted together, twine each other and wind upwards to the arches overhead. An enchanting court lies between these floral bowers, a veritable copsewood in greatest luxuriancy and smiling profusion. From giant aloes, such as I have never seen elsewhere, tree-high flowers mount upwards into the blue ether of Heaven, palms rock their graceful leaves over blooming magnolias, golden oranges and lemons glow through the foliage of broad-leaved plantains, banana trees, rose-hued oleanders and camellias, and colossal cactuses lift themselves on high. A very dream is this cloistered court with the exuberance of its vegetation.



THE CLOISTER GARDEN.

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THE RUINS.

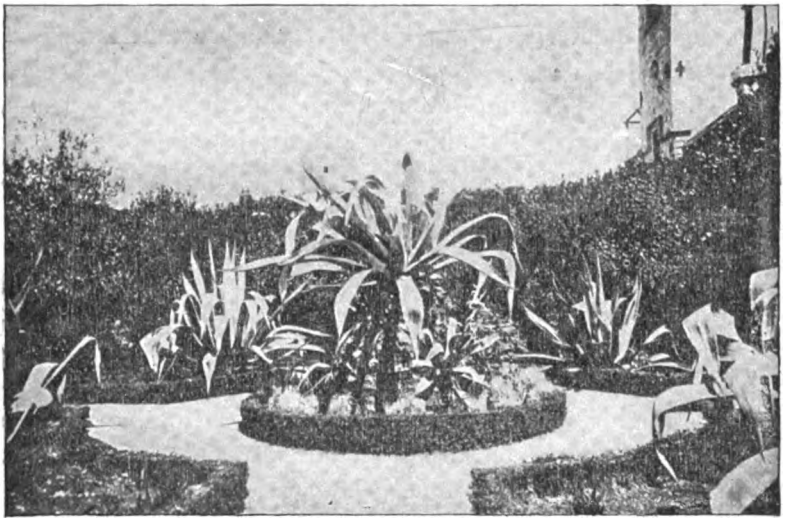
A short turn brings the visitor to the ruins of the Romanesque church, with its high, half-tumbled-down campanile, ponderous masonry, partially preserved arches, and fragmentary vaulting all in picturesque ruin. Ivy, wild vines, and clematis cover the whole with their riotous abundance, the wild rose thrusts itself

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into every crevice. Lizards and many-hued chameleons, butterflies, with glowing colors, hanging from the flower cups or lazily fluttering about in the scent-laden atmosphere, and innumerable birds, have an ideal world to themselves in the unbroken tranquillity of these ruinous old precincts.

Not far from this point, a little chapel appears. Its peaceful presence inspires devotion, and it is with pleasure that we learned that the Holy Mass is yet said upon its altar.

Retracing one's steps, one is fain to re-enter the castle's cloistered court, to proceed thence to a neighboring camellia-walled



THE CLOISTER GARDEN.

octagon, where copies of antique sculpture repose upon a velvety carpet of fresh green moss. Thus, at almost every step and turn, some new attraction meets the sight, and one cannot but pause with feelings of deepest satisfaction.

But we are yet far from having seen all that is noteworthy on the island of Lacroma. No visitor will neglect to undertake, what is well worth making, a circuit of the entire island.

A small path leads from the house to a noble forest containing such varieties of pine as the *pinus pinea*, *pinus maritima*, *pinus halepensis*, and also the *quercus sempervirens*, whose luxuriant growth is the island's pride. Delightfully-laid paths wind their way, now

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up, now down, in the shade of splendid trees, such as the evergreen oak, towering strawberry shrubs, quiet myrtles, earnest cypresses, long-leaved eucalyptuses, rare, gloomy araucanians, graceful palms of several varieties alternating with pistachios, agaves, magnolias, dense laurels, and olives, whose stems assume grotesquest forms, and whose silvery leaves quiver in the mild breath of the sea.

From among ericas, ferns, mosses, and trailing verdure, fantastic winders and creepers climb aloft. Glycines loom out of the branches overhead, and roses and mimosas, reaching from root to tree-top, descend again in a floral cataract, or, as in a forest primeval, fasten their tendrils upon trunk and branch in inseparable embrace.

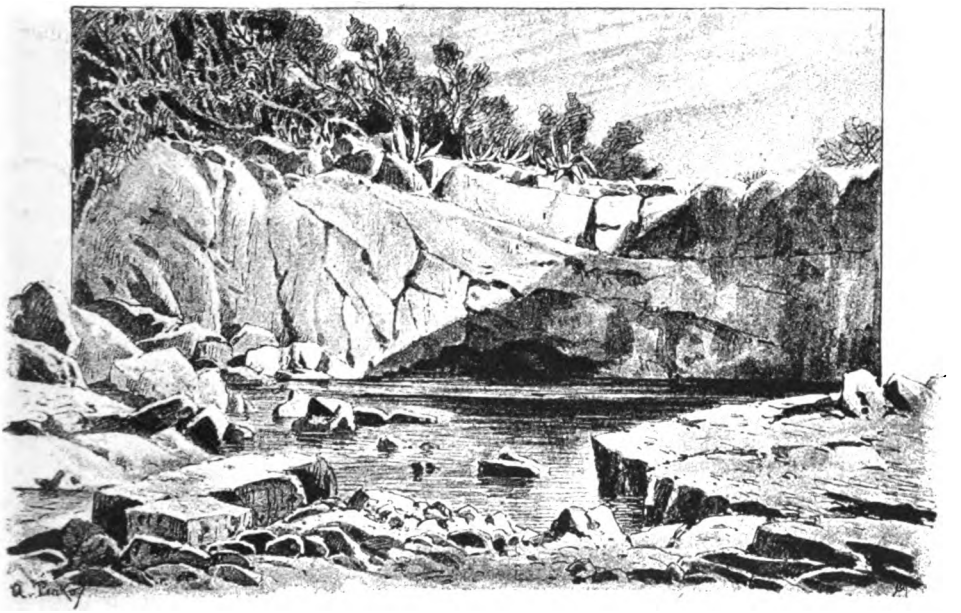
An occasional gleam of the intensely blue southern sky shimmers in through the dark foliage overhead, and hot sunbeams penetrate the thickets, whence, now and then, a vast extent of the wondrous sea may be seen in magnificent prospect. One could dream away hours and days here, for no rude sound breaks the solitude or ruffles the majesty of its tranquillity. The plant world alone seems instinct with life. It is like listening to a fairy-tale to hear the whispering and rustling leaves, and the old familiar voice of ocean breathes a thousand melodious repetitions in our ears of messages and greetings from home. The floral wild compasses us with a mist of aromatic fragrance, and the warm air bathes the forehead like grateful balm. The birds too, joying in the sweetness of life, twitter and gaily sing, and in the distance, choirs of nightingales will smooth and swell their tuneful chorals till far in the night.

Neither the vivifying light of day nor the ring of human voice is potent to break the charm that haunts this world of pine, so secluded from the busy world beyond. In such a place, one would wish to become oblivious of the present and to live only in the happy past or in the thoughts of a bright, promising future. Yet the reality of this life is too attractive, too powerful in its charms to be so easily surrendered. Better it is to remain devoted to it, better to lend no hearing to the dream voices, however seductive, of these pleasant walks and shades, better to wander on.

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In the midst of a sappy, verdurous vegetation, under shady trees, among ever-changing prospects, past blind mazes of tangled wood, rich with mantling vines and a wealth of flowers, often looking upon the watery plain below, our path goes on until a sharp turn seawards once more reveals an entirely new picture.

We now have reached one of the most interesting spots on the island, the " Mare Morto," a Karstenite basin containing an inland



THE DEAD SEA.

body of water, surrounded by mighty rocks, and fed through a subterranean channel by the waters of the Adriatic. The picturesque little sea below us, clear as crystal and of a smaragdine tint, has its ebbbing and flowing tides like the ocean beyond. When the sea swells, the " mare morto," usually calm and placid, becomes tossed and turbulent. The water rushes through a fissure that opens from the rocky tunnel below, and gushes upwards in a heaving tide, as if to be released from its underground captivity. In its tumid haste, it emits a mysterious, awe-inspiring, far-resounding rumble, which increases in volume at the approach of a storm or of the Sirocco, that drowns all other sounds with the voice of its own fury.

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THE NATURAL ARCH.

On this same part of the island, there is also a natural bridge, the "arco naturale," through whose rocky arch, as at Capri, one may look far out upon the sea. Under the span of this remarkable piece of nature's handiwork, the salt water gathers in a large basin, and presents the truly inviting appearance of a natural bath. All around in close proximity, the rocks assume most unwonted forms of fantastic ruggedness, and cut deep clefts in the foaming surge of the sea. In their general formation, these rocks resemble great plateaus, or huge ledges of stone, laid one upon another, and one may mount or descend them as readily as a flight of marble stairs.

It can happen here that the visitor who loves Nature in her grandest moments, can behold a display of a most imposing kind. There is a menace of rough weather in the hot sun and in the

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sultry, oppressive atmosphere. The heavens, else so clear, grow dark, and lowering clouds gather in a great mass, leaden gray and darkly threatening. The blue sea loses its color, and its billows swell, surge upon surge, in dreadful tumult. The firmament is soon obscured with mountainous clouds, save where a stray sunbeam appears shedding a pale and transient radiance upon the scene.

Suddenly an extraordinary blowing and roaring is heard in the air; a sullen rumble, increasing each moment in violence, heralds the first onset of the storm. A flash of lightning, a rolling peal of thunder! and Æolus, roaring and shrieking, sweeps over land and sea. Flash upon flash of lurid flame leaps from the inky abyss above, and the thunder crashes down with overpowering fury. A scene of wild and soul-entrancing beauty is the turbulent prospect of the raging sea, and one is fain to listen to every note of the wild and mighty song which the storm waves sing!

The vast, towering billows now form deep valleys and huge liquid mountains, and "the spumy waves, proclaiming the watery war," are encircled by flights of screaming sea-gulls, chafe in ungovernable rage, and leap up in a wild surge against the rugged cliffs and far into the island itself.

But the storm has gradually abated, and across the high-reaching sea the sun sinks behind a cloudy bank, which almost conceals the declining light; only momentary glimpses of waning, blood-red gleams appear from time to time, until the sea is environed in the gloomy shade of the wings of night.

"After the storm comes the sunshine." Darkness has smoothed the waters of the deep, and the foul sky has cleared. Smiling, golden-faced Helios beams down from a cloudless, azured heaven, and heralds another of those memorable days which only a southern spring can compass. The boundless, placid sea glitters and shines like silver, and the recent turgid conflict of wind and wave is as an illusion, so mild and clear, so rare and clean-swept is the atmosphere, and so grateful and refreshing the fragrance wafted upwards from the flowers.

Along the rocky ledge on the western coast, one's already sated eyes will still light with pleasant wonder upon many a dusky, strangely cleft cavern and primitive, darkly mysterious grotto,

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within which the swash of imprisoned water is like the frenzied lament of chafing spirits. One finds here, too, many of those hollowed rocks where the monks found salt, left there by the evaporation of sea-water; many a canyon, the depths of which one cannot peer into without a shudder; many a precipitous wall, strangely covered, after the storm, with a great quantity of mollusks and mussels, sea-weed, star-fish, and other curious treasures cast up from the fathomless depths of the sea.



ARCHDUCHESS STEPHANIE.
[After an earlier portrait.]

But the cool breath of the ocean soon compels us to seek shelter. Our path next leads through dense thickets and under pleasant arbors to the orchard and garden. Apples, pears, peaches, apricots, and almonds grow here in rich profusion, and their rosy blossoms stand in delightful relief against the first, tender green of the surrounding foliage.

Somewhat farther, in a flower-strewn meadow, we reach the olive plantations, with their gnarled, aged trees, covered with writhing, snake-like branches. Their fruit and a sweet wine of right good quality constitute the chief, though still inconsiderable, produce of the island.

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In the midst of a grove of olives and evergreen oaks, there is a little farming establishment, the shelter of a few animals—cows, asses, poultry, etc., and close by is the residence of a few laborers, men and women, the only human beings in this solitude. They lead an undisturbed, calm, and peaceful life, and are evidently happy.

It is interesting to observe them at work in the park, at the castle, or afield—these sturdy Dalmatians in their picturesque national costume, tree-strong men, with faces browned by the sun, and dark eyes gleaming. Powerful forms, broad shoulders, and strong arms they have, too, which no burden can fatigue, no exertion strain, no labor weaken or overcome. Truly, a robust, beautiful race!

The women are no less diligent. On the mainland they are especially remarkable for their supple, slender forms. Their features are fine and regular, their eyes jet-black, deriving added brilliancy from the contrast with the generally-worn, snow-white wimple.

We have now reached the end of the better-kept walks of the island, and we presently find ourselves in the island's portion primeval, where no gardener's orderly hand opposes the economy of Nature. Blooming bushes of rosemary and laurels fringe the path that leads upwards to the top of the hill, crowned with the old bombarded bulwarks and the fallen walls of Fort Royal. Not long ago, yawning cannon-mouths blocked the port-holes, soldiers tenanted their quarters, and from the battlements of the watch-tower, the white-red banner, now looked for in vain, waved its folds in the breeze, and defied both wind and storm. Now all is forsaken and deserted. Only the flagstaff stands in its place, but it is robbed of its pride and glory.

The traveller, however, will not regret the exertion of the ascent; for an ever memorable panorama is at his feet, stretching far away over the land and over the romantic chain of islands below. While sweet melodies of the distant bells of San Giacomo waft over the island and call to evening prayer, a flash starts up from the opposite heights of Fort Imperial, and many echoes repeat the booming voice of the cannon that announces the setting sun. Blending with all is the minstreisy, the even-song of

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the birds hymning God with sweet canticles of praise. Then, later, no sound breaks the stillness of night. Ringing bells and thundering cannon and songs of birds have ceased, and a strange feeling comes over one's inmost soul, one can hardly say whether it is of sadness or of rapture, of vague longing or of waking enthusiasm. The friend of Nature cannot but stand as entranced, for there is a strange witchery in the light that transfigures sky and landscape after a southern sunset.



ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH.

[After an earlier portrait.]

Far below us lies the lonely old house, the venerable old abbey. A parting look is due to it. With a few rapid paces, we reach once more the eastern side of the island, the spot where Emperor Max erected the Triton Cross. For him, the noble creator of Lacroma in its present splendor, and for all the brave souls at rest here, we feel a devout prayer almost involuntarily stirring within us.

But now our time is pressing, as the twilight deepens and as it grows darker beneath the trees, and as we have almost reached the end of our path, a last lovely view bursts upon our delightfully surprised eyes. It is Ragusa, as enchanting as a dream, set in frame of wild plants and myrtle branches, presenting a picture than which no prettier has ever been wrought by artist's brush.

The ruddy glow of heaven has in the mean time paled. Only a feeble glimmer is yet faintly perceptible above the horizon, and the night is quickly breaking. A star already twinkles with a friendly air—the evening star. It lights our way to the end of our circuit, to the spot of its inception, but it finds us enriched with an abundance of pleasant, ennobling impressions, graved in our heart, and treasured in our memory, impressions which shall be as little forgotten as the actual Lacroma itself, the pearl of the Adriatic,

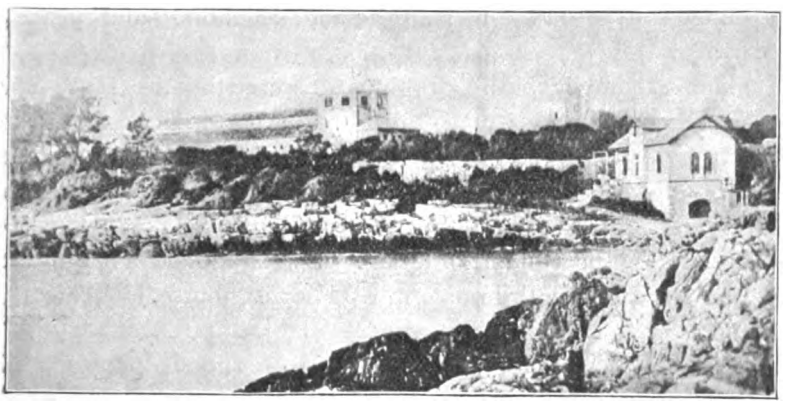
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the dear, cherished home. It is not without a touch of sadness that we board our boat to be borne away from this miniature paradise.

From the pure firmament high above us millions of stars begin to glisten. With a rarely beautiful light, the milky way is arched over the night-blue heavens, and an occasional meteor,

> "....Shooting through the darkness, gilds the night
> With sweeping glory and long trail of light."

A pensive, peaceful mood hangs over the broad expanse of sea, and only the murmur of the waves, lightly breaking on the shore, and the plash of our oars and the song of the nightingale pro-



THE HARBOR OF LACROMA.

longed far into the night, interrupt the blissful silence of Nature.

A spicy fragrance as from a strange zone accompanies us from the island. Our boat speeds its way across the dancing waves and past motionless ships, apparently wrapped in dreams as they lie at anchor in the harbor of Ragusa. Many a peaceful dwelling reflects in its windows the gentle light of the rising moon, and in the direction of the island, dark pines and gloomy cypresses, laurel trees and slender palms rise out of a black background. They bend their heads in the gentle night-wind and wave us a last farewell from the beautiful island of Lacroma.

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THE DIVINE MOTHERHOOD IN ART.

MARY M. MELINE.



E have heard the salutation, unique in its mystery and its glorious promise—"Hail, full of Grace!"—whispered by angel lips, and floating thence upon the soft zephyrs of the Syrian spring; we have listened to those triumphant tones which awake the wintry echoes of that valley where the shepherds are abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night. "Glory to God on high," sing the angelic choir, "and peace on earth."

The event which the prophets, inspired by the Holy Spirit, had foretold—and which those pagan utterances of priestess and sibyl, supposed to be the promptings of Olympian gods, had foreshadowed—has taken place. The wondrous Babe is born, and His Virgin-Mother bends above Him in an ecstasy of love, of adoration, of wonder, of humility. Her soul doth magnify the Lord; her spirit doth rejoice in God her Saviour. Henceforth all generations shall call her blessed!

The Blessed Virgin, in her Divine Motherhood, opens up a wide field of love and beauty in which the Christian may, and the Catholic does, revel. Her attributes are so marvellous, her power so vast, her own happiness, and ours in hers, so inexpressible; the promises to weak humanity through it so consoling, that language fails, almost, to express what swells in the loving heart. She is the Mother of God. Can human intelligence, unassisted by supernatural grace, compass the meaning of that title? She is the Mother most pure—oh, crowning gift of love Divine! She is the Mother of Divine grace, the Mother of our Saviour, the Virgin of virgins, the Refuge of sinners, the Help of Christians, the Health of the weak, because of that Divine Motherhood. She is the glorified type of all that is purest, loftiest, and holiest in womanhood, and how can a woman do other than thank the Divine Wisdom and Goodness for such a possibility! She is our Mother too; we were

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born to her in the agony of Calvary; we may go to her as a child goes to its human mother, not to beg favors only, but for counsel and strength in doubts and trials; she can help us, not only in our souls' distresses, but in those to which we are so subject in this world of trials. For it has never been known that she has refused relief.

"Mother of the Spirit-child!
Of the guileless and the meek,
Mournful are thine eyes, but mild
With a beauty from above;
Pale, but eloquent with love
Thy youthful brow and cheek!
Thou, oh, thou hast known a parent's wasting grief!
A suppliant parent kneels, imploring thy relief!"

So Mrs. Osgood. Both artist and poet have fairly revelled in the exquisite suggestions of this great event. Of all the "Nativities," perhaps there is not one out of the thousands to excel in mystic beauty Correggio's "*Notte*." Of the Mother and Child, or of Holy Families, which include the little Precursor and his mother, St. Elizabeth, it were impossible to keep the full record. Each artist has portayed his own vision of the fruitful theme. Raphael and Correggio, to mention two out of the legions of Italian painters; Murillo for Spain, and Albrect Dürer for Germany, must suffice in so limited a space. But Fra Bartholomeo, the Dominican, must not be forgotten. Caravaggio has given us a beautiful *Madonna del Rosario*. The Mother and Child sit enthroned, and distributing rosaries, while St. Dominic and Peter Martyr are kneeling on either side. It is a subject every Catholic loves to linger over, nursing its promises, and basking in the glow of its charity.

Being the Mother of Wisdom, our Lady was not ignorant of the reason for her wonderful endowment. She knew that this ecstatic joy of motherhood was to be followed by an anguish such as never mother felt before. For while many a mother has seen her son, innocent of crime, punished as the greatest of malefactors, no other mother ever knew in that innocent son, the Godhead which is eternal. And if, in that ecstasy of Bethlehem, she, for a few blissful moments, was enabled to put all other thought away, the stern reality of the future was brought back to her in

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the words of the prophet Simeon, when she carried her Babe to the temple. It is said that Simeon was one of the seventy-two who were sent by the high-priest Eleazer to Ptolemy Philadelphus, when the latter wished for a translation of the Scriptures, to be placed in his far-famed library. This was about 260 years before our Saviour's birth. It fell to the lot of Simeon to translate the prophecy of Isaiah. And when he came to the verse: "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a Son," he questioned in his own mind how this could be done. After long meditation, fearing to give offence or to scandalize the Greeks, he translated the Hebrew word *virgin*, by a Greek one meaning a young *woman;* but scarcely had he written it down, when an angel effaced it, and substituted the word *virgin*. This happening three times, he was greatly puzzled. And while he pondered, a sudden revelation was vouchsafed him, and he understood the mystery of the Incarnation of the Son of God. Furthermore, a promise was made to him that he should not see death until, with his bodily eyes, he should see the Lord. He was led by the spirit to the temple on the day our Lady went up so meekly to fulfil the law. Anna, the Prophetess, was there also. As she did not, like Simeon, take the Babe into her arms, she is regarded as the type of the synagogue who prophesied of the Messiah, yet when He came did not embrace Him, as did the Gentiles in the person of Simeon. Fra Bartholomeo has a celebrated painting of this event. In it is a third woman, supposed to be Mary of Salome, who had always been the Blessed Virgin's companion since the birth of her Son.

With the Finding of the Child in the Temple, the first part of the Rosary closes. In this mystery is foreshadowed the mission of our Lord, and in the fact, our Lady realizes what is to come to her in the future. Who cannot sympathize with her in that three days' search? For may not some of the details of the Saviour's work have been concealed from her, and may she not have feared with a great fear that the end had come, and that she was never to possess the sweet companionship of her Son on earth again? But He is found, and the joy of this obliterates the sorrow in the Mother's heart, and so the "Finding" is classed as one of the joyful mysteries. Painters have treated this subject in each of its aspects, as having reference simply to the

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Mother and her sorrow, and as the first public appearance of the Son. Giotto gives us, the first moment of Mary's appearance, and Dante, in Canto XV. of the Purgatorio, puts Giotto's picture into words:

> "Then suddenly I seem'd
> By an ecstatic vision wrapt away;
> And in a temple saw, methought, a crowd
> Of many persons; and at the entrance stood
> A dame, whose sweet demeanor did express
> A mother's love, who said: 'Child, why hast thou
> Dealt with us thus? Behold, thy sire and I
> Sorrowing have sought thee'; and so held her peace;
> And straight the vision fled."

Simon Memmi has a picture expressing the same thought. Garofalo paints our Lady with hands folded on her bosom, listening to her Son. As delineated by Pinturucchio, the doctors throw down their books before Him, while the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph enter at one side. The Return to Nazareth, by Rubens, painted for the Jesuit college at Antwerp as a lesson to youth, represents the Child walking between His parents, and beneath is the legend: "And He was subject to them."

"He was subject to them." This is all we know of the story of the next eighteen years. For eighteen years the Lord of Heaven and Earth, the Creator, the Redeemer, the Sanctifier of all things, obeyed the least mandate of two of His creatures. Oh, marvellous humility! How great the love which prompted such self-abnegation! But to our dear Lady what happiness was gathered into that precious period, and how the memory of it must have strengthened her for what was to come! There we must leave Him with the angels for his playfellows, while the Sacred Humanity grows and strengthens for the awful end.

In these five joyful mysteries of the Rosary there is much food for thought, and meditations fruitful in humility, patience, and love can be made from them. We are too apt to dwell upon the outward life of our Saviour and His Mother, and neglect the teachings of the hidden portion. In this period the artists of the Ages of Faith found exquisite pictures. They had no texts as guides, to be followed carefully lest error or heresy be developed. Their imaginations had full sweep, and the result has been some of the most beautiful delineations of human genius.

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SKETCHES OF VENEZUELA.

REV. BERTRAND COTHONAY, O. P.

III.

THE day after my return from St. Lucy's, I had the pleasure of taking part in another festival, in a village near Caracas. The feast was given by a medical doctor, who had formally made a vow to defray its expenses every year, in honor of the Immaculate Conception. Some fifty years ago, this same doctor, then a student at Montpelier, was given up as consumptive by the Medical Faculty of that place. He himself was convinced that his strength was failing, and that he had but a short time to live. Accordingly, he began to make serious preparations for death. Meanwhile he became acquainted with a Sister of Charity, who made him a present of a medal of the Immaculate Conception, advising him at the same time, to ask of the Blessed Virgin the grace of his recovery. The charitable Sister offered to make a Novena for the success of the proposed intention. On the ninth day of the Novena, the Faculty, though unaware of the source of the cure, were obliged to reverse their former decision.

I visited the burial ground of Caracas. It is an immense field, situated beyond the hill which divides the valley; there many a past generation awaits the summons of the last judgment. Several monuments of moderate value can there be seen, adorned with a great variety of statues of angels, of little children, of our Lady, or of the saints. There are four or five monuments of great value, amongst them that of the Boulton family, an imposing cenotaph, covered with embroidered cloth. Its fringes, tassels, and embroidery make of it a handsome piece of workmanship. The whole representation is hewn out of a single block of marble. Another monument is highly finished, of great price, and displays exquisite taste in its architecture.

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The large statue of a young girl lying asleep, in a monument of black marble, is worthy of mention. The young girl is seen with flowers in her right hand, and in her left, an entwined snake lets its venom into her veins. The expression of quiet sleep is well executed, but this figure lacks that supernatural expression which we are wont to expect after death.

The figure of an angel who carries a young girl to Heaven is deserving of more commendation. This monument is a prodigy of artistic workmanship, in poise, symmetry, and expression.

In my estimation, the statue of the Soublette monument is a real masterpiece. It is a representation of our Blessed Lord standing upon a cloud, with His arms extended. At His feet are engraved, in letters of gold, these words in Latin: "I am the resurrection and the life."

These words are indeed vividly expressed in the Saviour's mien, and the erection of such a monument in this place is a most ingenuous conception. The more I look upon the wonderful figure, the more I am seized with interest and amazement. Every detail of the garments, the natural repose of the outstretched arms, and above all, the ideal beauty of this majestic form are simply marvellous. This statue is truly worth seeing, not only by the people of Caracas, but also by the inhabitants of any country. In the presence of this Christ standing thus in a realm of death, I could not help recalling the words of one of our poets: [1] "Two thousand years spent in foolhardiness have not sufficed to undo a single one of Thy divine words. ... O God of my cradle, be the God of my tomb!"

When on my way to Saint Lucy's, I had gone down the valley of the Guayre almost as far as the confluence of this river with the River Tuy; I intended, therefore, to return through the valley to its opening. Accordingly I set out for Antimano, Los Teques, and San Pedro. A railway line, controlled by a German company, enabled me to reach the first-named locality, where I passed the day

[1] "Deux mille ans épuisant leurs sagesses frivoles
N'ont pas pu démentir une de tes paroles.
* * * * * * *
O Dieu de mon berceau, sois le Dieu de ma tombe."
—LAMARTINE: *Hymne au Christ.*

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THE CITY AND CHURCH OF ANTIMANO, VENEZUELA.

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with the benevolent parish priest, himself a countryman of mine and also with the parish priest of St. Lucy's. This small town of Antimano, situated at a distance of some six miles from Caracas, is said to contain 4,000 inhabitants. The people have modestly named it "the Versailles of Venezuela." Guzman Blanco, a Louis XIV., on a small scale, was in the habit of resorting to a beautiful palace here, to lay aside the numberless cares inherent to the government of the Republic. The palace was shown to me; however, I found nothing which could justify the borrowing of the name of the palace of Louis XIV.

Antimano contains a beautiful, large church, in the Roman style of architecture, built by a venerable Capuchin Father, who lies buried within its walls. The valley is somewhat narrower here than at Caracas; nevertheless, it affords a few grand and imposing views.

On leaving Antimano the valley becomes, gradually, still narrower, until it is merely a savage gorge, where the railway with difficulty makes its way by means of excavations, tunnels, bridges, and curves. The ascent in this place is most steep; so much so, that before reaching Los Teques, which lies at a distance of 17 miles from Caracas, the train ought to have a lead of 2,210 feet.

Los Teques, so called from an Indian tribe that settled there, is a village of 8,000 inhabitants, and stands at an altitude of 2,100 feet above the level of the sea. The mean temperature is 17 degrees centigrade; consequently the only season is that of perpetual spring. At this height the valley begins to widen again, and the traveller finds himself surrounded by a succession of table-lands from which a lot of small villages seem to emerge. Los Teques is at present the last station of the railway line which is being established between Caracas and Valencia; there are some 4,000 workmen busily engaged in its completion. I drove on this same line for a few more miles, as far as the other side of a tunnel, from where I could glance at the famous "valles de Aragua," the garden of Venezuela, renowned in the annals of the Republic for several important battles which were fought there.

The church of Los Teques is of the Roman style, and large enough to contain 1,200 to 1,500 persons. I came across two Dominican relics in this temple, namely the statue of St. Hyacinth

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and that of St. Rose of Lima, both of which were brought from the convent of St. Hyacinth of Caracas, in charge of the Friars-Preachers. When this conventual church was on the point of being pulled down, the present parish priest of Los Teques, in remembrance of his holy ordination within its precincts, applied to have the statues for his parish church, and they were granted to him.

I made a short excursion to the village of San Pedro, situated at a distance of four miles from Los Teques, in the same immense valley of the Guayre. The parish church contains but one aisle, the second being yet unfinished. This church is said to have been built by Father Abreu, one of the last Dominican missionaries of Venezuela. The parish priest I met there was a Spaniard, who was so kind as to lend me his fine white mule to return to Los Teques.

Monday, December 6th, was a solemn day for Caracas, and for the entire Republic; for on this day was to take place the consecration of the two Bishops of Guayana and of Calabozo. The cathedral was filled with people, and was decked for the occasion in its most splendid feast-day attire. The magistracy and army were largely represented. With the exception of His Lordship, V. Diez, Bishop of Barquisimeto, detained in his diocese on account of his extreme age and debility, all the bishops of the Republic were assembled in the cathedral. His Grace, the Archbishop, performed the ceremony of the consecration, assisted by His Lordship, the Bishop of Merida, and the Canon Villanueva.

The President of the Republic had a prominent seat prepared for him in the sanctuary, not far from the Archbishop's throne. Whilst the sacred rites were being performed, an escort approached the chief man of the Republic, who advanced rather awkwardly into the midst of the clergy to the feet of the Archbishop. The ceremony which followed recalled the famous rite of investiture of the Middle Ages. The President of the Republic offered the pastoral staff, the mitre, and the ring, to each one of the new Bishops. He did not directly present these tokens of spiritual dignity to the Bishops, but did so through the medium of the Archbishop. Alas! If it be permitted to judge by past events, the present ceremony is none the less a true investiture, since

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it bears in its train all the evils which followed in mediæval times. At all events, it would have been an imposing sight to witness the Government and the Church giving hands to each other on such a solemn occasion, and swearing mutual fidelity, if it were not known to all that this very President of the Republic adds three dots to his signature, and also that, previously to this ceremony, he had unscrupulously attended a meeting of the masonic lodge, and even stood as godfather to a child in a heretical temple. May the Almighty ward off ruin from the Church of Venezuela, which ever since the Independence has been at the mercy of a Government wholly imbued with revolutionary principles! For the last eighty years, the greater number of the Bishops of the land, as well as a great number of priests, have suffered banishment, imprisonment, and persecution.

This unscrupulous and often irreligious Government has devised all sorts of means to intimidate the clergy, and thereby hush all the grounded complaints of the latter. The power is likewise jealous of a certain right of patronage which it pretends to have inherited from the Crown of Spain. This right enables it to present to the Holy See, for the vacant Bishoprics, such men as are liable to give way to timidity, and accomplish the designs of the political party with more eagerness than those of the Sovereign Pontiff.

The ideal of this Republican Government would be to have Bishops ever ready to comply faithfully with the wishes of the civil authorities, to let unprincipled men freely pursue their work, and in case of disagreement with the Holy See, to be always disposed to espouse the cause of the Republic. Fortunately the Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church receive, on the day of their ordination, the Holy Spirit, who, in this very land of Venezuela, has inspired deeds comparable to those achieved by the immortal names of an Ambrose and of a Chrysostom.

In fact, this state of things has brought many calamities upon the Church in this country. On account of the small number of recruits among the clergy, the Bishops are compelled to have recourse to foreign priests, and even these barely suffice to meet the requirements of the most pressing wants. Hence, it is not a fact of rare occurrence to find one priest entrusted with the care of

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twenty to twenty-five thousand souls, scattered throughout a parish which is almost as extensive as a diocese. Under such conditions the parish priest is unequal to his task; he cannot give instruction to all his parishioners, nor can he prepare the children for first Communion. No wonder that the poor people grow up in ignorance, often lead an immoral life, and preserve but a faint appearance of Christian faith. There are priests in Spain, who, for want of room, can till but a limited portion of the Lord's vineyard; I am of opinion that the neglected but most productive soil of Venezuela would do honor to their generous and apostolic exertions. If, animated with charity and zeal, they would consent to till this fruitful soil, they would surely receive a most hearty welcome from the Bishops, and much consolation through the Venezuelans, who are a simple, generous, and docile people.

The plague of locusts, which from time to time lays waste Algiers, rages in a still more dismal manner in Venezuela. The history of this country mentions several invasions of locusts that took place in the past centuries. At each invasion the people used to make a vow, or build a church, and by this means the winged assailants are said to have disappeared immediately. In fact, the natives who are deeply religious, have ever recognized in these destructive insects the avenging hand of God, who thus wished to chastise their iniquities and bring them to repentance.

It must be owned that the inhabitants have enough faith and Christian feelings to see the hand of the Almighty in their chastisements. And, indeed, numerous reasons could be brought forward to sanction this acknowledgment in the minds of those who believe in the Providence that holds sway over the whole earth, and over all nations. It happened not long after the unjust banishment of the Archbishop of Caracas, and of a great many of his priests. All the nuns in the Republic had lately been compelled to seek refuge in some foreign country. Their convents were confiscated and set aside for profane use; numerous churches shared the same fate, and made room for theatres, markets, or public squares. But if, in such a dire contingency, the people were enlightened enough to acknowledge the work of the Almighty's hand, they nevertheless did not make vows to our

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Lady and the saints, as in former days. None of the churches that were pulled down have been rebuilt.

A certain parish priest told me that he had seen, more than once, the entire harvest of his parish destroyed in one or two days through the powerful agency of the hungry insects. After their work of devastation they lay upon the earth, so as to form a layer of some six inches thick, and exhaled a most loathsome odor. At times they alight on trees in such great numbers as to make the branches give way. When they fly off from a tree, they do not leave so much as one leaf after them, nor even an inch of bark. Sometimes they have covered the railway line in such compact masses, as to oblige the train to stop in order to clear the way, the tracks being completely covered with crushed locusts, which let out an amount of oily matter upon the rails.

I cite the case of Antimano. It possessed an extensive field of Indian corn, which had already attained the height of a couple of feet. One morning a cloud of the locusts alighted upon the green field. They were so numerous, that two hours after their arrival, the entire crop which I had seen the day before, had completely disappeared. Only a few stalks, with the bark taken off, were left standing, while the ground was covered with a coating of locusts some three to four inches deep, all indulging in rest after their voracious repast, and laying eggs for a future generation.

There was a garden filled with vegetables at a short distance from the same corn-field. The locusts made a descent upon it as I passed by, and I could not help being moved to compassion in seeing the owner and some five or six women and children, all armed with broomsticks, vainly attempting to ward off their winged assailants, which formed around them a dense cloud.

The locusts are so numerous that it seems useless to try to destroy them. Ordinarily the peasants can but fold their arms and watch the devastation of their fields. When the plague ceases, they again set to work sowing seed, hoping that the enemy will not soon return. Nevertheless, the locusts often come back before the harvest has been gathered in. The wretched husbandmen are then said to give away to despair, and pull the hair from their heads in presence of such calamitous circumstances. Not

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a few Cantons of the Republic have been deserted by the people. Tortured by famine, they are forced to seek a living elsewhere, and unfortunately the place that they resort to is oftentimes already visited, or about to be visited, by the unwelcome guests.

Some six or seven years ago the plague of locusts principally infested the coast opposite to the Island of Trinidad. The westerly wind drifted a few swarms of the troublesome insects upon Chacachacare and the surrounding islets. Hundreds of them alighted in Trinidad, in the neighborhood of Chaguaramas. I even recollect laying hold of one in our convent of Port-of-Spain. A host of them appeared at the same time in the locality of Icacos. The Government of Trinidad, alarmed at the attempted invasion, immediately voted a considerable sum of money to exterminate this enemy at any cost. Several energetic men betook themselves to the places already occupied by the locusts. Armed with special instruments, they contrived to kill by thousands the young insects before they could take to their wings; but their most important contrivance was to set fire to the places infested with the locusts, and this they could effect more easily by sprinkling the land, a long way off, with pitch. In a few months' time, the enemy were completely overcome, and fortunately have not returned since.

In Venezuela, neither the individuals nor the Government offered resistance; hence the locust plague is not likely to have an early end.

On the eve of my leaving Venezuela I made a last excursion, as far as Petare, an important parish some seven or eight leagues' distance from Caracas, and situated in the same valley of the Guayre. In front of this parish church, as also of many other churches of this country, there is a large square, well planted with trees.

Along the way, which leads from Petare to Caracas at Chacao and Savana Grande, there are rich coffee plantations.

It is in these quarters that coffee was first cultivated in Venezuela, towards the close of the last century. The cultivation of this plant, which is the most valuable resource of the country at present, was first introduced by Mr. Blandin, a Frenchman. He cultivated the plant in his own garden, situated at the foot of the

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mountain of Avila, and also afforded two of his neighbors the satisfaction of making a trial of the newly imported bean. The growth of the precious young trees was watched with the greatest interest. The appearance of the first coffee-blossoms was the source of great joy in the three families. In time, the seeds ripened, and a feast day was held to commemorate the incident of the first cup of coffee, made from the grains cultivated in the valley of Caracas. Many persons of note from the capital assembled together one Sunday, with the friends of the three families of whom we have just spoken. The number of guests was considerable, and conspicuous among them were several young girls distinguished for their exquisite voices. The entertainment was enlivened with music. A banquet was prepared beneath some shady fruit trees in the midst of the coffee plantation that surrounded the dwelling. The three families, united by the bonds of friendship, had each given a priest to the Church, and it was fortunate indeed that the three priests could join their families on such a memorable occasion. At the end of the repast the boiling liquid was poured out in cups of gold, and the three ecclesiastics were called upon to make a speech on the subject of the entertainment. The three discourses have been handed down to posterity; they offered thanksgiving to Almighty God, and blessed the Hand of Providence that has bestowed Its gifts so bountifully over the wide world. The entire assembly applauded at the close of the hymn of thanksgiving, and then all sipped with relish the first cup of the delicious beverage which was produced in Venezuela.

Nowadays, a century after its first importation, the coffee plant yields millions of pounds, and has become the most valuable revenue of the country. The poorest Venezuelan is not without the enjoyment of his morning cup of coffee.

AN EPIPHANY PLEADING.

O Thou who led the Gentiles from afar,
Unto Emmanuel, by gleaming star,
Lead Thou this nation, brave and great and free,
Till in full light of faith she worships Thee.

With grace endow her till all earthly things
She leaves, if need be, like the faithful kings,
Transmitting unto many an unborn age,
Even as they, Truth's glorious heritage.

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STORY OF A BRIDAL VEIL.

L. M. POWER.

CHAPTER V.

THE nun, pondering the resemblance between the dead and the living, the companion and the pupil, so dear to her, saw that the same sweet unselfishness was discernible in both, a strong will, yet one easily moulded by the appeals of affection, and a heart so warm and constant that no change of fortune or circumstance could alter its allegiance when once it had been given. But the most attractive trait of Ethel's disposition lay in the gift of ready sympathy, that was ever practical and consoling.

Often her mother's eyes rested fondly on the girl's earnest face, while recounting with deep feeling some tale of sorrow or distress she had heard from the poor in her visits of charity. Then and there she formed schemes for their comfort and relief, and many were the grateful blessings invoked on Ethel's head by her humble "protégés." She befriended all creatures, weak or helpless. The sick children, the lame chicken, the broken-down hunter, and the blind old watch-dog, were the objects of her special care, and this tenderness towards the suffering was the principal charm of her character. Though gentle, her temperament was somewhat fiery, and the flashing eyes and haughty bearing were often subjects of Sister Agnes' reproofs in the old times at St. Dominic's. Yet her nature was so generous, so forgiving, that her hasty outbursts were quickly forgotten, and the more impulsive of her friends declared that, as in the case of "Young Nourmahal,"

> "The short passing anger but seemed to awaken
> New beauties, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken."

The life at Norwood glided smoothly along, with its varied duties and pleasures: visiting the sick, tending the garden and fernery, feeding the pets in the farm-yard, while the afternoon

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was passed in riding or driving the smart pair of Connemara ponies, or playing tennis on the sunny lawn beyond the shrubbery. After a year or more spent quietly in the country, Ethel received an invitation from her aunt, Mrs. Brabazon, asking her to stay with them the following spring, and make her "début" during the London season.

The prospect was delightful, but it was not without regret that her niece prepared to bid good-bye to home, and begin the rôle of a "going out" young lady. Hitherto her society had been limited to the few families living in that secluded part of Hampshire, but now she was to appear on a new stage, and become a target for criticism in her aunt's gay circle.

Still there was a delicious sense of novelty in the idea of visiting the great Babylon, and sharing in the vortex of pleasure, fashion, and amusement.

"I hope they will like me, mother," she said timidly, "and that they will not think me very 'gauche' and ignorant. I have met so few people, you know."

Mrs. Carlton smiled, evidently having little doubt on that point, as she inwardly decided that in any company her Ethel would be certain, not only to please, but to attract more admiration than generally falls to the share of a "débutante." "You are sure to be happy, love," she answered gently, "and your cousin Charley will keep you occupied all day. Your aunt is very particular on the subject of dress, so you must bring a nice outfit."

"Oh, yes, mother; I told Dalton not to pack any of my things without consulting you, so I feel quite at ease about my wardrobe. But how I shall miss you, Mother!" and taking her hand, she knelt by her side, and cried for the first time since her return from school.

"What a baby you are, darling!" the mother replied fondly, as she kissed the bowed head and smoothed the curly auburn hair

"A little glimpse of London will soon cure this home-sickness, and it would not be fair to keep you too long immured in the country. I went to my first ball when I was only sixteen, and you will be nineteen next Christmas. Besides, you will not be lonely, for I shall write you news every day of our doings at Nor-

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wood. It is I who will really be sad, without my sunbeam. But don't fret, dear," as Ethel's tears began afresh, "I shall have Daisy and Jack to keep me company. Now, let us interview Dalton about your dresses."

A month later saw Ethel Carlton bidding farewell to her mother and each of the household, having first paid a parting visit to her old people and each of her dumb pets, giving sundry injunctions as to how they were to be treated in her absence.

Alas! for the poor animals. Only they could tell how her care was missed.

Mrs. Brabazon and her husband lived in a stately mansion in the most fashionable quarter of Mayfair, and maintained the luxurious style expected from residents of that aristocratic neighborhood. Their only son was a boy of eight years, and from the first he and Ethel became fast friends and play-fellows. Charley was highly pleased at having a companion, and soon found that his cousin was able to adapt herself to her juniors, and teach him games and sports unknown before to the solitary child.

"Is she not a beauty, George?" Mrs. Brabazon asked her husband as she entered his dressing room, just after her niece's arrival. "So young and fresh, and such fascinating manners, too! She is sure to make a 'hit' this season, and I hope to find her an eligible 'parti' at once."

"Do let the girl alone, Netta, and don't have her spoiled by this artificial atmosphere of ours. Ethel has time enough to think of matrimony, and at present she looks the picture of innocence and candor. Indeed, our fair country girl will have many enemies among the stout old dowagers and their well-seasoned daughters. As I came upstairs, I saw her in the library with Charley, both deeply absorbed in building a Roman fortress with his toy-bricks."

"Yes, she is still very childlike," his wife responded thoughtfully, "but I must not let her mope."

"Little fear of that while you are her 'chaperon,'" Mr. Brabazon answered laughing, as he gave a finishing brush to his hair, and ran down to the dining room to see what the "children" were doing.

Next morning, at breakfast, Mrs. Brabazon opened her "Plan of

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Campaign," and dismayed her husband as well as her niece by the number and variety of her schemes.

"I must go shopping for a couple of hours this morning," she began. "There area few friends asked to lunch at two o'clock, and they intend coming with us to the Park for an afternoon drive. We must get back here for a cup of tea, and then dress for dinner, as we are engaged to the Esmondes this evening, and after that we are to accompany them to 'Il Trovatore' at Covent Garden."

"That's a hard day's work; eh, Ethel! I'm glad to escape it all; but I shall see you at the theatre. Don't lose your roses by too much raking!" So saying Mr. Brabazon rose from the table, kissed his little son, and went out for his early ride.

The programme arranged by her aunt was carried out accordingly, and for the first few weeks Ethel felt more bewildered than pleased at this mode of life, but gradually she came to enjoy the whirl of gaiety, and entered cordially into her aunt's plans of amusement.

Balls, dinners, receptions, theatres, and rides in the Park were the order of the day, not to speak of smaller items, such as boating parties, and sight-seeing in general.

Two months passed quickly away, and she spoke of returning home, but Mrs. Brabazon would not listen to such a proposal. Besides being attached to her young guest she was both pleased and proud of her success in the "beau monde," and of the admiration she everywhere excited.

Often, as she swept into the crowded salons of the West End, accompanied by her niece, flattering whispers caught her ear, and eager questionings as to the names of the handsome matron and the beautiful girl whom she chaperoned.

Partners came in crowds, begging an introduction to the lovely Miss Carlton, and many a coveted eligible forgot his "duty" dances to pay homage at her shrine.

Ethel knew and appreciated these social triumphs, but sometimes in the gayest scenes her thoughts would wander back to the quiet convent, and a pang of remorse cross her mind as she remembered Father Vincent's discarded advice, and Sister Agnes' strong entreaties. Then she recollected her own parting words: "Sister, I feel I am doing wrong," and the nun's reply, "If you

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really think so, you can rectify your mistake by returning here after vacation."

How impossible such a step seemed now! Could she ever bring herself to abandon the bright world, that had caressed her so warmly, and bid a final good-bye to the kind friends, and all the pleasant things that had made her life one unbroken dream of happiness? No; she must put these saddening memories away, and try to silence the warnings of conscience.

So she grew less remorseful, and stifled the past in the excitement of the present.

One morning Mrs. Brabazon announced that she had received an invitation for herself and Ethel to a military ball, to be given at Richmond the following week.

"I want you to be particularly smartly dressed, my love, for I expect to meet there a great friend of mine, who is to be a near neighbor of yours in the country. I mean Sir Edward Dayrell, now a major in the Life Guards, and a special favorite with wily matchmakers. He is the eldest son of Sir Frederick Dayrell, who died two years ago, and Edward inherits his father's title and estates. I lost sight of him for some time, but met him by chance a few days since, and he told me he intends leaving the army and settling down to a domestic life with his mother. When last I was at Norwood, I drove over to Dayrell Court to see the old lady, and I thought it the loveliest place imaginable."

"Indeed. it is," her niece assented. "It is only five miles from us, and mother and I go there very often. Lady Dayrell is always so kind; but she seems greatly depressed since her daughter's marriage, and she misses her terribly."

"Yes; that is principally the reason Edward speaks of leaving the Guards. He idolizes his mother, and says he cannot bear to think of her living alone while he is enjoying himself in London. He told me also that she is no longer able for the care of the property, and he feels sure that the agent is mismanaging his affairs; so in a little while there will be a flutter among you girls when the new 'Squire' appears in Hampshire."

Ethel laughed heartily. "Really, Aunt Netta, you are too matter-of-fact! You seem to think that matrimony is the end and aim of a woman's existence, and a panacea for every evil. I as-

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sure you I am perfectly content as I am, and have no desire to change my state. Besides, what is the good of a 'flutter' unless it be mutual? Unrequited love must be a very unsatisfactory sort of thing. I hope I shall never take a fancy to anybody who does not like me in return."

"You are right there, my dear, but there is nothing to prevent two people forming a mutual attachment; and I trust this may happen in the case of yourself and Edward Dayrell. I think I fell in love with my husband almost the first time we met, and I shall never forget the suspense I suffered until he proposed. He told me afterwards that he had been very uncertain of my feelings; and having, as you know, a rather retiring disposition, we were both kept in dreadful anxiety till he made the venture, and then everything was quickly arranged between us."

"Indeed, aunt, you made a happy choice; and one does not often meet anybody half so good as Uncle George."

"Yes, Georgie is a darling," Mrs. Brabazon returned in her own impulsive way, "and our marriage has been so fortunate that I wish to see others equally well settled.

"But this is all foolish speculation on my part, and my castle-in-the-air will probably end in smoke. Now, run away, child, and get on your hat. I want to bring you to Madame de la Valle's to have your evening gown fitted."

CHAPTER VI.

The night of the ball came at last, and found Ethel arrayed in a wonderful costume of lace and flowers, designed by the inventive brain and cunning fingers of Madame and her assistants.

The effect was eminently successful, even to Mrs. Brabazon's critical eyes, as she scanned the dress and its wearer, and called her husband to pass judgment on the girl's toilet and appearance.

"By Jove, Ethel, you are perfect!" he exclaimed, "and the frock suits you exactly. It proves your taste, little woman," he added, looking fondly at his wife, "and there's no doubt our charge will be the handsomest girl in the room.

"The military fellows will plague me all night for introductions; but you must keep one dance for me, Ethel."

"Don't be so selfish, George," his wife interrupted. "I hope she

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will have better partners than an old married man whose hair is turning grey."

"That is nothing new, Netta, for remember, it was equally grey when you married me, and yet you thought it no hindrance. It is too bad that the bachelors should have all the fun to themselves."

"Now, George, don't lose any more time in grumbling. You must be satisfied in having *me* for your partner, and leave the young people to amuse each other! Get your wraps, Ethel, and come along."

"I must first say good-night to Charley!" Ethel exclaimed, as she ran back to the nursery and found her little cousin expecting her with eager eyes. "O Ethel, you have come at last! I was afraid you were going away without coming to see me or showing me your grand new dress."

"Do you like it, Charley?" she asked.

The child sat up in his cot and gazed silently at the radiant apparition by his bedside. At last he answered slowly, "The dress is very nice, Ethel, but *you* are lovely. None of the ladies at the ball will be like you, though they may try their best."

"What a rogue you are, Charley, to say such things! Now, give me a kiss and say good-bye."

Certainly Ethel's appearance was attractive enough to justify her cousin's opinion.

She was above the average height, with a slight, graceful figure, and a face of singular beauty. The shapely head was crowned with coils of rich auburn hair, that clustered in waves round the low, smooth forehead. The eyebrows were dark and strongly marked, while the lustrous brown eyes, shaded by long lashes, contrasted well with the blonde tint of her complexion. The nose was not quite faultless, being of the "retrousé" type, but most people agreed that it looked delightfully piquante, and suited Ethel admirably. Her mouth was perfect, and the dainty red lips disclosed teeth of pearly whiteness.

The charm of Ethel Carlton's face lay in her expression rather than in the regularity of her features; it varied with her moods like the shifting shades of a landscape—now sad and wistful, now gay and sparkling—reminding one of that sweet vivacity described by Moore in "Lallah Rookh":

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"The loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon autumn's soft, shadowing days,
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes;
Now melting in mist, now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint has of Heaven in his dreams."

Her countenance at all times spoke volumes, and the drift of her thoughts or conversation could easily be surmised by watching the changes of the animated face.

Never had she looked fairer than on the night of the Richmond ball, and her dress of rich cream lace adorned with pearls and tiny sprays of pale blue "forget-me-not" set off her beauty to full advantage.

All impartial critics admitted that Mrs. Brabazon's niece was the "belle" of the night, and would be certain to capture some manly heart before the end of the season.

The girl had not been long in the brilliantly-lighted rooms when many sought and obtained introductions, and her programme was almost filled before her aunt drew her aside for a moment, and enquired if she had reserved any dances for Sir Edward Dayrell. Ethel laughed merrily.

"Not specially, aunt. I never cast a thought on him, I assure you. 'First come, first served,' and I have made engagements with those who asked me early in the evening. But my card is not full."

"How provokingly indifferent you are, my dear!" sighed the anxious matron. "Wait there, just a moment, till I have found him. He has been entreating an introduction for the past two hours, but I tried in vain to catch you, as you flitted by."

So saying, Mrs. Brabazon disappeared, and soon returned, closely followed by a young officer wearing the "guards" uniform.

"Edward, at last I have captured my charge; and now let me introduce you to my niece, Ethel Carlton."

The girl bowed, and was soon whirling through the mazes of the dance with her new partner.

"How nicely they suit each other, George," Mrs. Brabazon remarked, as she watched the pair with great complacency.

"I think every man that danced with Ethel to-night suited her quite as well as the gallant baronet," her husband answered,

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laughing. "But, perhaps you are bent on match-making, Netta, and that gives rise to these innocent delusions as to a certain man suiting a certain girl, etc."

On this occasion, however, his wife happened to be correct, for Major Dayrell and her niece made an admirable couple, and danced so often, and chatted so long, that jealous mothers looked vexed, and Mrs. Brabazon held her head higher.

"Well, Ethel, how did you and Sir Edward enjoy last evening?" enquired Mr. Brabazon at a late breakfast next morning.

"I can only answer for myself, uncle, and say that I never liked any ball half so well. It was simply delightful!"

"I'm glad to hear that, but why are you blushing?" He went on teasingly, catching sight of very red cheeks opposite.

Just then the door flew open, and Charley's noisy entrance rescued the girl from further embarrassment.

Later on, her aunt congratulated her on her success at the ball, and declared her belief that Ethel and Sir Edward had really made a good impression on each other, according to her prediction.

A few days after, the young baronet made his appearance at Mrs. Brabazon's, and stayed to luncheon. He willingly accepted an invitation to dinner the next day, and arranged that his hostess and her niece should accompany him to the opera the following night. Then a river excursion was planned, besides sundry rides in Rotten Row, and after some time, Edward Dayrell's call was regarded as part of the daily programme. He and Ethel were thus thrown a great deal in each other's society, and soon she acknowledged to herself that the day seemed blank and cheerless that did not bring a visit from the handsome guardsman.

So things went on, while the "chaperon" encouraged the attachment that was evidently springing up between the young people.

"What a pity Edward is a Protestant!" she said one day to her husband, "for I think Ethel would object to marry him unless he was converted, and I know her mother will blame me for countenancing his attentions. But then there is time enough to talk of that, and he is so fond of the girl that I believe he would do anything she required."

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"I am not so sure of that, Netta. A man does not change his religion so lightly as you imagine, and most of us have very strong opinions on such matters. But it is rather premature to speak of his conversion until he has proposed."

"I don't suppose Dayrell will say anything serious at present, but will probably wait till he knows the girl better. When they are neighbors in the country, he will have many opportunities of observing her dispositions."

"Just so," assented Mrs. Brabazon. "I dare say he will bide his time a while longer, for he is none of those hot-headed youths who rush blindly into matrimony, and he will deliberate calmly before taking a decisive step."

So her elders surmised, and rightly, too, with regard to Ethel's admirer. Edward Dayrell's characteristic was prudence,—a very remarkable "trait" in a young man of twenty-six; but he was wise above all things, never acting on impulse in any affair of moment. And now before making the great choice, on which the happiness of his life depended, he was more than ever resolved to proceed slowly, and to do nothing impetuous.

He acknowledged to himself that he admired Ethel Carlton more than any girl he had met; that she was young and beautiful, and apparently all that he could desire for his wife; but he should know her more intimately before offering his hand. He had seen a good deal of society and its ways, and understood well that many of the people he met, though pleasing to the eye, were in reality "whitened sepulchres": fair faces with hollow hearts. The most gifted minds are generally slow in coming to maturity, and so it was in the case of Edward's affection. Its growth was not speedy, but it was firm and constant, strong and true. His loyalty to his friends was proverbial, and only those he liked could tell the sterling worth of his character.

His love for his mother was intense, and this he proved by his assiduous attention to her least wish, and the pains he took to gratify even her whims.

And so Major Dayrell determined to see more of Ethel when he returned to Hampshire, and earnestly hoped that she would prove to be all that she now appeared. He said nothing that could lead her to imagine that he was already in love, and the

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day before she left London he called to say good-bye to the Brabazons, who were starting for Bournemouth. His last words to Ethel were cordial, but nothing more, as he spoke of the probability of meeting her some weeks later, when he intended going down to Dayrell Court.

She looked pained, and was sad and listless that evening, while her aunt's quick instinct told her that the girl was disappointed, and had given her heart before it was asked. She talked to her very gently, and consoled her as best she could, by the assurance that she understood the young man's reticence, and was convinced that he would see her soon again, and after a better acquaintance, would place his future at her disposal.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRISTIAN souls, as if drawn by a natural impulse, may thus properly betake themselves to Mary, communicate trustingly to her their thoughts and works their anguish and their joy; and, like children, commend to her care and her goodness themselves and all that they have. Hence, very properly, are offered to her by every race and in every rite the noblest tributes of praise, the theme swelling with the applause of ages; among other titles, she is called "Our Lady, Our Mediatrix" (St. Bernard); she is "the Restorer of the entire world" (St. Tharasius); she is "the Dispenser of the gifts of God." And, since faith is the foundation and source of the divine favors by which man is perfected above the order of nature to eternal things, for obtaining this rightly, and fruitfully cultivating it, is extolled the, in a measure, secret action of her who brought forth the *Author of faith*, and who, on account of faith, is hailed as *Blessed;* "No one is filled with the knowledge of God, O most holy one, except through thee; no one is saved except through thee, O God-bearing one; no one obtains a gift from mercy except through thee" (St. Germanus of Constantinople). It is no exaggeration to say that it was chiefly under her leadership and by her aid that the wisdom and teaching of the Gospels, despite enormous difficulties and obstacles, penetrated with such rapid progress among all the nations of the earth, bringing in everywhere a new order of justice and peace. This thought was present to the mind and inspired the prayer of St. Cyril of Alexandria, when he thus addressed the Virgin: "Through thee, the apostles preached salvation to the nations. . . ; through thee, the precious Cross is honored and adored throughout the world. . . ; through thee, demons are put to flight, and man himself called back to Heaven; through thee, creatures held captive by the errors of idolatry are brought to a knowledge of the truth; through thee, the faithful have come to holy baptism, and churches are everywhere founded among the peoples."—*From the Encyclical of Leo XIII., Sept. 5, 1895.*

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JESUS IN THE ROSARY.

THE NATIVITY.—THE FINDING IN THE TEMPLE.

VERY REV. J. M. L. MONSABRÉ, O. P.

THE heavens resound with a joyous and sublime canticle: "Glory to God in the highest heavens, and peace on earth to men of good-will." Angels bear the glad tidings to the world: "This day is born to you a Saviour." O heavenly spirits! tell us where shall we find this Saviour so ardently desired, so long expected? In Bethlehem, the city of David. In Bethlehem! A small city indeed for so great a King! But surely some ancient, stately palace, the last relic of the fallen fortunes of those who once ruled in Juda, has been fitted up to receive the Son of God. Ah! no. His poverty finds no place for Him even in the public inns of the old city. The owners of human habitations refuse to receive Him; and His Mother, all desolate, sees Herself forced to share with animals a corner of their stable. "And this shall be a sign to you," continue the angels: "you shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger."

What a change, great God, in Thy manifestations! Formerly, when Thou didst appear to our fathers of the Old law, it was always under striking, and even terrible, figures; and often those who had been honored by Thy manifestation were heard to cry out: "We have seen the Lord; let us die the death." Now Thou presentest Thyself to us in the form of an infant.

An infant attracts us by its charms, and touches our hearts by its helplessness. Its weak cries, its sweet smile, its peaceful rest soften the heart. What is more amiable than an infant? And behold, my Saviour is one! He does not resemble the children of some royal house around whom servants and courtiers gather in crowds. A cradle gilt with gold, a sumptuous service, would repel the lowly and the poor; and Jesus came that all should approach Him with confidence and love. This is why He shows Himself to us "wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger."

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But at this crib how many precious lessons unfold themselves to me!

The Infant Jesus teaches me to trample under foot the vain honors which human pride pursues with frantic eagerness.

The Infant Jesus teaches me to despise the false and fleeting goods which my covetous heart rushes after.

The Infant Jesus teaches me that privations and sufferings are intended to tame and reduce to obedience my rebellious flesh, the enemy of all virtue and of my perfection.

The Infant Jesus calls me to a state of simplicity and candor, to an obscure, solitary, and hidden life.

With deepest reverence I receive these lessons in my heart, for it is love that gives them to me.

Love! Behold what moves me most to-day. The imperial edict which tore the Holy Family from the sweets of the domestic fireside, the blindness of men who refused an asylum to the Son of God hidden in the womb of His Mother, the cold December night of His nativity, the stable of Bethlehem, the swaddling clothes, the crib—all this was prepared in His eternal councils by the love of my God.

The Splendor of eternal light, the Infant Jesus, clothes Himself with our poor flesh. It is for love of me. My impure eyes could never have borne the brightness of His glory; and yet I had need of coming near my God, of seeing Him, of hearing Him, of touching and embracing Him. After the anxious waiting of humanity we had need of being delighted in the light of His sensible presence.

Master of all the goods of the world, the Infant Jesus condemns Himself to poverty. It is for love of me. My heart, so easily charmed with earthly things, had to learn that they are too small and too mean for my love, and that those who have the smallest portion of them ought to possess, like their Saviour, the fullest measure of spiritual goods.

Eternally and perfectly happy, the Infant Jesus began to suffer at the moment of His birth into the world. It is for love of me. I will be less inclined to rebel against the hard necessity of suffering when I see my Saviour submit to it from the first moment of His mortal life.

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Who will not return the love of Him who has loved so much?

Would that I possessed the most pure heart of Thy Mother, O my Jesus, in which to love Thee as I ought!

Would that I could unite my affections with those of Thy adopted Father, so full of humility and reverence!

Would that I had a place among the shepherds whom the angels notified of Thy birth, so as to take part in their simple and fervent adoration!

Would that I could enter into the company of the kings and lay down at Thy feet the gold of my charity, the incense of my adoration, the myrrh of my penance!

O beloved Child! drive me not away. Allow me at least to envy the lot of the poor, dumb beasts that warmed Thee by their breath; and, even if it is small indeed, deign to unite the humble love of my poor heart with Thy infinite love.

The law was fulfilled by the presentation in the temple. Jesus offered Himself to His Divine Father in the name and in favor of humanity; and now He enters into the humble and obscure dwelling of Nazareth, where He increases in years and in strength, and is filled with wisdom, "for the grace of God is in Him."

Twelve years of silence and obscurity pass quickly by, after which we find Him, when it was supposed He was lost in the excitement of a great festival, among the doctors of the law, hearing them and asking them questions.

O marvel! These men, who have grown gray in study and in learning, who almost know the number of letters contained in the Sacred Writings, who scrutinize the mysteries and reduce to a nicety the interpretation of the law—these wise men of Israel, whose grave and learned word had the greatest weight in the land, have found their Master. They have found Him in a child of twelve years! Their humbled pride is astonished at the profundity of His teaching and at the wisdom of His answers. It was the first wound it received, and its sting will continue to rankle in their hearts until the time of His public preaching shall have come. The people simply give way to ecstasies of admiration: "And all that heard Him were astonished at His wisdom and His answers" (Luke ii. 47).

Dear and admirable Child! I know who Thou art. Divine

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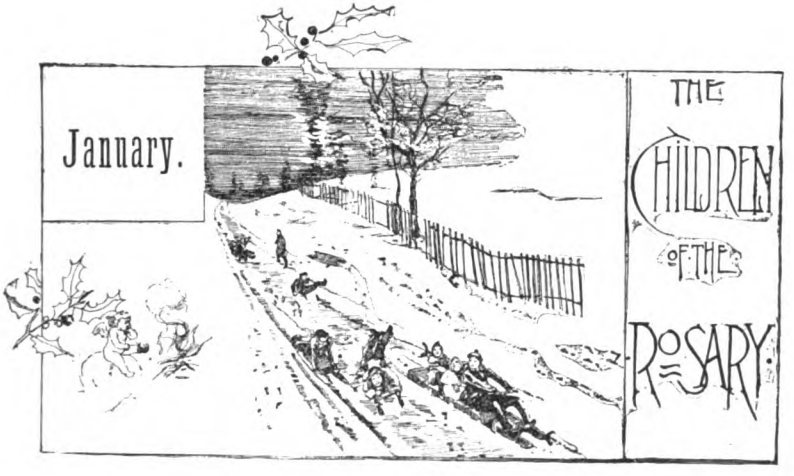
Word, infinite Wisdom, Thou art come from the "mouth of the most high God." In God Thou hadst subsisted before the birth of time, and in Him Thou wilt subsist when time shall be no more. Hear His inspired word in the eighth chapter of the Book of Proverbs: "When He prepared the Heavens I was present; when with a certain law and compass He enclosed the depths; when He established the sky above, and poised the fountains of waters; when He compassed the sea with its bounds, and set a law to the waters that they should not pass their limits; when He balanced the foundations of the earth, I was with Him, forming all things, and was delighted every day, playing before Him at all times: playing in the world; and my delights were to be with the children of men." Thou knowest, O Lord! all secrets, even the most profound secrets of the Divinity. What Thou hast revealed to men is no more than a drop from the ocean of Thy infinite knowledge. The Sacred Scriptures, full of Thee, have been written by Thy inspiration. Who, then, can so well explain them as Thyself? Therefore I am not astonished that questions and answers should fall from Thy lips which confounded the learned doctors of the law. I wonder not, but rather cry out in my simple ignorance, with the prophet Isaias: "Behold I have given Him for a witness to the people, for a leader and a master to the gentiles" (chap. lv. 4).

Speak, O Master! speak. It is Thy right and Thy function. Is it not right, and even necessary, that Thou shouldst be "engaged in the business of Thy Father," Who, by Thy teaching, hast deigned to instruct us in the mysteries of eternity?

Speak, O Jesus! to the great and powerful, too often surfeited with empty grandeur; speak to the worldly-wise of our day, whose proud reason too often vanishes in the delirium of folly; speak to the worldly-prudent, who, in their presumption, pretend to have no other rule of life than common honesty. Show them that nothing is truly great which does not lead up to a participation in the divine Sonship; that human science must submit itself to the science of Heaven; that the wisdom of the world, from the moment it refuses to enter upon the heroic way of Christian virtue, is supremest folly.

Speak to the poor, the ignorant, the humble, to raise them from their abject state; teach them the mysteries which no human reason can fathom; and conduct them by humble and despised pathways to the dwelling-place of life eternal.

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A JANUARY JINGLE.

Oh! a merry time have we
In the wintry weather,
Laughing, shouting merrily,
Coasting all together.
Swift we go o'er the shining snow,
Hearts abounding, cheeks aglow;
Down at the foot we turn about
With an echo-waking shout;
And up the hill, with right good will,
Drag our sleds, heigh-ho!
Spring and Summer, Autumn, too,
Have their pleasures, old and new,
But the jolliest time of all
Comes with the Winter' first snow-fall!

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THE SIX SUNDAYS OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, AND THE FEAST OF HIS TRANSLATION.

The month of January brings many days dear to our young Rosarians, but to soldiers of the Angelic Warfare it brings their own feast day, the Translation of St. Thomas Aquinas. His great feast comes on March 7th, his Translation on the 28th of January.

We hear St. Thomas spoken of always as "the Angelical," because of his beautifully pure life, and his wonderful knowledge of the things of God. There never lived any human being who wrote more remarkable things about God and His teachings. It really seemed as though he had a sight of God as clear as the angels in Heaven have.

No one, then, can wonder that he has been named the Patron of Schools. It was nine years ago that our Holy Father, Leo XIII., placed all students in the strong and loving care of St. Thomas. At that time he sanctioned a beautiful devotion in his honor, that of the "Six Sundays of St Thomas Aquinas." Every member of the Angelic Warfare who receives Holy Communion on each of the six Sundays preceding the feast of the saint, March 7th, may gain a plenary indulgence on each of the Sundays. This year the first of the six will be January 26. How pleased the great saint will be to see his children, old and young, approaching Holy Communion on these days! Surely he will obtain many graces for them, and great help in their studies and labors.

Some of our new members may not know the full meaning of the feast of the Translation, so we give it briefly. St. Thomas died at a convent of Benedictines, and for years these good monks were unwilling to give up the precious treasure of his body, while, naturally, his own brothers, the Dominicans, ardently desired to have his sacred remains in their care. The body was moved several times before the matter was finally settled, by a Benedictine Pope restoring the relics to the Dominicans. Every time the body was moved it gave forth a beautiful fragrance, was found perfectly preserved, and great miracles were worked through it, especially in favor of Holy Purity.

The removal from Italy to the Dominican convent, Toulouse, France, took place January 28, 1369, nearly ninety-five years after the saint's death, and forty-six years after his canonization.

The feast should be kept by all the soldiers of the Angelic Warfare, not only as a day for making earnest requests for the help of the dear saint, but also as one of fervent thanksgiving for all his favors granted through many hundreds of years.

CONDITIONS FOR BECOMING SOLDIERS IN THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

1. Send your full names to be enrolled.

2. Wear around the waist under the clothing, the little white linen girdle that must be blessed by a Dominican priest, or by a priest who has permission from the Dominicans.

3. Strive in every way to be pure in soul and body.

4. If you cannot buy the girdles in your neighborhood AQUINAS will buy them for you. When you write enclose ten cents to cover the expense of the girdle, leaflet, and postage. You may send stamps. But let no child hold back from becoming a Soldier in the Angelic Warfare on account of poverty. To those who cannot pay we shall send all free.

5. Address your letters to AQUINAS, ROSARY OFFICE, 871 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

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CARL'S CHRISTMAS.

A. San Jose.

(*Conclusion.*)

So absorbed was Carl in his own thoughts, that he did not know he was an object of interest to the many persons who had come to visit the Crib. But, interested as they were, one by one they departed for their happy Christmas firesides, bearing with them the memory of an angelic face, lighted up with earnest eyes of blue, and encircled by a coronal of shining golden curls. What though the features were pinched and wan! The look of seraphic love reminded them only of a world beyond. A lady in deep mourning, who had also watched the child with curious eyes, arose to depart, and as she did so, went forward to put her offering in the box. The golden locket met her eyes. She picked it up, turned it over, opened it, and gazed upon the pictured faces therein. A strange light shone in her eyes. She hastened to Carl's side.

"Did you offer this to the Infant Jesus?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," said the boy, wondering. "Do you think He will let me see my mamma?"

"Where is your mamma?"

"The Infant Jesus took her to Heaven four years ago. Her picture is in that locket."

"And where have you been ever since?"

"With my father. He was kind and good when dear mamma was with us, but after she went to Heaven, he grew so different. At last all our beautiful things were taken from us, and my father took me with him from place to place. Often I had nothing to eat for days. Yesterday we came here. We stayed in a cold, bare attic, and my father threw himself on the floor and went to sleep. He slept all night and all day to-day. In the evening I went over to him, but he did not move. I was afraid to wake him, for he would beat me. At last I touched his face, and it was cold.

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Then I got afraid and I ran away, and at last came here. I knew the Infant Jesus as soon as I saw Him, for mamma used to tell me about Him. I thought that if I gave the Divine Child my locket, the only thing I have to give, he would bring my mamma to me. Is this Heaven? Do you know my mamma?"

"No, my child this is not Heaven. What was your mamma's name?"

"Papa called her Hilda. Papa's name is John Temple, and I am Carl. I thought this was Heaven," and a tear coursed down the little fellow's cheek as he glanced almost reproachfully at the Infant Jesus, who smiled back so sweetly that Carl smiled again instantly.

* * * * * * *

In the breakfast-room of a large, handsome house sat a white-haired man. He was erect and stately, and more than age had left the furrows on his face, and turned his hair to snowy whiteness. He seemed restless, and ever and anon turned to gaze from the window. At last sleigh-bells rang out on the frosty air, and he heard the front door open and shut. Then a servant came to the chamber where the old gentleman was pacing impatiently to and fro, and said: "Please sir, Mrs. Morgan has just returned from Mass, and she says will you wait a few minutes longer for her. She will be down as soon as she possibly can."

In a short time, Mrs. Morgan herself entered the room. "George," she said, "I am so sorry to have kept you waiting, but I could not return before. I wish you a very happy Christmas."

"I wish I could return it," he replied; "but what a mockery it is to wish you that, when I know that Christmas holds no happiness for you now. When I saw you getting up in the dark and the cold to go to that six o'clock Mass this morning, I knew what you would ask, and I tried to feel that I would receive her back again, but——"

"It is a happier Christmas than I have seen for some time. My prayer has been answered. Hilda, after a few brief years of happiness, left this valley of tears, and is now, I hope, in Heaven."

The Squire's eyes filled with tears. "How did you hear?" he asked. "Did you see that—that—villain who took her from us?"

"No; I have seen an angel. Come with me," and taking her

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husband's arm, Mrs. Morgan led him to a small room that for ten years had been closed. She opened the door, and there in all the beauty and freshness in which he had seen it ten years ago, the old man gazed upon his daughter's face. A travelling artist, a man of rare talent, had painted it when Hilda was eighteen, and now it glowed with even more startling beauty than in days of old. Before it, with clasped hands, and indeed with the face of an angel, knelt a tiny boy, our friend of the gloomy attic and of the Christmas Crib.

"O mamma!" he said, unconscious of the listeners at the open door, "ask the Infant Jesus to take me to Heaven with you. I saw Him on His bed of straw, and I gave Him my locket with your picture, and He smiled at me so sweetly that I think He intends to bring me to Heaven, where I shall see Him and you. I shall never be happy here again."

The old man turned away to hide his tears. "That is Hilda's boy, George. I found him at the Christmas Crib;" and then she told him of her conversation with the little lad, and they decided to give the poor, forsaken man Christian burial, if the attic could be found, and the old man declared that he would be a father to the son of his wilful Hilda.

How the aged couple loved the pale, gentle child, and how they tried to make him gay and cheerful like the little boys of the happy homes all around them! But although he tried to please them, he was glad to escape from his little acquaintances, and go back to the room where hung his mother's portrait. And when he was missed, he was always found there, gazing earnestly upon it, or talking in his sweet, pathetic tones, to the dead mother whose place no one could fill.

Once they succeeded in interesting him, when they began to prepare him for his First Communion; and when at last the happy day came, he was radiant with joy. He came back from the church, the same where he had seen the Crib just a twelvemonth before, for this, too, was Christmas morning, and his eyes sparkled with a new light, and crimson roses shone on his transparent cheeks, and the old people thought that never had he seemed so fair nor looked so well and happy. Before going to partake of the bounteous repast spread for him, and to see the luxurious gifts

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that were to be his, he hurried away to the little room where hung his mother's portrait, as if he wished her too to share his new-found joy. At last his grandparents, fearing that the long fast would injure his delicate frame, went to coax him away. A great table stood beneath the picture that he might approach it nearer, and there he lay, his golden head pressed against his mother's pictured face. The roses of his cheeks had faded as quickly as they had come; the sparkling eyes were closed in death, and mother and son were keeping the Christmas festival together in Heaven.

ON THE ROAD TO DREAM TOWN.

CYRILLE LAVIGNE.

JACK-O'-THE-LANTERN, Dewdrop-Sweet,
And Will-o'-the-Wisp, with the flying feet,
When Day is o'er, and the Dark comes down,
Clamber the Hill to the old Dream Town
With its wee white cots,—dove's nests they be
That change into ships on the Slumber Sea.

Jack-o'-the-Lantern, Dewdrop-Sweet,
And Will-o'-the-Wisp, with the flying feet,
Clamber and climb on hands and knees
(Will you give me a lift, sir, if you please!)
When lights are lit in the old Dream Town
Where lies the Castle of Cuddle Down.

Sometimes the Sand Man meets them there—
Such sleepy nooks on the old oak stair!
And the flying foot, and the busy hand
Lie by on the road to No-Man's-Land;
But Jack's bright lantern flashes down,
And lights the way to the old Dream Town.

Then in and out on the moonbeams pale
Angels are guiding each slumber sail,
When forth from the sleepy old Dream Town
Past the gates of the Castle of Cuddle Down
Float Jack-o'-the Lantern, Dewdrop-Sweet,
And Will-o'-the Wisp, with the flying feet.

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THE PEARL ROSARY.

MARY HANCOCK ALLEN.

CHAPTER IV.

DISCOVERED.

GEORGIE went to High Mass with Agnes the following Sunday, and was very attentive throughout the service. As they left the church, she said in her impulsive way, "I'm so glad I went. I could just imagine I was back in Rome with Amina. But the churches are so different there, from what they are here, you know. They are so grand and beautiful, with their fine architecture, marble floors, and high altars. They don't have pews, either, and the floors always look so pretty." Georgie grew thoughtful. Her thoughts were in Rome.

She expressed a wish to go to church again with Agnes, and soon went frequently. Agnes became very fond of her new friend. When Mrs. Barnett first saw Georgie, she thought that her wilful and independent spirit might not have a good influence upon Agnes; but she soon discovered that she was good at heart, and evidently had a strong character; and her continued liking for the Catholic Church counted for much. The fact that she had been deprived of a mother's care since she was scarcely more than a baby, and had been allowed to have her own way, was enough to spoil any child.

Agnes, who was curious to meet Georgie's aunts, of whom she heard so much, soon had the opportunity. She thought them very pleasant and agreeable. They dressed stylishly, and possessed easy, graceful manners. She thought Georgie unjust in her criticism of them. Agnes never noticed anything but kindness in their treatment of Georgie.

Agnes spoke of them so frequently at home, that Mrs. Barnett thought it was her duty to call upon them. She was received cordially by the sisters, who spoke in enthusiastic terms of Agnes.

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She was so gentle, they said, that no doubt her good influence upon Georgie would be felt. Georgie, poor child! they regretted to say, had led rather a roving life with her poor, dear unpractical father, and they were charmed that Georgie could have for a friend so sweet a child as Agnes.

Mrs. Barnett made quite a long call, and left the house with the impression that Mrs. Field and her sister were cultivated, but decidedly worldly women. She was pleased with their praise of Agnes, but aside from that, had no taste in common with them.

Mrs. Barnett's call was returned within a week, and after a short time, she called again. The subject of religion was not touched upon in their conversations.

In the meantime, Georgie and Agnes were together constantly. Georgie never missed going to church with Agnes on Sundays. It happened that on one Sunday, as the two girls were going out of church, two ladies were passing by. Georgie glanced up, and was startled to see that they were her aunts. It was too late to turn the other way, for they had seen her. Mrs. Field merely raised her eyebrows, and walked on without stopping. Agnes had seen nothing of this little incident.

Georgie stopped a moment, her face flushing with indignation.

Agnes looked at her with surprise. "What is the matter?" she asked.

Georgie told her.

"But do they know that this is a Catholic church?" queried Agnes.

"They must know, or else Aunt Isabelle wouldn't have looked at me that way."

"Dear me!" said Agnes, conscience-stricken. "I wish I hadn't let you go to church with me, without your aunts' consent. I hate secrecy."

After Georgie left her friend at her gate, she made her way home reluctantly. She stopped in the yard, and played with Tib before she could make up her mind to go into the house. Then, it was the announcement of dinner that brought her in. She noticed a decided coolness in her aunt's manner towards her, but nothing was said until after dinner, when Mrs. Field remarked in the cold, studied tone Georgie knew so well:

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"Georgianna, you were in a Catholic church this morning. Is that the church you have been going to every Sunday?"

"Yes," replied Georgie, unflinchingly.

"So those Barnetts are Catholics. A nice set of people they are to get you to go to church with them secretly!"

An instantaneous change came over Georgie's face.

"Aunt Isabelle, you must not talk about the Barnetts in that way. They did not get me to go to church with them secretly. If anyone is to blame, I am. I asked Agnes to let me go to church with her. At first she refused; it was only when I said that I would go whether she would take me or not that she consented."

"And why were you so anxious to go to a Catholic church?"

Here Georgie paused. What could she say? She had promised her father that she would say nothing of her visits to the churches in Rome. And it was these visits, and these only, that had inspired her with the wish to enter the Catholic Church.

She overcame the difficulty by saying, "I read some things about the Catholic Church, and I wished to see it;" which was the truth, if not the whole truth.

"Well, I think that you have seen quite enough of it. Henceforth, I forbid you to enter a Catholic church."

Georgie's rebellious spirit got the better of her. "I intend to become a Catholic some day, Aunt Isabelle," she said.

There was an ominous silence. Then Mrs. Field said quietly: "Are you aware, Georgianna, that by becoming a Catholic you would forfeit your fortune?"

Georgie was obliged to admit that she was not aware of that fact.

Her aunt continued: "I received a telegram from your uncle just before dinner, saying that he would be here to-night. A pretty story I shall have to tell him."

Georgie grew pale; she was very fond of her handsome young uncle, and could not bear the thought of displeasing him. "I don't care," she was about to say; but she happened to think that she did care very much.

"O Aunt Isabelle," she said beseechingly, "please don't say anything to him about it!"

Mrs. Field smiled a little ironically. "If you promise not to

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trouble me any more about your becoming a Cathólic, I will think about it."

"May I not go to church any more?"

"No, certainly not."

"For how long?"

Mrs. Field laughed. "Until you are of age, child."

"That is too long," and Georgie shook her head. "Say until Christmas," she added, pleadingly.

"Christmas? That is a very short time. Well, if you trouble me no more until then, I will not say anything to Arthur this time."

"Thank you, Aunt Isabelle," said Georgie, her face brightening. She was thankful that her aunt did not forbid her to play with Agnes. When next she saw her friend, she was in an unhappy state of mind. Agnes learned for the first time that she was an heiress, and her admiration for her increased accordingly; but she was quite surprised to hear of what would be the disastrous result, should Georgie become a Catholic.

"I just think it's horrid!" exclaimed Georgie, when she had finished her recital. "I didn't think it would be such an awful thing to become a Catholic. I suppose I must give it all up."

"Yes, you really must," said Agnes; "for the present, at any rate."

Georgie bit her lip, and was silent. She was so accustomed to having her own way, that opposition was particularly hard for her to bear.

It was not long before school began. Georgie went to a private school, and Agnes to a convent. The two girls did not see as much of each other as before, and Georgie never spoke of the Catholic Church. Agnes thought her interest in the Church had ceased, and regretted it; but she did not know how often Georgie's wistful eyes followed her as she went to church on Sunday mornings.

Although Georgie had resigned herself to the inevitable, as it seemed, the wish to be a Catholic was still in her heart. The little pearl rosary was a link between her and the Catholic Church. She often took it out of its case, and looked at it, together with her mother's picture; and a vision of her last visit with her father, when he so gravely pressed the little case in her hand, rose before her. Oh, if she only knew the history of that rosary! Agnes' words, "You ought to be a Catholic if your mother was," had taken deep root in her heart, and she never forgot them.

(To be continued.)

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(*After Deger*).

"*And thou shalt call His Name Jesus. For He shall save His people from their sins.*"—St. Matthew i., 20.

O wondrous Name
Which Heaven gave
To Him who came
A world to save.
Jesus—to take our sins away!
Emmanuel—with us to stay.

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SHELLS AND SEA-FLOWERS.

THIRD EVENING OF THE SOCIAL CLUB.

HENRY COYLE.

AFTER the conclusion of the lecture course in the Town Hall, the members of the Social Club met again, on the first Wednesday in January, at the house of the president. The boys and girls were very glad to find everything more homelike and cheerful than ever, for Mrs. Stevens had added some pictures, new books, and games, and an easy chair for the use of the president.

When they had taken off their hats and coats, the members played a game called "The Trades." They first divided themselves into two parties, an equal number on either side; then they drew lots to decide which party should play first. The members of that party agreed among themselves on a trade, and they proceeded to execute the principal motions belonging to the one selected, in order that the other side might guess what trade had been chosen.

One side represented before the others the different movements of a tailor, and the pantomime was so perfect that there was no difficulty in deciding the trade which they had selected. In case the other side is not clever enough to guess what is meant, the first party may go out again, and decide on some other trade.

* * * * * * * *

Promptly at half-past seven, the president and Mrs. Stevens entered the room, and when all had taken their places, the secretary called the roll. As each name was called, a voice responded.

"Thank God we are all here, and in good health!" said the president, looking affectionately at the bright faces gathered about him.

"In our talk this evening," he continued, "we shall not confine ourselves to any special topic. I saw to-day a large and beautiful collection of shells in the house of a friend. He told me many things about them which I did not know; he has studied their peculiarities for many years, and has arranged them into classes. What is the study of shells called?"

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At first no one answered, and just as Mrs. Stevens was about to speak, the secretary interrupted her.

"Oh, I know," he said; "it is called 'conchology.'"

"Some of the shells had beautiful colors and a glossy polish; this, my friend told me, occurs only in those shells in which the fish is living when the shell is first exposed to the air. There were some with bright lines and spots, broad shades of purple, violet, pink, orange, and brown; a few were of a pearly white, which seemed to have all these colors as I held them up to the light."

"Are they not polished sometimes?"

"Oh, yes; many of the shells, when first taken from the ocean, are covered with a rough coat, and they are not at all beautiful until polished. Most of the remarkable shells are found on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. A beautiful oyster-shell of a pure white tint is picked up near Sicily; Corsica is also renowned for the beauty of its shells. There is one shell which has a long beard of silk-like thread; the natives weave this into gloves, stockings, and other useful articles."

"Shells were used by the Indians in place of money," said Mrs. Stevens.

"Yes, and they are still used for that purpose by certain tribes in Africa; they also use them as ornaments, making necklaces and bracelets of them."

"I saw some beautiful Japanese shells at the Art Museum in Boston," observed Mary.

"Yes; and China, the East Indies, and the countries near the Red Sea have many fine shells. The people of the East value them very highly, and they make gifts of them to foreigners, as a mark of esteem. For what other purpose are they sometimes used?"

"My uncle has a drinking cup made of one," said Mary Haley; "it was given to him by a West Indian."

"This practice of making shell-cups is very ancient, for Virgil, a poet, who was born seventy years before our Lord, speaks of 'drinking from a shell.' In China they are ornamented with gold and jewels, and are highly prized."

"Is the chambered nautilus a shell?" asked Mrs. Stevens.

"Yes; it is one of the most curious and beautiful. It was supposed that there was no union between the shell and the fish, but it has been proved that such a connection does really exist. It is found in the Mediterranean, the warmer parts of the Atlantic,

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and also in the Indian Ocean. Pliny gives a good description of it. But who was Pliny?"

"Pliny was a Roman naturalist," answered the secretary; "he wrote thirty-seven books on natural history. During the eruption of Vesuvius, in the year 79, he and others made their escape, but he returned to write a description of the magnificent spectacle, and was suffocated by the smoke."

The president read the following extract from a memorandum:

"'Among the principal miracles of nature,' says Pliny, 'is the animal called Nautilus or Pompilos; it ascends to the surface of the sea, in a supine posture, and gradually raising itself up, forces out, by means of its tube, all the water from its shell, in order that it may swim more readily; then throwing back the two foremost arms, it displays between them a membrane of wonderful tenuity, which acts as a sail, while, with the remaining arms, it rows itself along, the tail in the middle acting as a helm to direct its course, and thus it pursues its voyage; and if alarmed by any appearance of danger, it takes in the water, and descends.' What other kinds of shells are found?"

"River-shells," replied a member.

'Yes, and they are even more beautiful than sea-shells. They are small, and usually of a gray or brown color. There are also some land-shells, such as the snail; those of our country are white, but in tropical climates they are very brilliant. Shells have been found in the deepest mines, and on the tops of very high mountains, hundreds of miles from the sea."

"How strange!" exclaimed Alice; "how did they get there?"

"It is not positively known, but I think they were left there at the time of the Deluge, when the whole earth was covered by the water of the sea."

"Would you call a pearl a shell?" asked Alice.

"Well, not exactly; they grow in the shell of some kinds of oysters, which are found in deep water. Men are employed to dive fifty or more feet into the water to detach the shells from the rocks. Pearls are generally white, but I have seen black ones. Diving for pearls is quite an important business in some parts of the East."

"Is that what they call the pearl fishery?" inquired James.

"Yes; each boat has a captain, ten divers, and several other men to assist. The divers, having stripped off their clothes, take a net with them, and a large stone is fastened to their bodies, with

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a long rope to sink them; their ears and nostrils are stuffed with cotton, and then they plunge into the sea. They also carry a large knife with them, to loosen the oysters from the rocks."

"How long can they stay under water?"

"Sometimes a minute, or a minute and a quarter; then they ascend, and the men in the boat draw up the net."

"It must be a dangerous business," remarked Mrs. Stevens, looking thoughtfully at the pearl in her ring.

"Yes, it is; many divers lose their lives. Their chief trouble is with the fierce sharks, which abound in those regions."

"It must be injurious to hold the breath in so long!"

"It is; the blood is purified by our breathing, and if, instead of breathing twenty or twenty-five times a minute, we only breathe once, it will prove injurious to the health. During the past few years they have employed professional divers in some places, but the old system is still carried on, as it is the cheapest way. I saw to-day a picture of the vegetable titan, and I thought it would be an interesting subject for a talk. Who can tell me what it is?"

"It is a gigantic flower," answered the secretary.

"It was discovered about seventy years ago by an Englishman on the island of Sumatra. Where is this island?"

"It is in the Indian Ocean, near the coast of India," answered Alice.

"One of his native servants first saw it, and brought his master to the place. He had it cut, and it was taken to his hut. The flower was of a very thick substance, being in some parts an inch thick. It measured a full yard across, the petals being twelve inches high, and a foot apart. The bell of the flower could easily hold six quarts of liquid, and it weighed fifteen pounds.

"It takes three months for the plant to flower, and it appears but once a year, usually at the close of the rainy season. It is a species of fungi, of which I spoke in our talk on botany. It derives its nourishment from the vine on which it grows."

"Does it have seeds?"

"No proper seeds; it is multiplied by spores, like a mushroom. What is a spore?"

"A reproductive substance," answered George.

"The flower-leaves are like mushrooms; the plant is the largest of the parasites known to botanists. There are many curious plants in the interior of Africa, and other unexplored regions of

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the globe, which may possibly be even larger and more wonderful."

* * * * * * .

"Quarter to ten," said Mrs. Stevens.

"Before moving for an adjournment, I wish to make a remark. During our talk, I noticed one of the members whispering. Now this is strictly against the rules, and any member guilty of this fault must pay a forfeit. George, you are the culprit. Give us a riddle."

George blushed, but joined in the general laugh at his expense, and then, after a few moments' hesitation, gave the following appropriate enigma:

"A something without noise,
Who names it, it destroys."

This was solved by James, who answered loudly, "Silence!"

The meeting was brought to a close, and the members retired, after thanking the president and his wife for the pleasure of the evening.

Puzzles.

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER PUZZLES.

PRODUCING FRUITS.

Gr-ape, Apri-cot, P-ear, Curr-ant, O-range, Pea-ch.

A NUMERICAL THAT IS FULL OF TROUBLE.

Hole, Salt, Yell, Heat, Toes, Sorry: The Holy Rosary.

The following solved all the puzzles correctly: Francis Ball, Katherine Edel, Margaret Fallon, Thomas L. Dwyer, Mary Kelly, Loretto Jones, Casimer Herold, Jennie H. Curran, Edwin Cusack, Rosie Coyle, Lottie M. Kain, Mary A Hartnett, Nellie R. Gavin, Annie T. Waters, George A. Carroll.

The following answered PRODUCING FRUITS, and gave the final answer to the NUMERICAL FULL OF TROUBLE, but omitted to give each separate answer in the numerical: P. J. Callaghan, E. Morgan Murphy, Angus McIssaac, Margaret Cummings, May Maxcy, Bill le Goetz, Mamie Cronin.

The following answered PRODUCING FRUITS correctly, but did not solve the NUMERICAL FULL OF TROUBLE: Maggie Brennan, Cecilia Lind, K. I. Harksen, F. Sullivan, Julia Curran, Annie Hurley, Annie Monahan, Bessie Fitzgerald, Margaret Hoey, Mary Leary, Ella Morris, Lizzie Finneran, Rose L. Vallee, Alice Halloran, Mamie C. Munnegle, Kittie A. Collie, Agnes C. Hallahan, Anna McMullen, Ella Brennan, Annie G. Carlisle, Anna Daily, John K. Monahan, Harry I. Stafford, and J. H. Flattery, author of the NUMERICAL FULL OF TROUBLE.

Mary E. Heinen gave the final answer to the numerical.

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"A happy new year," to one and all;
"A happy new year," to great and small;
Over and over have glad lips sung,
Over and over have blithe bells rung.

The years have all grown old, and fled,
Leaving a bright new one instead.
Where do they go, the vanishing years,
That never a one of them reappears?

Oh, the vanishing years, they flee
Unto the land of Memory;
They cannot come back, but we may go
And visit them in that land, you know.

Some of them greet us with happiness,
And some are sorry to see us, I guess;
For oh! we once made them sad-hearted or gay,
And just as they left us, the old years stay.

Oh, how shall it be with the timid new year?
Shall it greet us, one day, with a smile, or a tear,
When unto the country of Memory
We wandering go, the old years to see?

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To our friends and readers we offer hearty greetings for a happy new year. We extend to all our Rosarians every good wish, and we hope that the season on which they now enter, will be blessed with abundance of gifts, spiritual and temporal, and among other precious things, we pray that all our readers may increase in the knowledge and love and imitation of our Lady, that the Kingdom of Mary may ever expand, and thus hasten the coming of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

We publish in the present number the second paper by Mr. John A. Mooney on "Columbus Among Liars." No American writer is better qualified than Mr. Mooney to defend the cause of truth and Catholicity attacked by falsehood and bigotry. In these two articles (the first of which appeared in our November number), Mr. Mooney has rendered another notable service to Catholic literature. We congratulate him on his brilliant work, and we feel that our readers will recognize how thoroughly equipped is our author, who stands ready, on shortest notice, to wield his gifted pen in behalf of Catholicity. THE ROSARY MAGAZINE rejoices for the opportunity of sharing in this noble work.

The opening of the new year suggests, among other things, revision of past accounts, and purposes of future amendment. On this head we counsel our Rosarians to consider seriously how they have spent the year 1895, so far as devotional practices are concerned. Should they find delinquencies, in carelessness or in broken promises, especially touching the "saying of the Beads," we entreat them to renew their good purpose for this year, and to resolve that no day will be allowed to pass without saying, at least, five decades in honor of our Lady of the Rosary.

The best books for us are not always those recommended in a general way by learned men, but the books that suit our peculiar needs, purposes, duties. The milliner would scarcely enjoy a treatise on farming, nor would the most scholarly bucolic make her hats more bewitching to the ladies' eyes, or more exhausting to their husbands' purses. Read so that you may better fit yourself for your life's special work.

We do not publish a detailed prospectus for 1896, but we assure our readers that we have many good things in store for them. Papers on history, travel, biography and art, critical and literary essays, fiction and our special Rosary articles will regularly continue. The children of the Rosary will receive our most careful attention on the various lines drawn for them. In this connection we commend to parents and teachers the children's department of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE. The editorial pages will include devotional notes, answers to questions pertaining to the Rosary, its mysteries and its indulgences, and book reviews, and comments on current literature which we offer to our readers as a helpful guidance. In the matter of paper, illustrations, and press work, we shall give to our subscribers the same excellent quality that they have hitherto received.

The ease with which many resolutions are made during the early new year days, is equalled only by the ease with which, in later but not distant days, these same resolutions are broken.

Where the light and warmth of Christ's teaching are wanting, literature becomes pagan. Beautiful it may be in design, classic in finish; but it is none the less dead, as the marble into which the artist, however skilful, can breathe no quickening breath of life.

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The month of January is sacred to the Infancy of our Blessed Lord. The lessons which He teaches, of humility and obedience and mortification, are lessons that all His followers should try to learn and practise.

Good reader, the New Year opening is a fitting time to consider the value of time. It was Young who wrote that "time wasted is *existence;* used, is *life.*" We fear that many exist who do not live because they value not time, but wastefully spend it, and of them King Richard's lament holds: "I wasted time, and now doth time waste me." It is only the fool who talks of "killing time." Such a one doth time kill, and when for him, time will be no more, bitterly and vainly will he weep its irreparable loss. St. Alphonsus Liguori bound himself by vow never to waste a moment. This is admirable; but imitation is not in the power of average mortals. It is, however, a salutary lesson and a helpful warning.

To say five decades of the Beads, a third part of the Rosary, requires about ten minutes. Each day brings twenty-four hours, and each hour sixty minutes. Do we suggest a burdensome thing when we ask our readers to take ten of those many minutes, and to give them to our Lady of the Rosary? We think not. Therefore, have we good hope that this one resolution all our subscribers will make and keep: "I shall recite every day at least a third part of the Rosary."

Notable among the feasts of this month are those of the Epiphany, the Finding of our Lord in the Temple, and His Holy Name. In the Roman calendar the feast of the Espousals of our Lady and St. Joseph is commemorated; but as this day is set for February 11, in the Dominican calendar, we hold till that month our special tribute in its honor.

A good book may be read a second and a third time, and some oftener. Remember that some books require deep and frequent study; that others can be taken more leisurely. Remember that though a book that is worth reading at all, is worth reading well, this does not mean that you should devour it. You may approve the quality of a meal; you are not expected to clear the table.

When Mary and Joseph discovered that Jesus was lost, they searched for Him diligently, and in sorrow. They found Him in the Temple. When we lose our Lord, through sin, diligently and in sorrow should we seek Him till we find Him in His holy house.

We seldom introduce to our general readers, words of commendation addressed to us by subscribers in private correspondence. We feel, however, that an occasional exception, among many instances of appreciation and applause, will not be unwelcome to the numerous friends who watch with interest the course of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE. One of the most distinguished of our American Bishops recently assured us that: "THE ROSARY MAGAZINE is growing every year in interest, beauty, and utility,"—a testimony of special value, coming from a prelate who is justly considered one of the most learned members of the hierarchy in this country. In the same mail which brought this gratifying greeting we also received a letter from a Catholic writer whose name is high, and deservedly, on the list of our authors. He is a man who chooses words cautiously. "Let me congratulate you," he writes, "on the December number. It is *rarely* good from beginning to end."

For many, the thought or meditation that accompanies reading is the only thinking or meditating in which they engage. "With desolation is all the land made desolate because there is no one that thinketh in his heart."

We publish, in this number, the concluding portion of "Lacroma," the first part of which appeared in December. This delightful sketch, by Her Imperial Highness, the Archduchess Stephanie, to whose gracious courtesy THE ROSARY MAGAZINE is much indebted, is one of the most interesting contributions that we have presented to our readers. It gives a glimpse into a distant and romantic spot around which kingly generosity and religion shed a peculiar lustre. Father Volz, who has translated this article, by special permission of the Archduchess, has done his work in a most engaging way. Readers of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE will be pleased to know that his good pen will frequently be at our service.

Another good resolution which we advise our Rosarians to make: "I shall endeavor to give some time—at least half an hour, or fifteen minutes—to good reading each day. And on Sundays, in a special manner, I shall be mindful of spiritual reading as a great help in the spiritual life."

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BOOKS.

From Funk and Wagnalls Co., New York, we have received THE STANDARD DICTIONARY of the English Language. This elaborate work, on which two hundred and forty-seven editors and specialists have labored, on which nearly one million dollars were expended in its production, is already well known to the public. Whether every one who critically consults THE STANDARD DICTIONARY will agree with the London *St. James Budget*, that this work should be the pride of literary America as it is the admiration of literary England, we feel certain that an intelligent examination of THE STANDARD DICTIONARY will reveal an undertaking of great enterprise and signal success, comprising more than three hundred thousand words, including one hundred and twenty-five thousand synonymes and antonymes, with five thousand well-executed illustrations. THE STANDARD is a rich compilation. We abstain from comparison between this dictionary and others; we merely acknowledge its great merit and undoubted value. Its economy of size has one serious drawback; the type used is small, and trying to the eye. But the mechanical part of the work, barring this feature, is admirable. On the whole, THE STANDARD DICTIONARY is a great achievement.

Part ten of THE BOOK OF THE FAIR gives the conclusion of the thirteenth chapter, on Agriculture, with a description of the produce and reaper exhibits. It also opens the fourteenth chapter, which treats of Electricity. In part eleven, a striking picture of the Franklin statue is presented. The fifteenth chapter, on Horticulture and Forestry, is also begun, with specimens of magnificent palms and ferns. Part twelve is devoted to fruits, rough, polished and carved woods. The opening of the sixteenth chapter, on Mines, Mining and Metallurgy is here given. Part thirteen describes Ores and Metal work, and includes the seventeenth chapter, on Fisheries and Pisciculture. Part fourteen deals with mounted fish, fishing boats and nets. In this number the eighteenth chapter introduces Transportation. Part fifteen continues the subject, with an elaborate display of railway carriages and water craft.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR is a highly instructive work. The description is clear and simple, and the illustrations are particularly artistic and attractive. The Bancroft Company, Chicago, are the publishers.

From the Apostleship of Prayer (the home of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*), New York, we have received LEAGUE DEVOTIONS AND CHORAL SERVICES, with hymns and prayers for League of the Sacred Heart Meetings, a substantial, well-made book, containing excellent matter agreeably arranged.

From B. Herder, St. Louis, we have received (1) VENITE ADOREMUS, or MANUAL OF THE FORTY HOURS' ADORATION, a neat little compilation, containing the order of exercises and prayer in Latin, German, and English.

(2.) THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES OF AN EIGHT DAYS' RETREAT. The author is Father Bonaventure Hammer, the scholarly Franciscan, so well-known through his masterly translation of "Ben Hur" into German, his "Life of Bishop Fenwick," and many other works of equal merit.

This, his latest work, will be found a safe guide to all who wish to enter upon a season of retirement from the world and its engrossing cares. That this is an expedient to which all should resort at certain intervals, *seculars* as well as religious, is clearly shown in the Introduction. This Introduction, by the way, contains, also, some directions concerning the manner of meditating, which, in the main, will be found to follow the Ignatian Method.

A feature of advantage in the distribution of the matter for each day, is the presence of a certain amount of spiritual reading on subjects happily chosen. Just what to read during retreat is especially perplexing to seculars; the author has settled the question very pleasantly.

An appendix contains a method of assisting at Mass, by St. Leonard of Port Maurice, and the Spiritual Maxims of St. Bonaventure. Altogether, it is a work which we can and do heartily recommend.

From Benziger Brothers, New York, we have received (1) OUTLINES OF DOGMATIC THEOLOGY, by Rev. Sylvester Hunter, S. J. In THE ROSARY MAGAZINE for July,

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1895, we called the attention of its readers to the first volume of this excellent work. The third will soon be published, and then we shall have a much-needed manual of Catholic Theology for the laity.

The task of the author was not an easy one. But that he has performed it meritoriously will be the judgment of all fair-minded critics. Though all priests have gone over the field of Theology, very few would attempt to render into English what they studied and learned in the class-room. The difficulty of choosing the matter to be treated added to the difficulty of expressing accurately, briefly, and in an attractive manner, the questions which must be expounded in a complete Theology might well have deterred good theologians from writing an English manual of Catholic dogma. Father Hunter has done for Theology what his brethren of England had already done for Philosophy, and these manuals will certainly be received with appreciation and gratitude by the English-speaking world. They are intended principally for the laity, but we are confident that they can, and will be often used with profit by priests who may be preparing dogmatic sermons for Sundays, or articles for the reviews.

The second volume of the "Outlines" is divided into six treatises: the first is on the One God; the second on the Blessed Trinity; the third on Creation and the Angels; the fourth on Man Created and Fallen; the fifth on the Incarnation; and the sixth on the Blessed Virgin Mary. The author has compressed into the five hundred and eighty-seven pages of this volume a vast amount of information on those important subjects.

If there is anything to which we feel inclined to object, it is the manner in which certain controversies are exposed. "Exposition and not controversy" being the special object of the work, we should expect to find the arguments of both sides of a controversy proposed with equal prominence and full force. Father Hunter at times dismisses *the other side* with words that would certainly leave his readers under the impression that there was only one side of the question worthy of serious attention. For instance, it is scarcely a fair exposition to assert, as an almost settled fact, that Dominic Bannez was the "principal *founder*" of what is known as the Thomistic School. Molina, who opposed Bannez and his followers, admitted (Conc. Qu. 14, Art. 13., Disp. 26) that he was at the same time opposing St. Thomas. Hence, by the admission of Molina himself, it was with good reason that "the followers of Bannez took to themselves the name of Thomists."

By many such statements will be considered only minor defects. We Thomists, however, could not be expected to pass them over without protest; and we sincerely regret the necessity of filing the protest in noticing a work in which there are so many things deserving nothing but admiration and praise.

(2) POPULAR INSTRUCTIONS ON MARRIAGE, by the Very Reverend Father Girardey, Provincial of the Redemptorists of the St. Louis Province. This little book is practical, and therefore, we commend it to our readers, but especially to the young.

(3) PETRONILLA AND OTHER STORIES, by Eleanor C. Donnelly. Sound, wholesome reading, this handsome volume of eight of Miss Donnelly's best stories. It is a pleasure to remind our friends of such publications.

(4) THE SACRAMENTALS OF THE CHURCH, by Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D. This is a new edition of an excellent book. We doubt the value of the illustrations, some of which resemble catalogue cuts; and we also think that such a book deserved better paper. However, the print is clear, the binding substantial, and the price moderate.

(5) CHARITY: THE ORIGIN OF EVERY BLESSING; OR, THE HEAVENLY SECRET; translated from the Italian. This good little book is a treatise, in a devotional spirit, the teaching of which is supported by examples edifying, but quite Italian, in the large measure they afford for one's belief in strange things. The volume is a pretty piece of work, but it lacks the Episcopal *Imprimatur*.

From John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, we have received (1) THOUGHTS AND COUNSELS FOR WOMEN OF THE WORLD, by Monsignor Le Courtier, Bishop of Montpelier. The translation of this volume is the work of Marie Clotilde Redfern, who has agreeably performed her task. Of the merits of the book we speak cheerfully. It is full of good things, put in a pleasant way. The style is clear, crisp, at times snappy as with the sharpness of the epigram. We believe that the reading of this little volume will be helpful to young girls as well as to women, and that the rich as well as the poor

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will find in it lessons salutary for the ordering of their lives.

(2) SACERDOTIS VADE-MECUM, a neat little compilation, useful to priests following the Roman Rite.

SWAN SWANSON is the title of a novel published by J. S. Hyland & Co., Chicago, for the purpose of showing the A. P. A's in their true colors. The A. P. A's will soon be like the dodo, despite their occasional political success in local elections.

From Burns & Oates, London, through their New York representatives, Benziger Brothers, we have received (1) LITTLE MERRY FACE AND HIS CROWN OF CONTENT, by Clara Mulholland. To the pretty title story this popular Catholic writer adds six others, equally good, and of all we are glad to say that they are capital reading for boys and girls.

(2) MEMOIR OF MOTHER MARY ROSE COLUMBA ADAMS, O. P., by the Right Reverend W. R. Brownlow, D. D., Bishop of Clifton. This is a beautiful life of a beautiful soul. It is not only the story of a saintly religious, but it is the record of a founder's work in distant Australia, where Mother Adams planted the contemplative branch of St. Dominic's Order, the Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration. Bishop Brownlow's work has value, therefore, not only as a contribution to pious biographical reading, but as a portion of Church history dealing with that new and rapidly developing country of the Antipodes. The life of Mother Adams recalls the work of those other noble Dominicans, Mother Hallahan and Mother Drane, with whom she had been, for a time, associated. The readers of this biography will find, therefore, a most interesting as well as edifying study in following the career of Mother Adams.

(3) LIFE OF THE REVEREND MOTHER MARY OF ST. EUPHRASIA PELLETIER, by Miss A. M. Clarke. The Archbishop of Westminster, His Eminence, Cardinal Vaughan, contributes a short but appreciative preface to this volume. Through four hundred pages this story runs, of heroism and sanctity generously spent in the building up of a great work for God. Mother Pelletier was the first Superior-General of the Congregation of our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd, of Angers, founded by the Venerable John Eudes. Her life spans a most important epoch in the growth and development of the Good Shepherd Congregation. Her career ended in our own day (she died in 1868), but already the cause of her beatification has been inaugurated. As we remark elsewhere of Mother Adams' life, so we say of Mother Pelletier's: it has lasting value for history as well as for edification. Of all these publications from Burns & Oates we can say, with pleasure, that they are well-made books.

From the Cathedral Library Association, New York, we have received the pamphlet containing a full report of the two lectures delivered by Judge W. C. Robinson, before the Plattsburgh Summer School, during the session of 1894. Under the headings, "The Origin of Law" and "The Present Condition of Practical Jurisprudence," the distinguished Dean of the faculty of social science, Catholic University of America, handles his subject in a thorough and effective manner.

From the Pilot Publishing Co., Boston, we have received MAKING FRIENDS AND KEEPING THEM, by Katherine E. Conway. This is the second volume in Miss Conway's "Family Sitting-room Series," the first of which, A LADY AND HER LETTERS, as we are pleased to learn, has already reached its second edition. Of the first volume we spoke in a commendatory way. Of the second we speak in like manner. Detailed notice we cannot give, but MAKING FRIENDS AND KEEPING THEM is a worthy little book for the writing of which Miss Conway's readers will be grateful. It touches a subject much misunderstood, and in a very agreeable way, it counsels young and old, especially the former, for whose benefit Miss Conway particularly wrote. When so much trash finds waiting markets, eager purchasers, and frequent victims, it is good to be able to call attention to a sound publication, such as Miss Conway's MAKING FRIENDS AND KEEPING THEM.

From M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin, through their New York representatives, Benziger Brothers, we have received: HOW TO ESCAPE PURGATORY, by a missionary priest. The devout author declares that his purpose is to point out some of the easiest and most efficacious means of escaping Purgatory, and to move his readers to be charitable to the souls in Purgatory. His book will be helpful.

From R. Washbourne, London, we have received GUIDE TO A CATHOLIC CHURCH, FOR NON-CATHOLIC VISITORS.

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This is a doctrinal explanation of objects usually found in a Catholic church, with the prayers of the principal services in Latin and English. It is a well-arranged and practical compilation.

We have received (1) INTRODUCTION TO THE SACRED SCRIPTURES, by the Rev. John McDevitt, D.D. (Benziger Brothers, New York).

(2) A POPULAR INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES, by the Rev. Herman J. Heuser (The Catheedral Library Association, New York).

(3) THE TRUE CHURCH OF THE BIBLE, by the Rev. W. Fleming, M. R.

The present publication of these volumes may be considered as results of the "Providentissimus Deus," Pope Leo's famous encyclical which has given a new impetus to scriptural studies.

The first is a new edition of Dr. McDevitt's well-known Introduction which was published for the first time about six years ago. In it is to be found reliable information on the number and nature of the books of Sacred Scripture, the original texts, different versions, rules of interpretation, in short, on all subjects usually treated in an Introduction. It is to be regretted that many, even among intelligent Catholics, are far from being well instructed on these matters, for their lack of knowledge has furnished a pretext for the complaint and criticism so often made by Protestants—that Catholics do not pay sufficient attention to the Bible. If they would read such books as Dr. McDevitt's they would be prepared to explain the position of the Church to our separated brethren. She encourages as good and useful the intelligent reading and studying of the Bible, whilst she condemns the indiscriminate use of indiscriminate translations made without authority and published without any key to the understanding of the mysterious text, in which are "certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest ... to their own destruction." (II. Peter, iii., 16.)

Father Heuser's book does not pretend to be a class-book, or a complete scientific treatise, yet it will be found almost as instructive and certainly as interesting as Dr. McDevitt's Introduction. The "Chapters of Bible Study" are printed from notes used in a series of lectures before the "Catholic Summer School of America," at Plattsburgh. The author being the professor of Scriptural Introduction and Exegesis at St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., it was to be supposed that he was thoroughly familiar with his subject, but his display of knowledge is so attractive, even in cold print, that one might envy those who had the pleasure of hearing him at Plattsburgh. His work deserves to become popular in the best sense of the word.

Chapter XX. on "The Vulgate and the Revised Version," merits special commendation. The substance of the chapter and its actual, practical value may be gathered from the following words of the author: "The history itself of Protestant translations made since the days of King James, not to go back any farther, is a standing argument of the severest kind:

First, *against* the correctness of the *Protestant* English Versions: and secondly, *for* the correctness of the *Catholic* English Version.

For if we compare the first Protestant English Version (which departed considerably from the received Catholic text of the Vulgate) with all succeeding revisions made at various times by the English Protestants, we find that they have steadily turned towards the old Catholic Version. This is not only an improvement as an approach to the Catholic teaching, but it is also a confession, however reluctantly made, of past errors on the part of former Protestant translators."

Protestants are fond of appealing to the Scriptures as the rule of faith, and they wish to find in them proofs of all religious doctrines and practices. By an ingenious use of the *argumentum ad hominem* the author of THE TRUE CHURCH OF THE BIBLE proves that all who admit the Sacred books, ought also to admit that the Church of Rome—which will not accept the Scriptures as the only rule of faith—is the One True Church founded by Jesus Christ. His thesis is well established by a patient and abundant citation of texts from the Bible touching upon the various doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome to which Protestants object. In order to preclude all pretexts for objecting to the texts adduced, they are quoted from the Anglican version. "Out of thy own mouth I judge thee," might well be taken as the motto of the first part of this book, which is addressed to Anglicans and Dissenters. Part the Second contains instructions for Jews and Unitarians. In the first chapter the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity is proved and defended against the Unitarians by texts from the Old and New Testaments: the

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remaining chapters are devoted to historico-scriptural arguments for proving against the Jews that Christ, the Incarnate Son of God, was really the promised Messiah. The book is a welcome addition to our supply of controversial works.

From Pustet & Co., New York, we have received STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY, by Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D., Vol. II., Centuries IX.-XIV., Royal Octavo, 588 pages. We have frequently had occasion to speak of the special qualifications which combine to make Dr. Parsons a candid, temperate, and accurate critic in polemico-historical matters. When the first volume of his "Studies in Church History" appeared, the late Mgr. Corcoran, a thoroughly competent judge, wrote of Dr. Parsons: "He discovers, in all his pages, the actual power, as well as earnest determination to set forth, without partisan coloring, the real facts of history, as they actually happened, and not as they might have occurred in conformity with any preconceived and baseless theory of past events." An attentive examination of the second volume of these "Studies" confirms our already announced opinion that their author has admirably accomplished his intention to supply an important desideratum in English ecclesiastical literature. In this portion of his work, Dr. Parsons deals with the Middle Ages, that period which is so badly understood by many, and adequately comprehended by very few. He omits no subjects of any importance; but deals preferably and more minutely with those events which have been distorted by the pens of Protestant and rationalistic historians. It is evident that he is a man of strong convictions; and being such, there never occurs in his pages any attempt to mince matters. But his language is as calm and charitable as it is terse and incisive. He never makes an assertion, when treating of a point at all open to contradiction or even to cautious doubt, without fortifying his position by abundant references to the original sources which are so seldom consulted by those who attempt to write history. On innumerable occasions he is obliged to devote much space to analytical argument, but he never tires the reader; and when the investigation is finished, an accurate and satisfactory synthesis precludes all possible skepticism. It is a pity that this work, in all probability, will be read by few Protestants, and only by those Catholics—too few in number—whose active zeal causes them to eagerly acclaim an endeavor to equip them properly for an intellectual combat in defense of Holy Church. But there are many chapters in this literary feast which Dr. Parsons has provided, which ought to attract the attention of even the *laissez aller* Catholic. The serious student alone will peruse carefully a disquisition like that on the Revival of the Western Empire under Charlemagne, wherein is lucidly and authoritatively explained the nature of the imperial tenure—a matter beclouded and travestied by nearly all Protestant and imperialistic writers, and a distorted view of which renders impossible a just comprehension of the weary and sad struggle between the Church and the Empire. But even a mere *dilletante* reader ought to turn with joy to such subjects as The Popess Joan, who never lived; to Abelard, of whom few know the real career, and whom most men study in those Letters of Heloise which Heloise never wrote; to Thomas à Becket, whom the Church has beatified, but whom a Tennyson could not understand; to that Hildebrand whom Napoleon would have liked to be, if he had not been born Napoleon; to the Suppression of the Templars, those once-glorious Catholic knights, whom modern Masonry would fain cast into the shadow of the Dark Lantern; to Dante, child of Catholic theology, and easily prince of poets; to Rienzi, filibuster and mountebank, but as much superior to the modern genus as his epoch was graver and more sincere than the one in which we glory. When the reader has assimilated the information, and profitably enshrined in his memory, the philosophy imparted in these chapters, he will yearn for the speedy appearance of the one or two more volumes which Dr. Parsons must produce, ere his arduous but beneficent task can be termed completed.

STENOTYPY: OR, SHORTHAND BY THE TYPEWRITER is the title of a new system of shorthand writing, invented by the Rev. D. A. Quinn, of Providence, R. I. It is a system that will undoubtedly receive due attention, as it is certainly superior to any other we have yet seen. While it requires years of practice to obtain a thorough knowledge of the systems now in use, one can become an expert stenotypist in a comparatively short time.

We heartily congratulate the Reverend inventor of this new system, and

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hope that it will soon be generally adopted.

We have received from the Catholic School Book Co., New York, MORAL PHILOSOPHY, by Father Coppens. The author has given to the public an excellent little handbook of Moral Philosophy. His English diction, or terminology, is as a rule, very good, which unfortunately has not hitherto been always the case in brief English manuals of Catholic philosophy, and especially where much matter has been compressed into little space. In our opinion, this little volume is far superior in lucidity, reasoning, and diction to the moral philosophy of the Stonyhurst series of philosophies.

Father Coppens certainly merits no little praise and thanks from the Catholic public for his painstaking care in preparing this precise, clear, accurate, and solid treatise on moral philosophy. We do not, however, agree with the author on his principles and doctrine of probabilism. His views concerning the rights and powers of the state, and their extent seem somewhat rigid.

MAGAZINES.

The Seminary for December may be designated a Guadalupe number. It contains most interesting contributions on the famous Mexican shrine. *The Seminary* is indebted, in this connection, to Archbishop Corrigan, Bishop Farley, and Father Connolly, the secretary of the Archbishop, all of whom took part in the recent splendid ceremonies in honor of our Lady of Guadalupe.

We also commend to our readers Mr. John A. Mooney's vigorous paper on Zola, a continuation of his fine series previously noticed in THE ROSARY MAGAZINE.

"The Third Term Tradition" is the title of a good article by John Bach McMaster, which appeared in the November *Forum*. In the same number, the late Mr. Boyesen, the man who carried the terrible front names of Hjalmar Hjorth, consumes almost six pages, under the heading "Woman's Position in Pagan Times," in a stupid or dishonest effort to prove that paganism, especially in Germany, developed a higher type of woman than can be credited to the influence of Christianity. His picture of the German Amazon is one that is offensive to every true Christian woman, while his general conclusion is a slander on history and fact. "The Modern Literary King," by Edward Bok, is a righteous denunciation of the mercenary spirit among writers.

The December *Forum* contains an estimate of Carlyle, his work and his influence, "The Ethics of Party Loyalty," a plea for conscience and fidelity in politics; "The Monroe Doctrine: Defence not Defiance;" and an article on Speaker Reed and the Fifty-first Congress that will make pleasant reading—for Republicans.

We have received the fourth number of *St. Benedict's Home Journal*, published by the Reverend John E. Burke, in aid of his worthy institute at Rye, N. Y. In the March (1894) number of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE we published an attractive account of this noble charity for colored orphan children. We have since spoken a favorable word in behalf of these little ones, and again we lift up our voice, and assure our readers that Father Burke is an apostolic man deserving generous recognition, but receiving scant help. We shall quote a specimen of his own cleverly-put appeal:

> "We have been thinking of advertising for some friend of education to subscribe five thousand dollars to found a chair of political economy in our school at Rye, but after much labored cogitation we have decided to ask for five dollars to buy some benches. A chair would hold but one, where a bench might accommodate a dozen."

And we take equal pleasure in making a fuller extract, hoping that every reader of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE will lend an attentive ear, and stretch out a helping hand:

> "When a man is drowning the sympathy which stands on the bank and cries out 'poor fellow!' does not amount to much. Better by many degrees would it be for the man in the water if some sinner came along and, while swearing at him like a trooper, threw a good stout plank for him to float on. We experienced something like this last winter, when, according to rumor, we were going down in a sea of financial difficulties. Sympathy we got by the ton, but assistance to save from the supposed disaster we got in homeopathic doses. Some of the best people in God's Church came to us with their small offerings. These were rich in graces for the givers, but poor in possibilities for the receivers. Where you need thousands, hundreds do not pay the bill, at least at the time when the crisis is pressing.
>
> "'Live, horse, and you will get some hay.' But the horse was dying for want of hay. So it is in the ways of men and in works which live by charity. Put up fine buildings, get along swimmingly, have money in reserve, and then people will come along and give you more than you need. But be in a state of financial difficulty, be in want of the necessaries of life, and people who have plenty and more than plenty will give you a dollar and expect you to build a house, to clothe a hundred bodies and feed a hundred mouths out of this pittance. These people, no doubt, justify themselves by quoting Scripture, 'For to everyone that hath, shall be given, and he shall abound,' but it seems to us there would be more mercy in their charity if they followed the example set by many holy persons who pray for those souls in Purgatory most in need of assistance."

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Communications may be addressed to Father Burke at St. Benedict's Home, Rye, New York.

The Scottish Review (quarterly) for October, 1895, contains a very interesting paper entitled, "The Links of the Forth," recalling the days of Columbkill and the monks who peopled the Northern isles; an estimate of "The Council of Clermont and the First Crusade," tracing the rise and development of French literature; and an article of special value to students, "Argon and the Atmosphere." The magazine and book notices of *The Scottish Review* are always valuable.

The consolidation of *The Catholic Standard* and *The Catholic Times* of Philadelphia, under one management, is the result of wise counsel and of clear recognition that the best interests of the Catholic press demand at least some of that union in which there is strength. Both of these papers had been well conducted; they were a creditable example for the many petty sheets that disgrace Catholic journalism in other parts. But their managers, clerical and lay, saw the unwisdom, even in a large city like Philadelphia, with its generous and devoted people, of trying to sustain two enterprises running on identical lines and aiming at the same goal. Judgment and policy, therefore, dictated the sacrifice of some so-called independence (a much-abused word), and the co-operation of these two champions whose combined forces, under the name of *The Catholic Standard and Times*, will hereafter do much more efficient work in behalf of the cause for which they enlisted. It is a good move, a step to be commended, an example that we offer, here in New York and elsewhere, to the troop of scramblers clamoring for a patronage that many of them do not deserve and will probably never earn. We gladly greet *The Catholic Standard and Times*, and basing our opinion on work already done, we predict for this journal an efficient and an honorable career. Its greatest success will not exceed the limit of our heartiest wishes. *Prospere procede et regna*, good friend of Philadelphia; may your influence widen out each year, and may your example be followed in many places.

One is always sure to find pleasant matter in *Lippincott's Magazine*. Among the December contributions we mention the following: "Japanese Sword-Lore," full of quaint knowledge from the land of the rising sun; "Athletic Sports of Ancient Days," "English Mediæval Life;" and "Meats," a discourse on the variety of foods coming under this head.

In the December number of *St. Anthony's Messenger*, that excellent little monthly published by the Franciscan Fathers, Cincinnati, we find a satisfactory account of "St. Anthony's Bread," its origin, aim, and progress. This subject was recently touched in a brief article that appeared in a secular magazine; but *St. Anthony's Messenger* gives a full sketch.

"How Cuba Might Have Belonged to France" is the title of a romantic bit of history dramatically told in *The Fortnightly Review* for November, 1895. "The Beginnings of a Republic," by Albert D. Vandam, opens a series of articles on the establishment of the Third Republic in France. Other attractive papers are: "The Sultan and His Court;" "Vegetarianism;" and "Book-Collecting as a Fine Art."

Among the contributions to *The Catholic World* for December we note the following as of special interest: "Among the Butterflies," by William Seton; "The Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne at Jerusalem," a sketch of a saintly life in practical charity and religion; "Looking Back at the Maynooth Centenary," by the Reverend Doctor McCready, of Holy Cross Church, New York; and "Armenia Past and Present," by the Reverend Doctor Hyvernatt, of the Catholic University. This last-named paper bears evidence of crude English; the editor should have re-touched it. The author's eulogy of the Kurds, in conjunction with his expressed dread of running the gauntlet in a Western mining camp or on a ranch, does not add to the value of the article; rather, it makes the intelligent reader smile.

The Westminster Review for November, 1895, gives an insight into the literary life of the Antipodes, through a critical paper entitled, "A Gallery of Australasian Singers." "The Treatment of the Canadian Indians," in the same number, is a contribution from which one can glean much edifying and encouraging information. The contrast between Canada and the United States is one that shows seriously to our disadvantage and shame. "Russian Fictional Literature" is another instructive paper, while "Modern

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Troubadours" is, at once, a lament for the old singers, and a hope and a plea that the race may not altogether perish. Under the heading, "A National Waste," a contributor discusses the labor of woman. As the writer is a woman, it is presumed that she is qualified to speak. Her paper is cleverly written, and while she honestly denounces the idleness of many society women, her sympathy for the poor is intelligent. We quote one sentence as a specimen: "There is always much shopping to be done in every household, for, instead of making things, you buy them now; and the purchase of a yard of elastic is thought a sufficient morning's employment for a woman who has arms that could milk a cow, or brains that could manage a hotel."

From a recent number of *Il Rosario Memorie Domenicane* we learn that on October 21st, the Holy Father received to private audience, the Most Reverend Master-General of the Dominican Order, who was accompanied by Fathers Mackey, Lyttleton, and Suermondt, members of the Order assigned to the work of preparing the new edition of St. Thomas' works, and Signor Gatti, the Director of the printing office attached to the Propaganda. The occasion of this audience was the presentation to His Holiness of the eighth volume of the splendid edition of the Angelic Doctor's writings, for which the Pope has labored so strenuously.

The best article in *The American Magazine of Civics* for December, 1895, is Florence Matheson's "Woman's Natural Debarments from Political Service." It is, in our opinion, the most effective answer thus far given to the woman suffragists; and by a woman, its telling force ought to be increased.

In the December *Scribner* is concluded Mr. George Meredith's much-discussed serial: "The Amazing Marriage." In this story, as in all of his work, Mr. Meredith's style is most pronounced. He has, undoubtedly, the talent which a portion of the reading world allows, but this talent—genius, as some claim—is hopelessly handicapped by extreme obscurity of expression which at times becomes almost unintelligible. Treasonable as this sentiment may be in the eyes of Mr. Meredith's admirers, it is an opinion in which we are not alone. "The Staying Powers of Sir Rohan" is another of Frank R. Stockton's popular short stories, replete, as usual, with ludicrous situations—indeed Mr. Stockton is the novelist of situations, and they are invariably amusing.

"A White Blot," by Henry Van Dyke, and "The River Syndicate," by Charles Carryl, go towards making up a full fiction number.

The illustrations of the number are particularly fine, especially the reproductions of the etchings of Evert Van Muyden, in Captain C. J. Mellis' article: "Wild Beasts as They Live," and the illustrations after Alma Tadema, scattered through the paper by Cosmo Monkhouse.

We are much pleased to witness the decided progress of our English namesake, *The Rosary*, published by the Dominicans of the Province of England. It has always been edifying and instructive. We are glad that an increase in the number of subscriptions shows the practical appreciation which is so necessary to give effect to energy and zeal in the line of Catholic literature.

The opening paper of *The Century* for December is by Annie S. Peck, and is descriptive of "The Passion Play at Vorder-Thiersee." The pictures are by Louis Loeb. The most interesting article from a religious and artistic point of view, is "Tissot's Life of Christ," by Edith Coues, in which a number of the artist's great pictures (notably the Mater Dolorosa, and The Apparition) are reproduced. Says Miss Coues: "In the production of this work which externalizes his full development as man and artist, M. Tissot has been impelled by a desire to use his art for the purpose of presenting a truthful idea of the figure of Christ, and the personages of His time. With this idea he made, in 1886, the first of two journeys to Palestine, beginning serious study of the topography and of the various races which have from time to time taken root there: their manners, customs, dress, gestures, * * * and to enter into the mental and moral attitudes of that race of Judea, so unique in its design and destiny." The result of this minute and painstaking study has been a series of grand works of art. Too much cannot be said of the exquisite illustrations which adorn this article. William M. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" continues to grow in interest.

In this number we have the second installment of "Sir George Tressady," Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new serial, and short stories from the pens of Frank

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Stockton, Rudyard Kipling, and S. Hopkinson Smith. "Appeals to Lincoln's Clemency" gives a touching picture of "Honest Abe's" tenderness and mercy.

From the December number of *L'Année Dominicaine*, we learn that the late Cardinal Bonaparte was a devoted member of the Third Order of St. Dominic. In a future issue of our magazine we shall give a sketch of this eminent prelate.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine for November contains a second article on the Chinese Navy, by one who knows from personal observation; "Wanderings in Persian Kurdistan" and "Ireland Revisited," the latter by Alfred Austin, both pleasant sketches of travel; and an estimate of the life of Professor Blackie.

The December number of *Blackwood's* gives a view of "The Peasant Life of South Russia;" "The English Soldier—as He Was and as He Is;" and "Oxford in Fact and Fiction."

Among timely articles, political and historical, which may be found in *The Review of Reviews* for December, a resumé of the recent New York election is given, entitled, "The Cartoon in Politics." Thirty of the humorous and, we might say, ridiculous pictures are re-produced. *The Review of Reviews* touches many a subject in its monthly compilation of text and illustration.

McClure's Magazine for December continues its life of Lincoln with numerous illustrations. The story of the Emancipator is one of living interest, and in the form of *McClure's* it reaches many to whom it would otherwise be inaccessible.

An admirable article, temperate and gentle in spirit and exhaustive in treatment, is Wilfrid Ward's "The Rigidity of Rome," in *The Nineteenth Century* for November, 1895. The question of the re-union of the Church of England with Rome is there discussed luminously and religiously, the breathing of charity being apparent through the entire article.

The October issues of *The Edinburgh Review*, quarterly, and *The Quarterly Review* contain a great variety of attractive matter. The subjects indicate the scope of these periodicals in the issues named, and therefore, we merely mention some of the headings: In *The Quarterly*, "The Art of Translation;" "The New Drama;" "Village Communities in Spain;" "The Novels of Maria Edgeworth;" "Mrs. Augustus Craven;" and "Torquato Tasso." In *The Edinburgh Review*, "Shells and Molluscs;" "Argon and Helium;" "Mediæval Cyprus;" "Memoirs of Barras;" and "Crimean Letters." The reader may find occasion for dissenting from the views of some of these writers, but one is always certain to find care and scholarship put into good English, on a great variety of important and instructive topics.

THE ROSARY MAGAZINE gladly hails the publication of a sister-magazine which has just been started in Guatemala, Central America. The new magazine is named "*El Pabellon del Rosario*,"—The Rosary Standard. This is the twelfth official publication of Rosary magazines under the immediate control of the Friars-Preachers in different parts of the world, which are laboring to proclaim the glories of Mary, and to make known the beauties of her most Holy Rosary.

The Independent for December 12th, gives the place of honor to two poems by Catholic writers,—Louise Imogen Guiney and Father Tabb. We here give the latter's beautifully finished

SONG OF THE MAN.

"The woman gave, and I did eat,"
Whereof gave she?
"'Twas of the garden fruitage sweet—
A portion fair to see;
She plucked and ate, and I did eat,
And lost alike are we;
God saith,
Ye die the death!

"The woman gave, and I did eat,"
Whereof gave she?
"'Twas of her womb a Burden sweet—
But sad, alas, to see;
She took and ate, and I did eat,
And saved alike are we;
God saith,
Thus dieth death!"

We have to thank the Rev. Father Bruneau, S. S., professor in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, for his appreciative article descriptive of the Dominican Biblical School in Jerusalem, published in the December *American Ecclesiastical Review*. This article gives a true idea of the many advantages that can be derived from this institution, and we are happy to see that they are recognized by eminent priests. In the Biblical School the clergy of the United States are already represented by two students. We hope that many others will avail themselves of our Dominican hospitality, and so contribute to the progress of Catholic exegesis. In our next number we shall publish an illustrated account of the Biblical School.

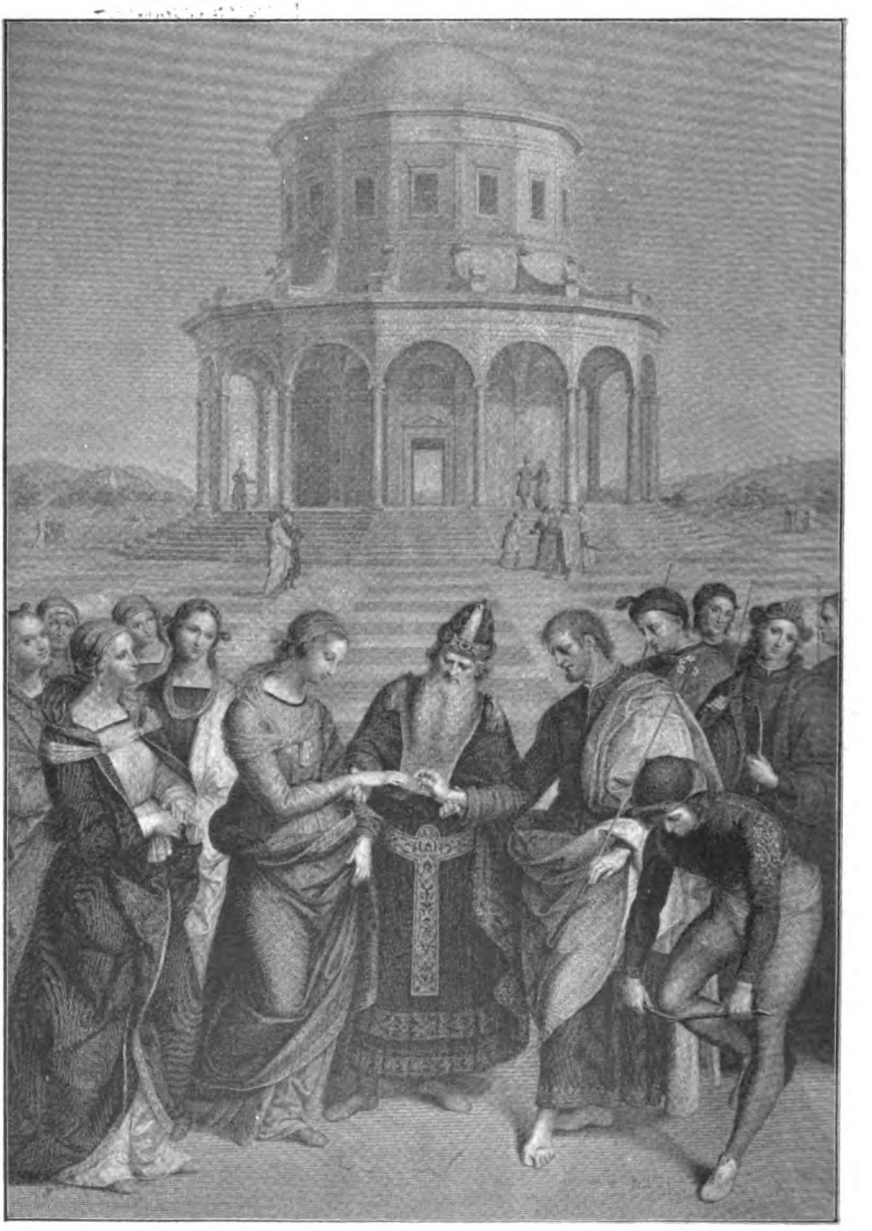
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THE ESPOUSALS OF OUR LADY AND ST. JOSEPH.

(After Raphael.)

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VOL. VIII. FEBRUARY, 1896. No. 2.

"ST. JOSEPH'S STAFF." *

A LEGEND OF OUR LADY'S ESPOUSALS.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

IT grows in a village garden,
A village by the sea,
Its graceful bell-shaped lilies
Of snow-white purity

Crowning with clinging clusters
The long green leafless stem—
My heart goes back thro' the ages,
As I, dreaming, gaze on them.

Goes back to the golden porches
Of Judah's Temple gray,
Where our Lady's suitors gathered
On her blest Espousal-day.

* Known to botanists as the Yucca plant.

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What time the youths are thronging
The courts (as for a feast),
A wand to each is given
By the silver-hair'd High-priest,

Who silent prays Jehovah:
"Make clear this mystery!
O flower of God! illumine HIS rod
Who Mary's spouse shall be!"

And lo! in the hands of Joseph,
(The eldest suitor there),
The staff begins to burgeon,
To blossom at the prayer;

Till graceful, bell-shaped lilies
(Strange to Jerusalem),
Crown with their clinging clusters
The long green leafless stem!

Kneeling, the youths salute it—
The token sent of God—
As Israel's princes yielded
Homage to Aaron's rod.

And Mary, veiled and trembling,
Hears thro' the silent house:
"Hail flow'ring staff of Joseph!
All hail the Virgin's spouse!"

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A DOMINICAN CONVENT IN JERUSALEM.

BASILICA OF ST. STEPHEN AND BIBLICAL SCHOOL.

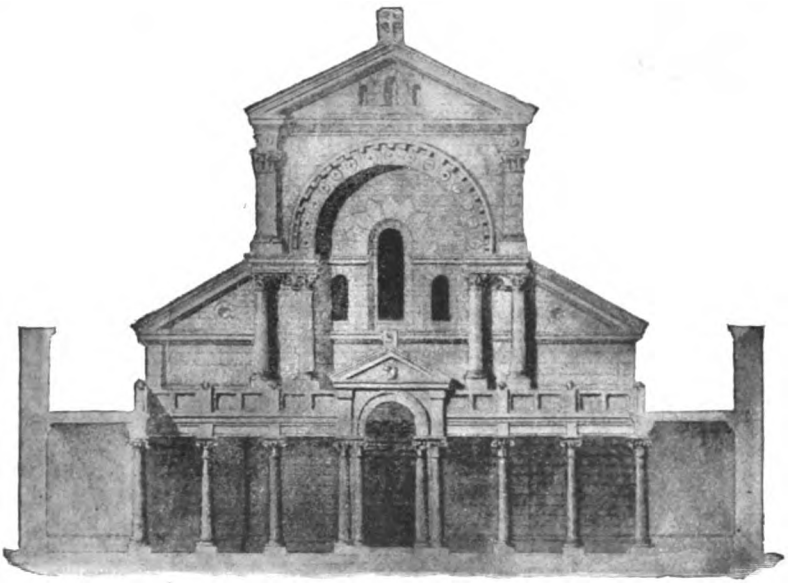
REV. J. M. PERIER, O. P.

THE plain and simple history of the foundation of St. Stephen's Convent reads like a romance, and is another exemplification of the saying, that facts are stranger than fiction. About fourteen years ago Father Matthew Lecomte, a learned and eloquent member of the Dominican Province of Lyons, received permission from his superiors to join the pilgrims who annually sailed from Marseilles to Palestine to pray for the salvation of France. During his stay in Jerusalem, he heard of certain discoveries made by the owner of a few acres of land situated just outside the Damascus Gate. A shoemaker of the city, whilst employed in preparing for the foundation of his house amid heaps of earth and ashes, found to his great surprise, and to his great joy also, that he was laying open the ruins of a small church. The value of such a discovery in Jerusalem raises highly the price of an estate, however small and mean it may be. The shoemaker, a Greek schismatic in religious belief, accordingly recognized the fact that he had good prospects ahead. Meanwhile the news was spread about, and everyone, Catholics and schismatics, wondered if the discovered church had not been built on grounds sanctified by some important event in sacred history, this being frequently the case with the monuments of the Holy Land. It is an historical fact that the Empress Eudoxia accomplished the design of erecting a magnificent basilica fifteen centuries ago, wishing thereby to give glory to the venerated spot where St. Stephen suffered martyrdom. It is likewise a known fact that this basilica, together with an adjacent monastery, had been laid waste by the Persians, and that the Crusaders raised up an oratory on the ruins. Pilgrims up to the twelfth century bore witness to the truthfulness of this tradition. According to them, the basilica of the Empress Eudoxia was

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situated at a distance of less than a stadium north of Jerusalem, near the road of Nablers.

It was therefore beyond doubt that the shoemaker had discovered the very place on which St. Stephen, the first martyr, had shed his blood for the Faith. The zeal of the Catholics could not remain inactive, lest these precious ruins should fall into the hands of the schismatics, like so many other monuments in Palestine. No wonder then that Greeks, Russians, Armenians, and Abyssinians coveted the site of the hallowed ground, and offered a high price to the crafty shoemaker.



FACADE OF THE FUTURE BASILICA, WHOSE CORNER-STONE WAS LAID ON DECEMBER 10TH, 1895.

In the meantime Father Matthew Lecomte had devised the scheme of instituting a convent of his Order in this holy city. In days gone by, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Accho, Tripoli, and Damascus had received Friar Preachers within their walls. It was upon the very coasts of Accho that the sleep of death fell upon the Blessed Jordan of Saxony, second Master-General of the Order. There were yet many other reasons, strong and sweet to the heart, which urged the faithful sons of St. Dom-

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inic to rebuild, in modern times, those institutions of self-sacrifice and learning which their fathers had made illustrious in past ages.



REV. FATHER EDWARD LECOMTE, O. P.

Father Lecomte was an apostle who by his great charity and eloquence gained to the cause of God every sincere soul that came in contact with him. Energetic and generous, high-minded and noble hearted, he resolved to purchase for the Catholic Church and the Dominican Order this precious and sacred spot.

He studied, meditated, prayed, investigated,—the result of all of which was that, after returning to France, he sought and obtained all necessary permissions to establish a Dominican Convent on the spot where the proto-martyr had died for the love of Christ.

We shall not follow Father Lecomte in his journeys through France, Italy, and Belgium, in search of encouragement and means—he had not a cent—for the realization of his bold and noble project.

In order to carry out his generous resolution it was necessary to struggle, not only against pecuniary difficulties, but also, and chiefly, against the meanness of Oriental craftiness. Finally, Father Lecomte, ably seconded by the aid of many charitable Catholics, prevailed over the hesitation of the deceitful shoemaker, who consented to give up his property for ninety-one thousand dollars—an amount, surely, for one acre and a quarter of land, containing but a few ruins, in Jerusalem! However, as the shrine of the just Christian martyr was at stake, the occasion was seasonable for hearts to be liberal and benevolent. Moreover, in order to ward off subsequent difficulties, it became necessary to purchase also some surrounding lots. Here were met new struggles, to be crowned later with new victories. The shoemaker had much to suffer from the ill-treatment of his co-relig-

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ionists, the schismatic Greeks, who felt offended for having been allowed to miss the property for themselves.

On examining the discovered church, any competent archæologists would have declared that the manner of building dated back to the time of the Crusades, but the question was, whether or not the present spot was the site occupied by the basilica which the Empress Eudoxia had caused to be erected. From 1883 to 1887 the work of excavation carried on furnished the most satisfactory results on the question. The Dominican Fathers afterward discovered, on a vast extent of land, a Mosaic-work pavement, quite fresh, with bright colors, some tombs hewn in the rock under the Mosaic-work, a monolith column some three feet in diameter, with many other fragments of the same size, a column of white marble, a basement of red marble, a crypt beside the spot easily recognized to have been the site of an altar; lastly, the place of an apsis with three naves. Many other discoveries thoroughly convinced the most sceptical as to the exact locality of the ancient basilica. The hopes of Father Lecomte had reached a happy issue, and justified was he in naming his foundation in honor of St. Stephen.

The pioneer of this apostolic enterprise died, January 19, 1887, and was buried in one of the ancient tombs discovered by himself.

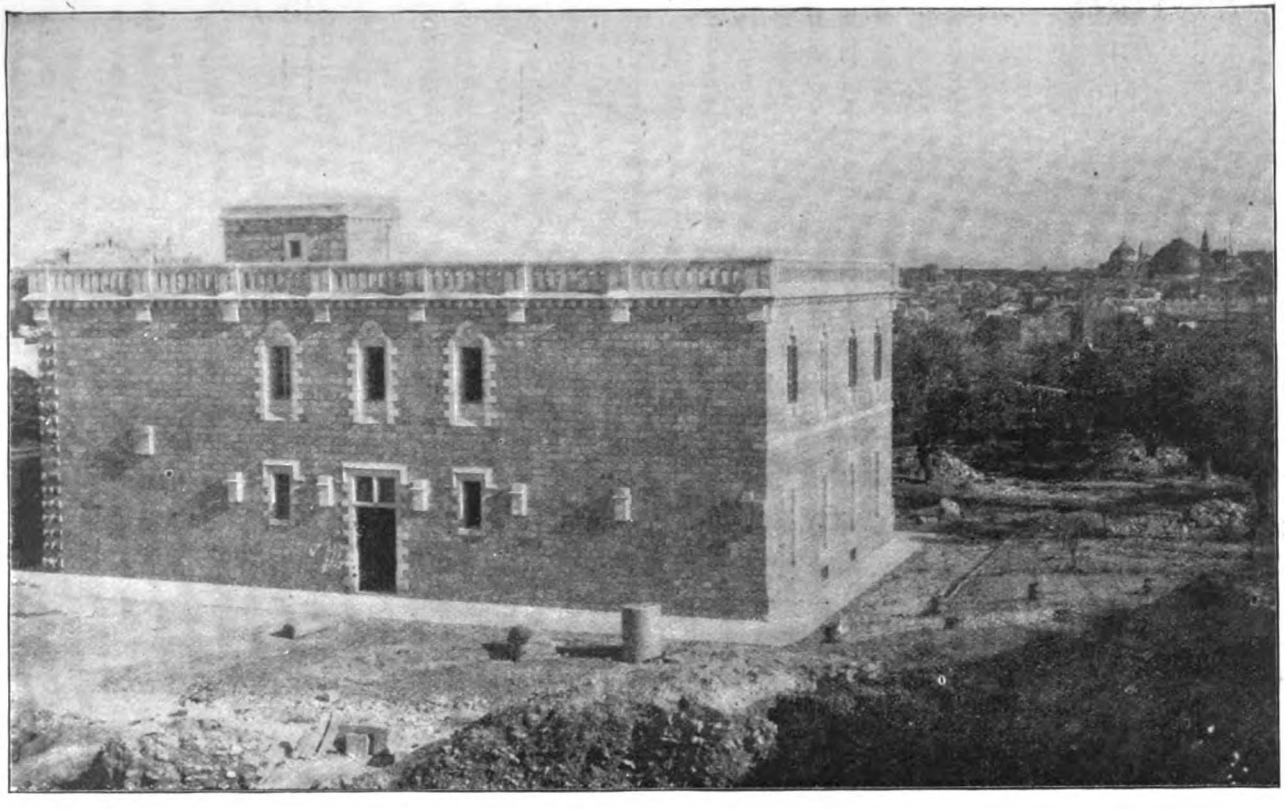
As to the subsequent history of the Dominican foundation made upon the sacred spot, we may say that it now lies under the direct supervision of the Master-General of the Order of St. Dominic. The little community wages nobly the battles of the Lord. Its proud boast is a Biblical School, conducted by eminent professors.

As regards the designs and merits of such an establishment, we will site the appreciative words of a learned priest of the congregation of St. Sulpice, the Abbé Vigouroux, who honored the institute with a visit:[1] "The establishment of the practical school of biblical studies at Jerusalem is beyond doubt an eventful issue for the Church, as well as a new title of glory for the Order of St. Dominic.

"I was very much delighted to visit your institute and to inform

[1] For a sketch of his life and work, see "Some Lights of Science and the Church," THE ROSARY MAGAZINE. March, 1895.

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THE BIBLICAL SCHOOL.— IN THE BACKGROUND, JERUSALEM AND THE DOME OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

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myself personally of its achievements, which are a sure guarantee of the many and great services it is called upon to accomplish in after years.

"Assuredly, no place is better suited for the comprehension of the Holy Scriptures, than the very country in which they were first written. By living in Palestine, in that very atmosphere in which the inspired writers themselves lived, and by enjoying the same views of land and sky and nature, such matters as would seem obscure and even strange in other places, become clear and easy to understand.

"It is only by dwelling in the country, by seeing the holy places over and over again, by getting familiar with the natives, by gathering with patience all the information they can suggest, in fine, by digging the earth for researches, if possible, that one is enabled by degrees, to determine in detail and with certainty the geography and topography of Jerusalem. It is owing to the excavations which have been undertaken that not a few problems have already been solved and prevalent errors redressed. Thus, your Fathers have found at the northern side of the gate of Damascus, on the premises of your convent of St. Stephen, the very spot where the first martyr was stoned; the Peres Blanco also discovered at St. Ann the uncontrovertible place occupied by the pool of Bethesda, etc. ... These are but a few beginnings of good omen, and, as it were, the first fruits of those to ensue, in days to come, from the continuation of such enterprises.

"Every day your students are allowed to perform archæological walks in Jerusalem, and in its neighborhood: at certain times of the year you undertake regular scientific excursions, which last for whole weeks and months, in quest of old monuments, of remnants of buildings, of ruins of all sorts, of inscriptions and traditions.

"The numbers already published of your excellent 'Revue Biblique' bear witness of the rich harvest you have reaped, although you are still on the outset of your task.

"It cannot be doubted that you succeeded, by these methods, in unearthing real treasures, thus affording the greatest additions to scriptural knowledge. You will also thereby gather a great many fragments and monuments of worth.

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"In their interesting excursions your students become accustomed to scriptural pursuits, their emulation is excited, whilst you make them familiar 'de visii' with the Holy Land.

"Your establishment at Jerusalem has another advantage. Nowadays a thorough and scientific knowledge of the Scriptures cannot be obtained without the study of Hebrew, for many of the questions which are a matter of controversy, cannot be solved without having recourse to the original text.

"Doubtless, Hebrew can be learned in Europe as in Syria, but by living among the Eastern people themselves one can more easily learn their language.

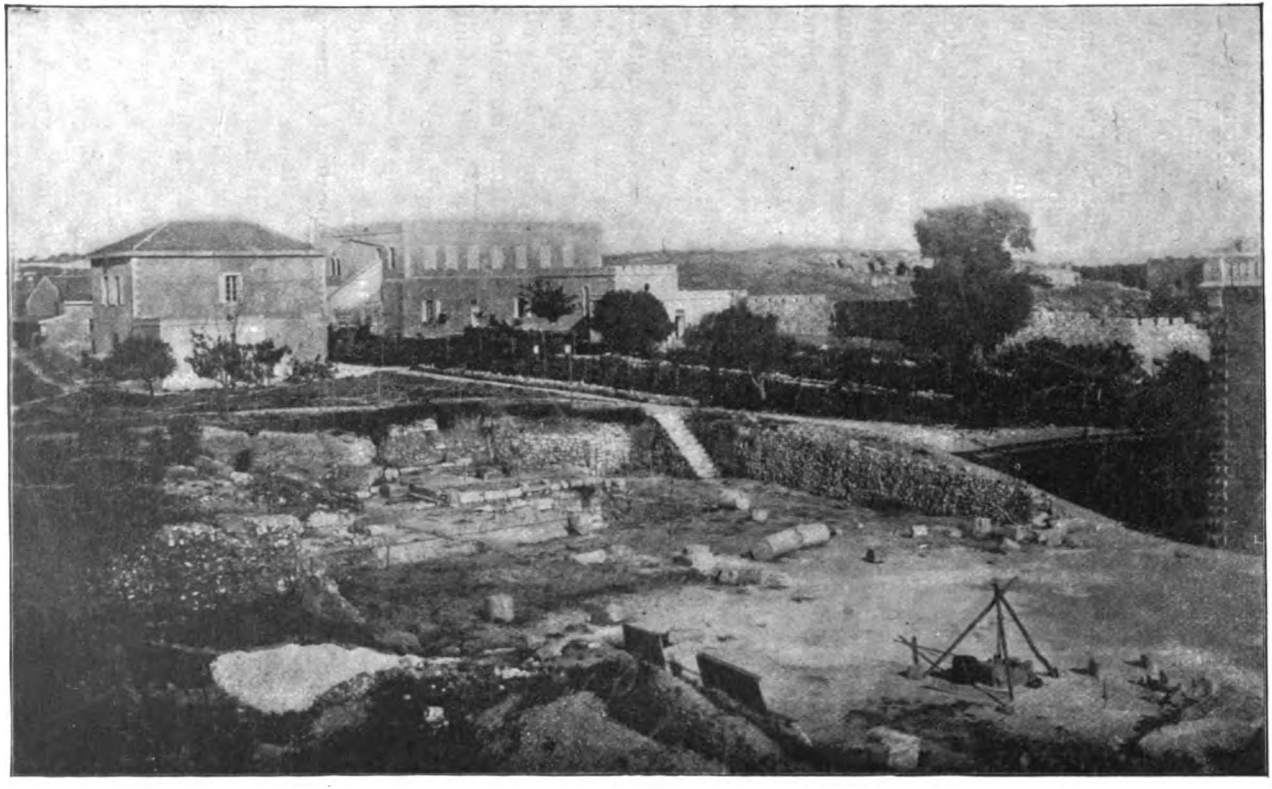
"As for Arabian and Syriac, which you teach also, it is evident that your establishment has means which are not to be found elsewhere, for Arabian is the common language of the people, and Syriac is used in the Liturgy by a good many priests in Syria.

"Finally, you have Assyrian,—another language of importance to all students of exegesis.

"I rejoiced greatly, during my stay, to see that the assistants at the lectures amounted to some fifty students, and to behold the ardor with which they applied themselves to the study of the Oriental languages, not to speak of the interest, and I may well say, pious enthusiasm with which they started upon their archæological excursion walks. So much labor shall not be bereft of fruit which in due season God's Church will reap with gladness.

"The success already obtained by your undertakings shows clearly how opportune is the establishment of the practical school of biblical studies. The leading nations of Europe have founded institutions at Athens to promote cultivation of the liberal arts, and literature; likewise at Rome a number of seminaries are engaged in the study of Divinity, whereas, for biblical literature, the zealous sons of St. Dominic have founded the school at Jerusalem. Its importance is so universally understood as to draw pupils, not only from France, but from Germany, Belgium, Poland, Italy, Spain, and even from America. I do not doubt that their ranks will increase in due time. In fact, you have managed to arrange everything in a way to make their stay in Palestine not only profitable, but comfortable and agreeable. The voyage to the Holy Land has become one of little difficulty.

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THE DOMINICAN CONVENT AND THE RUINS OF ST. STEPHEN'S BASILICA.

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Students will accordingly find in your school all the advantages and resources which will enable them to go through serious and beneficial studies, as also to enjoy with holy relish the delights which Christians are wont to experience in the Holy Land.

"His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., has lately made a solemn appeal to the Catholic world in his encyclical letter 'Providentissimus,' to make known to Catholics how necessary it is to apply themselves with earnestness to the study of Scripture, and also how desirable it is that professors should be properly initiated in the way of interpreting Holy Writ, and of defending it with fitness and authority.

"Your practical school at Jerusalem is perfectly in accord with the intentions of His Holiness: it is made to combine Catholic with scientific truth, it provides all that is necessary to acquire a serious and sound knowledge of Scripture, and it is, moreover, destined to become for the whole Church a most fertile nursery of accomplished professors. May the Divine Husbandman deign to bestow His choicest blessings on your establishment, and send 'many laborers into His harvest.'"

The course for 1895–96 includes Theology, Philosophy, Canon Law, History of Exegesis, Explanation of Genesis and of the Epistle to the Galatians, Archæology of the Old Testament, Geography of the Holy Land, Hebrew, Syrian, Arabic, Armenian, Assyrian languages, etc., etc.

The Dominicans of Jerusalem have not yet done all the good they intend to do. Their greatest project in contemplation is to execute the wish of a pilgrim of the mediæval ages who is said to have exclaimed, "The Basilica of St. Stephen is in ruins! Is there anyone to erect it anew?" This is also an appeal to generous Catholics of modern times.

The Dominican Fathers, full of good will, have drawn up a complete scheme of the work to be done, and in the new plan the dimensions and architecture of the ancient basilica will be preserved. But once more the temporal help of generous Catholics is indispensable. It is left for them to give a positive response to the ardent and holy exclamation of the ancient pilgrim in contributing to the erection of the Basilica of St. Stephen.

NOTE.—The cost of tuition, etc., at St. Stephen's, Jerusalem, is $300 a year (1,500 francs).

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STORY OF A BRIDAL VEIL.

L. M. POWER.

CHAPTER VII.

THE London season had come to an end, and the votaries of fashion hastened to escape the broiling August sun, and pursue their search of pleasure in some cooler atmosphere. Accordingly Ethel Carlton set out for home late in July, and her uncle and his family were to go to Bournemouth the following week, and take a short tour in Scotland before returning to their winter residence.

It was with genuine delight that Ethel contemplated returning to her mother, and for the present at least she felt that the quiet of Norwood would be very refreshing after the excitement of the past few months.

At once she resumed her former duties and simple pleasures, and her poor people, as well as her dumb pets, rejoiced to see her again in their midst. But soon her mother noticed that the girl was somewhat different, that the old childlike gaiety was gone, while the expression of her face was no longer bright and careless, but at times looked grave, and almost sad.

She was not slow in guessing the cause of the change, and tenderly she drew from Ethel the short history of her first love and subsequent disappointment.

"How soon you wish to leave the old nest, darling," Mrs. Carlton said, half reproachfully, as she stroked the wavy hair. "It was selfish of me, but I admit that I did hope you would stay with me a little longer. Now I see such would not be for your happiness. You are only eighteen, Ethel, and still you want to find another home."

The girl cried bitterly, while she assured her mother that marriage would never lessen her affection for her dear ones. "Besides," she added, "if I married Major Dayrell, I should be so near, that it would scarcely bring any separation. We should

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see each other every day, and things would almost be the same as if I had never left Norwood."

The sight of those tears aroused the maternal sympathy, and putting aside the thought of her own loss, Mrs. Carlton prayed that her child's hopes might be realized, and that the future she dreamed of might be all that human heart could desire.

Six weeks passed away, and Ethel grew happier, and regained much of her former cheerfulness.

One day, as she rode along a narrow country lane to visit a sick laborer who lived some miles distant, at a sudden turn of the road she came face to face with Sir Edward Dayrell, who was also on horseback, going in the direction of Norwood. Though he had been so constantly in her mind, now when he stood before her she could find no word of welcome, while the young officer quickly dismounted, and saluted her with evident pleasure.

"This is a delightful surprise, Miss Carlton," he began. "I got away from London as fast as I could. It was a changed place after you and the Brabazons had gone, and I only reached home last night. I was on my way to Norwood now, to pay my respects to you and your mother. How have you been since I saw you last?"

Ethel seemed agitated, but soon found voice to answer his enquiries, and in his presence she once again became her old self, and blushed brightly as he expressed his satisfaction at the unexpected meeting. The interview on the silent roadway lasted a long time, but to both the minutes flew by unheeded, till the fading light warned Ethel that she would be late for dinner if she delayed longer.

"I shall ride over to see you to-morrow, Miss Carlton," Sir Edward said, as he handed her the reins. "I suppose I shall find you at home?"

"Oh, yes, we shall all be so pleased to see you. And you will stay to luncheon, won't you?"

"Very willingly," her companion answered, as he sprang into his saddle, and lifting his hat, soon disappeared in the distance.

Mrs. Carlton congratulated the girl on the effects of her ride, as she noted the change in her manner, and the rosy color the fresh air had brought to her cheeks.

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After dinner Ethel recounted her chance meeting with their new neighbor, and his promised visit the following day.

"Are you glad he is coming, dear?" the listener asked.

After a pause, the answer came firmly, "Yes, mother, I am delighted, because I am so fond of him."

The young baronet arrived in due time to keep his appointment, and promised to drive his mother over to Norwood a few days later. Accordingly he came again and again, and was never tired of finding some pretext of seeing the girl, and giving her some pleasure.

Sometimes he proposed a row on the lake at Dayrell Court; other times he came over to show Herbert his new horse, or asked permission to shoot over the adjoining park; and so it happened that he and Ethel met each other almost every day, and lived in a paradise of their own.

One evening, late in September, Mrs. Carlton called her daughter to her room, and there broached a subject that had perplexed her for a long time past. She opened the conversation by saying that she had remarked Edward Dayrell's attentions since he returned to the country, and as he was a man of honor, she felt convinced that he intended to make a formal proposal of marriage.

She went on to explain that no mother could desire a better husband for her child; that she had known him since his boyhood, and had ever found him brave and noble, and a true gentleman in word and act. But there was one obstacle that could not be ignored, and that was the difference of religion. Edward was a staunch Protestant, and as such she could never consent to his union with her daughter.

She would be wanting in her duty if she allowed a marriage that would endanger her faith, and cause sad dissension in the near future.

All this Mrs. Carlton laid before the girl in strong but gentle words, and concluded by saying that as marriage was out of the question, it was unjust and vain to encourage an attachment that should soon be ended, and followed by deep pain to both. With this view, she thought it well to warn her that the young man's visits should be discontinued, and that she would not again invite him to Norwood.

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Ethel heard all this as one in a trance. She sat motionless, with her hands tightly clasped together, while the twilight deepened into night, and the autumn wind went sighing among the faded blossoms of summer time. She made no reply; she only felt that the light of her life was extinguished for ever; that she was suddenly changed from a thoughtless girl into a heart-broken woman.

"My darling, forgive me for all this grief," the mother whispered at last. "Believe me, I am suffering keenly for your sake, but I could not allow what would jeopardize your faith and injure your eternal interests.

"All things human must give way to the dictates of religion, and God alone knows how hard it is to cause you this sorrow. You know, dear," she went on, "the story of your Aunt Lily, and how bravely she abandoned all earthly joy rather that act against her conscience. The memory of her life has urged me to speak as I have spoken now, and to implore of you, darling, like her, to make a generous sacrifice."

Ethel's loud sobbing was the only response. Mrs. Carlton ceased speaking, and going over to where her daughter sat, she threw her arms round her, and silently kissed the tear-stained face.

"Mother dear, I cannot be like Aunt Lily. It would kill me to give up Edward's love, and I cannot, cannot do it."

That night brought no sleep to Ethel's aching eyes, and through the dark hours she lay awake, sighing over the wreck of those youthful hopes, that she now realized had become an essential part of her existence. Over and over her mind wandered back through the past few months, and vividly she recalled her first meeting with the young guardsman, and how from that hour they seemed made for each other. But now, on the very eve of their happiness, this difficulty had risen up to separate them! It was too dreadful; but on one point Ethel was determined—that if Edward Dayrell asked her hand, she would accept him at all cost. Of course she would entreat him to become a Catholic, but in case he refused, she was resolved to marry him with or without his conversion.

Never to see him again, never to possess his love, never to feel the joy of his presence, to bid good-bye forever to the great de-

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sire of her heart, and return to the old life she had found so sweet before he crossed her path!

No! The very prospect was maddening, and she would not and could not submit to such a fate; it should be and must be averted. This was Ethel's resolution during the first wakeful night she had ever spent, and she shuddered at the remembrance of what Sister Agnes would think if she knew but all. "What a lecture I would get!" she sighed wearily, as a vision of the peaceful convent came before her; "and how she would question me about my spiritual affairs, which have been so sadly neglected of late! Of course she would tell me to give up Edward without hesitation, and for my consolation would probably add that I ought to enter the novitiate without delay, quite regardless of the sorrow to him and to me."

Chapter VIII.

The morning sun shone brightly, but Ethel rose sick and weary-hearted, defrauded of the strength that sleep gives to meet the burdens of the morrow with renewed vigor. Languidly she went downstairs, and after a morsel of breakfast, stole out to the shrubbery to cool her aching brow by a breath of fresh air.

She saw Herbert in the distance, but she did not call to him; she preferred being alone with her grief. Suddenly the clatter of horse's hoofs broke the stillness, and a few moments later the avenue gate was thrown open, and Edward Dayrell came in sight.

Ethel's heart almost stopped beating as she watched his approach, and knew that he would soon be at her side; neither was she unmindful of her altered appearance.

"He has come to pay his usual visit," she thought. "He little knows it will be his last, and that our pleasant intercourse must be at an end. Mother will surely tell him to-day, that she does not wish to see him here so often."

Just then the unconscious rider caught sight of the girl as she stood in the shade of a drooping mountain ash, and with an exclamation of surprise, he quickly drew rein and dismounted.

"This is delightful, Miss Carlton," he began, "to catch you out of doors so early, and to find you alone. But what has happened? You look quite ill and dejected."

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Ethel blushed, and pleaded headache and a restless night as the cause of her depression. Then, as he enquired tenderly if she was unhappy, and pressed her to tell him why she looked so sad. her self-control gave way, and she burst into a passion of tears.

Now for the first time she heard him call her by her Christian name, as he took her hand and held it gently in his own; while for the first time she heard him speak words of love, and whisper the "old, old story," old as the world, but as new to our individual ears as when uttered by the first man, and listened to by the first woman long ages ago, when creation was young, and those two sinless hearts, fresh from the hand of God, were all in all to one another.

And so it came to pass, that all grief and despair were forgotten in the bliss of loving and being loved, and while he put the eager question, "Ethel, do you think you could care for me?" promptly and firmly came her answer: "Edward, I love you already."

In that moment, the excess of joy and the sense of certain possession tended to strengthen her former resolve, that rightly or wrongly she would remain true to the one whom she had then chosen as the companion of her life.

In the quiet shrubbery the lovers sat hand in hand, enjoying a delight only understood by themselves, while the young man explained that he rode over that morning to learn his fate, and to tell the girl that on her reply depended the happiness of his future.

"I could not bear the suspense any longer, my darling," he said. "I loved you from the first time we met at the Richmond ball, but I do not believe much in sudden and violent attractions, so I waited in silence all these months till I proved to myself that my affection was sincere, not a light, passing fancy that time might weaken. I intended speaking to your mother to-day, but when I saw your tears, and felt that you were in trouble, I could not restrain my words, and so I told my secret almost unawares."

Ethel listened rapturously, and when he rose to bid her goodbye, she felt a sense of loneliness that almost amounted to pain. Again and again she besought him to stay a little while longer.

"Am I too exacting?" she asked wistfully, looking up into the

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handsome face above her. "I fear I am growing very selfish, but I cannot bear to lose you even for a short time."

"Our first parting must not be a sad one," Sir Edward answered cheerfully. "I shall come over early to-morrow, and don't let me find you looking pale and disconsolate as to-day. You seemed like the ghost of the bright girl I was coming to woo, but now you are something like your own dear self. Now 'au revoir,' my darling. You have made me the proudest man in England. Be sure to tell your mother everything before I see you again."

He sprang into the saddle, and quickly disappeared down the wide avenue.

As often happens, Ethel Carlton found that the fulfilment of her desires did not bring the perfect satisfaction she had anticipated. She was the affianced wife of the man whom she idolized. He had told his love, and they were pledged to each other by a solemn engagement, but the reproaches of her conscience could not be drowned, even in the tide of her new-found happiness.

"What will mother think?" she asked herself repeatedly. "How can I marry a Protestant, and without her consent?" But God's displeasure and her parent's loving remonstrance were easier to bear than the loss of Edward Dayrell's love.

That evening Mrs. Carlton heard of his visit and its object. "And what answer did you give, Ethel?" she enquired after a pause.

"I accepted him, mother," the girl said slowly, "and nothing can now induce me to break that promise."

Long and earnestly the mother reasoned, but without avail; Ethel's response was always the same: "I cannot give up Edward for any consideration; and if you refuse your consent, mother, and separate me from him, you will destroy my life and all that made it sweet."

Ethel slept well that night, but no rest came to Mrs. Carlton. Bitterly she reflected on her own weakness in allowing the baronet's attentions, now that the sequel proved that her child's faith would be endangered by the consequences of a mixed marriage.

The memory of her dead sister came to mind in those long hours of wakefulness, as she recalled her brief romance, followed by an

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heroic sacrifice and an early grave. How she prayed that Ethel might have strength to do her duty in this trying ordeal, and deeply she regretted that in a moment of foolish ambition, she had expressed a hope, some years ago, that her daughter might not choose the religious state.

Better, far better, see her child a cloistered nun than incurring the guilt and risks of a union with one of a false religion!

To refuse her consent meant the overthrow of the girl's earthly happiness, and to agree to her wishes meant the probability of much strife and misery here, and God's judgments in the world to come.

And so the maternal heart was tortured by the sad alternative, while the unconscious sleeper was lost in dreams of the sunny future that looked so cloudless in the far distance.

* * * * * *

Six months passed away, and again we see Ethel returned to her old home at St. Dominic's, and once more she is pacing the convent cemetery with Sister Agnes by her side.

Her face wears the same fixed expression as on the eve of her departure from school, when she listened to the nun's entreaties, unmoved and unconvinced.

As she walked thoughtfully to and fro, she paused at her aunt's grave, and tears rose to her eyes as she remembered her touching history, and how bravely she had acted in a similar crisis. How calmly she slept there, love's "fitful fever" over, while in light eternal she rejoiced in the trial that had chastened her soul!

"Ethel," Sister Agnes was saying, "consider well before you take this step. Remember, it will be final. Three years ago you left these walls, against your own conscience and the advice of those who knew you best, but there was then time to rectify your mistake. Now the case is different. You are choosing a state that must conduce to your happiness or your misery in this world, and will afterwards decide your lot for eternity.

"Even now I believe you are called to religion, and that God has thrown this obstacle in the way of your marriage in order to draw you to the path He has marked out, and to recall your erring footsteps before it be too late."

So the nun pleaded while her companion was lost in reverie,

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gazing over the line of wooden crosses that stood like holy sentinels above the grassy mounds, where much-tried hearts were resting in the sleep of the just.

"Think of your Aunt Lily, my child," she continued, "and how she abandoned all she most loved at the voice of conscience. I seem to see her now, as she knelt that bright morning before the altar, clad in her white robe and veil, renouncing all earthly love and earthly possessions, and with glad heart embracing the life of a mortified religious. The evening before you left school, I told you, in this very spot, the story of that wedding veil which your mother keeps still as a precious relic.

"Often I have hoped and prayed that it might be worn by you, dear, on the day of your reception, when your bridal attire would be exchanged for the holy habit of St. Dominic's disciple."

"There is no chance whatever of such a thing happening," Ethel interrupted quickly. "I have decided to wear Aunt Lily's veil on my marriage day, so don't be angry, dear Sister; but you know a sacrifice such as you expect is too hard to bear. I am determined to keep my engagement with Edward Dayrell, and I know I shall never repent it. I am sure you think me very wicked," she went on presently, "but nothing could induce me to give up what is now the pride and joy of my existence. I admit everything you say is true, but no arguments can possibly change my resolution. For better, for worse, I have made my choice, and I accept the risks."

"Very well, Ethel," Sister Agnes returned gently, "I shall say no more. I can only pray, as I do every day, that God may never withdraw His care from you, and that all the sorrows and trials awaiting you may finally recall you to His service, and bind your will to His yoke."

"Really, Sister, it does not sound very hopeful on the eve of my wedding to hear you foretelling that sorrows and trials are to be my portion," the girl broke in testily. "I see no reason why my fate should be harder than that of my neighbors."

"The reason is this, Ethel, that your life, for the last few years, has been directly opposed to God's will, a long violation of His commands, and a firm adherence to your own pleasure. You cannot expect His blessing to rest on a mixed marriage, contracted

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without His sanction, and against your mother's expressed wish.

"I greatly fear your earthly happiness will soon be wrecked, but God grant your salvatjon, at least, may be secured; and if so, remember, my child, it will be at the cost of bitter suffering.

"I feel certain that one day you will return to His feet, confessing your unfaithfulness, but not until His hand has touched you in mercy rather than in anger."

The nun spoke solemnly, as if a vision of the future came before her, and the girl shuddered as she listened to the words of warning that sounded almost like a prophecy falling from the lips of the servant of God.

A long silence followed, while Ethel's tears fell quickly, and her companion sadly contemplated the proud, resolute face, that looked so beautiful in her grief.

Drying her eyes, she glanced hurriedly at her watch.

"I see it is time to go, Sister," she exclaimed. "I shall scarcely catch the next train, and I am expected home to dinner at seven. I was almost forgetting to tell you that my wedding is to take place on the fourteenth of next month. Try to forgive me all the distress I have caused you, and believe I am deeply grateful for your changeless affection."

"God bless you, and keep you ever in His own care, my child," Sister Agnes whispered as she kissed her old pupil, and watched her pass through the convent gate into the world beyond, where an unknown destiny awaited her.

(*To be continued.*)

IN LAPSE OF TIME.

REV. JOHN JOSEPH MALLON.

In lapse of time, while youth was gay,
Madonna, this passion-heart was prey
Of sullen fear. Oft did I yearn
Chaste haunt or shrine, where tapers burn,
My soul's disquiet to allay.

The chill moon waned, the earth far lay
Below. "Ah, Son, chide thy delay;
Let prayer thy soul and sense concern
In lapse of time."

So life is buoyant now: each day
Doth register love's ardor, yea,
Despite here traffic's din discern
A sullen heart most joyful turn;
And crown that love with wreath of bay
In lapse of time.

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"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL., S. J.

AMONG the serious thoughts which the opening of a new year is sure to suggest to all but the utterly frivolous, it would be well for us to reflect on the opportunities that every day of the new year will afford for not only giving our own personal service to our Creator and Lord, but also for helping forward on the same road many of God's human creatures around us. This is the meaning that we wish now to attach to the old question: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

A strange text this, for an early New Year meditation, especially if we remind ourselves who it was that spoke these words first, and when. They fell from the lips of Cain while his hands were still red with the first murder. But, if we are now adopting this sinister question as our own, we expect for it a different answer from what it was meant originally to call forth. Each of us *is* his brother's keeper; we are in many ways responsible for those with whom we are linked by ties even less close than the ties of birth and kinship. This responsibility is not confined to cases where there is a contract or sort of contract, which makes us, in the worldly phrase, legally liable. In a thousand ways we influence one another for good or for evil; and this item must needs enter largely into that meditation which a friend of mine thinks we ought all to make frequently, namely, a meditation on all the harm we are doing. Along with the harm that we do may fairly be put all the good we fail to do, and amongst other omissions, the good which it is in our power to effect in and through the persons with whom we live. As many of those with whom we ourselves have come in contact in the course of our lives have had an influence useful or hurtful upon us, so we, too, have exercised, or might have exercised, a powerful influence on many of those around us, year by year, and hour by hour.

But we introduced this subject by Cain's question: "Am I my

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brother's keeper?"—and we did so in order to connect a special branch of the subject with the Blessed Virgin and her children. These words were spoken of a brother by a brother; but on the lips of a sister they would have a very particular point and force. To how many sisters, if we could imagine them objecting with such a question, a very emphatic affirmative answer should be returned: "Yes, you *are* your brother's keeper—with *you* rests a mighty power to help your brother through the dangers of youth, and to keep his heart unspotted from the world!"

Before developing this view a little further, let us justify our choice of such a text and such a subject for our meditation by looking up to the Blessed Virgin herself under an aspect in which she is not usually regarded. If we were disposed to link the subject of the mutual influence of fellow-creatures with the thought of the Blessed Virgin, it would rather be a mother's influence that we should think of. She is our Mother. "Behold thy Mother." "Show thyself a Mother." Yes; but it may not be amiss to pause for a moment before a less familiar picture of our Lady, which fixes our minds on the earlier years of her preparation for that ineffable dignity of the Divine Motherhood. Such a picture is the Mater Admirabilis representing the Blessed Virgin in her girlhood, during the years of her retirement within the sacred shadow of the Temple between her Presentation and her Espousals. Copying a pious fresco which a holy nun painted on the wall of the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Rome, and which Pius IX. blessed fifty years ago, this statue represents the Blessed Virgin as the Verginella of the Temple, the little Madonna of the Lily: for a lily, emblem of her purity, bends its head towards her as she sits at her work with her distaff in her hands, and a book lying open in her work-basket on the ground beside her. We are unable to stop for any of the many lessons suggested by this realization of an important part of the Blessed Virgin's most hidden life—this image of her young soul perfect and immaculately pure, sent into the world to be united to a body perfect and immaculately pure, and to become in this twofold purity and this twofold perfection, one of the instruments of our salvation, the Mother of our Saviour. But in these earlier years she is rather the well-beloved daughter of our Father who is in Heaven,

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our Sister rather than our Mother; and in this character of Sister she is put before us by one who lived and died outside the Catholic Church, though deeply impressed by the beauty and sublimity of the Church's doctrines and character. This good man, the American Longfellow, makes the hero of his "Golden Legend" address Italy in lines which towards the close embody this idea.[1]

This argument ought to have drawn the poet himself into visible union with the Church which alone honors the Blessed Virgin; but it failed with him, though it succeeded with his niece, Adela Longfellow, who is now a Catholic; just as Gladstone's sister was converted, but not the great statesman himself, and just as Nathaniel Hawthorne's daughter has found her way into the Catholic Church, while he himself remained outside, although confessing to such feelings as these:[2]

"I have always envied the Catholics, their faith in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mother, who stands between them and the Deity, intercepting somewhat of His awful splendor, but permitting His love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligibly to human comprehension through the medium of a woman's tenderness."

This thought expressed by the man whom many consider the finest genius that the New World has yet produced, throws light on the aspect under which we are at present regarding our Blessed Lady; and so does the following passage from another man of noble genius who has betrayed an instinctive sympathy with the Catholic faith in many ways, among the rest by a generous appreciation of Ireland and her children:

"I am persuaded (says John Ruskin) that the worship of the Madonna has been one of the noblest and most vital graces of Catholicism, and has never been otherwise than productive of true holiness of life and purity of character. * * * There has probably not been an innocent cottage home, throughout the length and breadth of Europe, in which the imagined presence of the Madonna has not given sanctity to the humblest duties, and comfort to the sorest trials of the lives of women."[3]

The great writer goes on to ascribe also to the Israelite maiden, a share in "every brightest and loftiest achievement of the arts

[1] See this quotation in article by Charles Robinson. "The Blithedale Romance."

[3] "Fors Clavigera," 41st letter.

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and strength of manhood" ; but we are at present concerned more directly with Christian womanhood. The daughters of Mary have participated in the holy influence wielded by the Virgin Immaculate. Motherhood is too high and too vast a theme to be touched upon now; but even the youngest daughters of the household can exhale a heavenly perfume of innocence and piety that will help to sanctify the other members of the family, and affect powerfully their very vocations and all their after lives.

I remember our famous Dominican, Father Burke, at the Month's Mind of Cardinal Cullen, drawing a beautiful picture of a true Catholic household, such as generally gives a priest to the Church—where (as he said) the young Levite must breathe from infancy an atmosphere of purity and domestic piety, where the voice of prayer must be familiar to him from his earliest years, where from his mother's lips and the example of his father he must learn the first lessons of what is destined to be sacerdotal virtue and holiness. "Such (the great preacher concluded) was the traditional Catholic family in Ireland, through centuries of persecution, still the seminary of sons strong in faith and holiness; and such was the home in which the child, Paul Cullen, first learned to love God."

Very generally the sanctity of such a home, beside the holy influences that have incidentally been enumerated, will depend greatly also on the young sisters of the family. To them under God's grace will in large measure be due the cheerful piety that makes religion amiable in such a household, with its spirit of unworldliness, its reverence for God's Church and His ministers, its innocence, industry, mutual charity, and the solid, quiet happiness which results from all, and in turn helps to secure all the rest. And when in the changes of human life the young grow old and the old die, and the young too, sometimes—when the fledglings get strength and fly away, and the nest is deserted—when home is broken up by deaths and other leave-takings, and becomes merely a holy tradition for the scattered survivors—one of them looking back to a far-off childhood will recall, no doubt,

> "All those fair angels, saintly, wise, light-hearted,
> Whose smile made pure the very air he breathed,
> And who at parting (for they all have parted)
> Sweet sanctifying memories bequeathed."

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How many are there who have served God faithfully and happily in the highest vocations with great fruit for many other souls and with great profit and contentment for their own, yet who would have been carried off into more perilous paths, were it not for the gentle but firm restraints of such a holy family-life as has been described—carried off by those vague yearnings and ambitions that one might almost dare to call the natural paganism of the young heart!

It would not be hard to draw from considerations such as these strong motives for gratitude and contrition: gratitude for the good done to us by others, sorrow for our having failed to do good of the same sort to many others in our turn. Doubtless one of the joys of Heaven will be our fuller understanding of the workings of God's grace in the various relations of our present mortal life, amongst which not the least interesting will surely be the influence that others have exercised over us, and we over others. And certainly before the tribunal of our Lord and Saviour, if part of our examination turn upon our neglected opportunities of helping certain of our fellow-creatures on their way to God, our excuse will not be any sullen denial of our responsibility or any approach to that insolent question of the first murderer: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

FIRST SORROWFUL MYSTERY.

MARY IRWIN.

In Olive's garden, Jesus prays apart,
Soul-sorrowful e'en unto death—alone,
Crushed 'neath man's weight of sin, He lieth prone
On the cold earth, and crimson life-drops start
From every pore, while heavy on His heart
Weigh all the sorrows of the world. His own
Empurpled Passion—all its horrors known—
And awful death a shuddering dread impart.
Oh, sad Gethsemani—grief that appalls
The world e'er since, rends from His heart a sigh
That quivers through the universe—a cry
That pierces Heaven's jasper walls, and calls
A pitying angel down—then words divine:
O Father, not My will be done, but Thine.

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COLUMBUS AND THE CANNIBALS.

JOHN A. MOONEY



N the splendid tributes I have quoted from the works of the eminent Bishop of Chiapa, his admiration and affection for Columbus were eloquently set forth. A man of extraordinary virtue, of rare acquirements, of remarkable talent, chosen of God, and directing all his work, especially, to the honor of God; a man who performed the most wonderful achievements amid the most incredible trials,—such a man is the Columbus of Las Casas. With his warm heart and just soul, the Dominican could not help admiring the heroic Discoverer. The affection of Las Casas was no less deep than his admiration, as his own words frequently testify. One passage, more than all the others, in the *Historia*, evidences the sympathy of the Bishop with the Admiral.

Completing his narrative of the life of Columbus, Las Casas relates the sad story of the great man's death; one of the most affecting stories recorded in history. As, in his imagination, the ardent Dominican reconstructed the scene, and looked upon the worn body of the benefactor of two worlds, upon the few faithful friends, upon the mean pallet, and the penury of the hired lodging, he could not restrain his feelings. A moment he waited, until the high soul had flown up to the Infinite that alone could satisfy its sublime aspirations. Then Las Casas penned these words: "And thus passed from this life, in a condition of extreme misery and bitter affliction, and, as he said, without a roof under which he might rest his body, or protect it from the elements, the man who by his own industry had discovered a new and more felicitous world than the one of which we had a knowledge before. He died dispossessed and despoiled of the estate and honor that he had earned by such immense and incredible dangers, toilings, and travail, despoiled ignominiously, without the form of law, having been fettered, imprisoned without a hearing, without a

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conviction, without an accusation, without an opportunity to plead a defense, as if those who judged him were people devoid of reason, foolish, stupid, absurd, and worse than brutal barbarians." [1]

To all young women and young men who are culturing themselves, I commend these words of Las Casas. Remembering them no one shall ever feel the want of becoming epithets when passing a verdict on the criminals who are managing the: CASE AGAINST COLUMBUS. The Spaniards dispossessed and despoiled a living man. Their American kinsmen of our day would rob the illustrious dead; rob him of the honor earned by such immense labors done in the face of incredible dangers; rob him lawlessly. And if those who despoiled Columbus living, deserved to be called mad, foolish, stupid, absurd, shall we hesitate to qualify the men who would dishonor his grave, as: "worse than brutal barbarians!"

These "translated parts of Las Casas," are indicative of the frankness of his manner when dealing with injustice. Though a historian, he is no mere recorder of facts. Always a jurist and a theologian, he is, at the same time, a teacher of morality. The learned Dominican's conclusions on the subject of slavery, many non-Catholics and many unbelievers have accepted, but not one of them dare accept his principles. His method, as I have already hinted, is thorough and exacting. Denouncing all acts that he considered illicit or immoral, he also condemned every person who participated, however remotely, in these acts. Nor did he stop there; as I shall illustrate by stating the scope of his judgment on Columbus. Reviewing his career, Las Casas insists that several of the Admiral's acts were illicit. The Admiral was in good faith, he had a "holy intention," he did not know the law; so Las Casas firmly believes. However, he questions whether the Admiral's ignorance was always *invincible*. If for these illicit acts he did not deserve punishment hereafter, Las Casas inclined to the opinion that Columbus deserved to be punished for them in this world. Indeed, Las Casas thought he saw the hand of God inflicting punishment on the Admiral. His imprisonment, poverty, loss of honors, loss of health, were, according to the learned Do-

[1] Coleccion de documentos inéditos para la historia de España, vol. lxiv., p. 195.

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minican, so many Providential chastisements. These views, no one is bound to accept; and there are many who do not accept them. An acquaintance with them is, nevertheless, desirable and indeed necessary to a right understanding of the works of Las Casas, and of his judgments on men and affairs.

The policy adopted by Ferdinand and Isabella in dealing with the Caribs, and with the other Indians who warred against the Spanish colonists, did not commend itself to Las Casas. On his first landing in the New World, Columbus formed a most favorable opinion of the Indians he fell in with. They were the mildest, the gentlest of people, he thought. Guacanagari, a most friendly cacique, told him, though, of some bad Indians, the Caribas, who attacked the good Indians, carried them off, abused them, and even ate them. Columbus heard of these savage people regretfully and indignantly, and promised that his mighty masters would punish them and subdue them. In the letter to Sanchez, and in the diary of the first voyage, the Admiral records what he has heard about these cannibals; and he also relates his experience with them at Samana. On the second voyage, he discovered the Caribee islands, Ayay, Turuqueira, and Ceyre, and convinced himself that the Caribs were barbarous cannibals, a combative and ferocious race. "Their arms were bows and arrows pointed with the bones of fishes, or shells of tortoises, and poisoned with the juice of a certain herb. They made descents upon the islands, ravaged the villages, carried off the youngest and handsomest of the women, whom they retained as servants or companions, and made prisoners of the men, to be killed and eaten."[1] With the Caribs, the Admiral had more than one encounter, and, having captured several of the savages, he carried them off to Navidad.

A couple of months after his arrival at Navidad, he sent home twelve caravels, under Antonio de Torres. (Feb. 2d, 1494.) The captive Caribs were shipped at the same time. To De Torres, the Admiral committed a Memorial, dated Jan. 30th, 1494, addressed to Ferdinand and Isabella. In this Memorial he stated in detail, the condition and the needs of the colony, and he made certain suggestions and requests. In two clauses of this important document,

[1] Irving, vol. i., p. 376.

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the Admiral submits a plan for the spiritual and social improvement of the Caribs. Every biographer of Columbus refers to these two clauses, though very few writers present a fair summary of his words. Without translating each word of the Admiral, I shall try to give both the sense and the spirit of his language. The Memorial is composed in the form of a letter of instruction to De Torres.

In the first of the two clauses, the Admiral writes: 'You (De Torres) will say to their Highnesses that as there is no language here, by means of which the Indians can be instructed in our holy Faith, as their Highnesses desire, and as we also desire, we send, on these vessels, several cannibal men, women, boys and girls. Their Highnesses can put these cannibals out at service, under persons competent to teach them our language, and little by little place them under those who will be more careful with them than with other slaves. As the cannibals learn to speak and to understand Spanish very slowly, they will learn more quickly in Spain than here, and will be better interpreters between us and the native Indians. There is very little communication between these islands, and hence there are differences between the language of one and another island; and, because the cannibal islands are larger and more populous, the opinion here is that it could only be good to capture cannibal men and women, and to send them to Castille, for, in this way they would be cured at once of their inhuman custom of eating men, and besides, having learned our language in Castille, they could receive Baptism more speedily, thus advantaging their souls. Furthermore, as the peaceable Indians suffer loss through these cannibals, and indeed fear them so much that they are terrified at the sight of a single man-eater, our people would acquire great credit if we captured these cannibals and made them prisoners of war. The people of all the islands, seeing the kind treatment that the good receive, and the punishment inflicted on the bad, will quickly become so obedient that they may be ruled as the vassals of their Highnesses, and, in due time, wherever a man may be found, all will do, not only what we desire, but, of their own motion, they will do what they know would please us.'

As our readers know, the Memorial committed by the Admiral

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to De Torres, reached the Sovereigns, who considered it most carefully, clause by clause. They answered the Memorial, not by a special letter, but by inscribing, on the margin of the Memorial, their will and pleasure concerning each particular suggestion or request made by the Admiral. This document, as annotated by the Sovereigns, was remitted to Columbus. The text of the Memorial, and of the royal instructions, has been preserved, fortunately. Thus we know the answer of Ferdinand and Isabella to the suggestions offered in the clause above translated. I quote the words of their Highnesses: "Tell him what has been done in the matter of the cannibals that came here. *This is very good, and thus he should do*, except that he may manage there, as it may be possible, that they are converted to our holy Catholic Faith, and in like manner let him manage with the inhabitants of the islands where he is."

This answer of Ferdinand and Isabella, as well as the proposal of Columbus, are generally slurred by the biographers, who hasten to the second clause, which affords them an opportunity of expressing regret or indignation, and of composing rhetorical sentences on the "rights of man" and on the inhuman bigotry of the Spaniards, and indeed of the Catholic Church; a bigotry very natural before the sweet spirit of Reformation breathed "peace and progress" over the surface of the whole world. To me, the first clause of the Memorial, and the Sovereigns' response, are as noteworthy as the second clause and the answer thereto. Before examining the text of the clause and of the answer already quoted, I shall give a free rendering of the second of the two clauses, with which we are concerned. Thus it reads:

'You (De Torres) will say to their Highnesses, that the notion of serving the souls of the cannibals, as well as of the peaceable Indians, has suggested the thought that the more of the cannibals sent to Spain, the better it would be for them, and also for their Highnesses. Considering the number of cattle, beasts of burden, and agricultural instruments, needed here for the sustenance of both Spaniards and Indians, a sufficient number of caravels could be licensed by their Highnesses to carry these things here, every year, and to sell them at regular prices. The cannibal slaves could be exchanged for them. These cannibals are bold,

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well proportioned and of fair understanding, and, if redeemed from their inhuman habits, would, we think, make better slaves than any other. As soon as they would be removed from here, they should lose their inhuman habits. A trust-worthy man should be placed on each caravel, and he should see that the vessel landed at Hispaniola, and nowhere else. Their Highnesses could collect their customs-duties on the slaves thus taken to Spain. You (De Torres) will bring, or send, an answer as to this matter, for here the necessary dispositions may be made with more confidence, if their Highnesses should think well of the affair.'

Opposite to this clause of the Memorial, the Sovereigns of Spain wrote: "In this matter let it be delayed for the present until another transport comes from there, and the Admiral writes what he thinks on the subject."[1]

Slurring the first of these two clauses, the biographers avoid the answer of the Sovereigns to that clause; and, distorting the meaning of the royal answer to the second clause, the biographers, conferring no compliment on Ferdinand and Isabella, do an injustice to Columbus. While the import of the words of the Sovereigns was not fully apprehended by Mr. Helps, he is far from being as incorrect in his estimate of the Admiral's proposal, as Mr. Irving was. "Among the many sound and salutary suggestions in his letter," Mr. Irving says, "there is one of a most pernicious tendency, written in that mistaken view of natural rights prevalent at the day, but fruitful of much wrong and misery in the world."[2] Mr. Helps thinks that the arguments of Columbus are weighty. "It must be allowed," he says "that they have much force in them, and it may be questioned whether many of those persons who, in these days, are the strongest opponents of slavery, would then have had that perception of the impending danger of its introduction which Los Reyes appear to have entertained from their answer to this part of the document."

And now let us examine the text of the Memorial and of the

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[1] Navarrete, Coleccion de los Viages, vol. i., pp. 231–233.

[2] The life and Voyages. Hudson Edition. Vol. i., p. 421.

[3] The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen. London, 1848. Vol. i., p. 121.

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answer of the Sovereigns. Columbus, in the first clause, informs the King and Queen of his sending cannibals to them. Placing them under good masters, and treating them better than other slaves, these cannibals, he thinks, will learn the Spanish language, become civilized, and, returning to their own country, aid in converting the Indians, good and bad. As to the cannibals, they are an inhuman people, who terrify the peaceable Indians and violate the laws of nature. If the Spaniards captured them and made them prisoners of war, the new country would be benefited, pacified, and the good Indians would be grateful to those who punished the bad Indians according to their deserts.

Dismissing the details of the proposition contained in this first clause. let us consider the real question submitted to the Sovereigns through De Torres: Do your Highnesses favor the policy of capturing the cannibals here, and of making slaves of them, utilizing them first in Spain, and afterwards, in the New World? Such is the question the Sovereigns had to consider and to answer; and there is nothing indefinite about the answer. First: they retained the cannibals brought over by De Torres, and they employed these cannibals as slaves. Secondly: they approved the proposal to capture the cannibals and to treat them as prisoners of war. As to transporting them to Spain, the Sovereigns offered no objection. They affirmed their desire for the conversion of all the Indians, and left it to the Admiral to effect the conversion of the cannibals, and of the other Indians, according to circumstances. The answer to the first clause authorized Columbus to make slaves of the cannibals, and, if he preferred, to retain them as slaves in the New World. Thus cannibal slavery, at least, would have been introduced into the Indies; not at the suggestion of Columbus, but by the express direction of the Sovereigns.

In the second clause, Columbus added nothing to the proposal made in the first clause, except the outline of a plan by which the affair could be systematized, and effected in an orderly and profitable manner. Did the Sovereigns evidence an extraordinary "perception of an impending danger," as Mr. Helps imagined? No! Did the Sovereigns protest, condemn, resent, forbid? How could they! Answering the first clause, they had applauded the idea of capturing the cannibals, and of making slaves of them.

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They favored a plan to retain them in the New World as slaves. Responding to the second clause, where Columbus suggested the details of a scheme, under which the cannibals would be transported to Spain, methodically, the Sovereigns were non-committal. As to this detailed scheme, said Ferdinand and Isabella, we prefer to decide nothing until the Admiral writes his opinion of the matter in a second letter.

In his far-reaching argument against the Spanish policy in the New World, Las Casas attacked the crown, deliberately, as we have said. However, he was always most careful to excuse Isabella, on account of her goodness of heart, her piety and her conscientiousness. Following him, many biographers of Columbus, though repudiating the argument of Las Casas, condemn the Admiral and excuse the Queen. Isabella needs no apologist. The policy she adopted, in dealing with the cannibal slaves—a policy followed by Columbus,—was a conscientious policy, a lawful and just policy; a policy continued by her successors because they were advised of its legality and justice.

Columbus did not directly ask the Crown to send him a juridical opinion as to whether he could lawfully make slaves of the cannibals. He assumed that their enslavement would be licit. Still it was this very question that the Sovereigns were compelled first to consider; and their decision was in the affirmative. Had they not put their decision in writing, their retention of the cannibals delivered to them by De Torres would have been a practical decision of the matter.

Mr. Irving was troubled about the "pernicious tendency" of the proposal of Columbus, and indulged in the hackneyed and laughable cant about "the mistaken view of natural rights prevalent in the fifteenth century." I would wager that Queen Isabella could have taught Mr. Irving more sound doctrine about natural rights than he acquired during his sojourn in the world of the nineteenth century.

Habitually, when criticising the policy inaugurated by the Spanish sovereigns, and applied to the cannibals, the biographers of Columbus write, "knowingly," of an opinion current in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, to the effect that: Christians had a right to enslave all infidels. Among the uninstructed such an

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opinion may have been common, but the Spanish Crown did not base its policy on this mistaken view. The Crown acted in accordance with the Law of Nations. This law of nations is not a fixed and immutable law. According to times and circumstances it has varied, as it will vary. Thanks to Las Casas, we have acquired a knowledge of the provisions of this law, in regard to slavery, at the end of the fifteenth century, and during the sixteenth century.

Through capture in a just war, a just title could be acquired to a slave. Still, among Christian nations, this title was no longer recognized, because, through the influence of the Catholic Church, the Christian powers had been induced to give up the custom of enslaving prisoners. The title acquired in a just war was, nevertheless, recognized, where a Christian power was warring against a nation that still persisted in making slaves of prisoners. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the only nations that enslaved Christian captives were the infidel nations; and consequently the only slaves captured by the Christian nations were infidels. The Christians did not enslave infidels because they were infidels, but because the infidels enslaved Christian captives. The right of the Christian was based on the law of just retaliation. The Moors and Saracens enslaved the Christians whom they captured in war, and treated them most barbarously. Very justly, the Christians, in return, compensated themselves for the losses and injuries they suffered through the enslavement of their Christian countrymen, and through the barbarities practised upon them.

Mr. Irving, like some recent writers of more pretension, abused the term: "natural rights." This term is comprehensive, and includes rights appertaining, at least, to all men who respect natural rights. Christian men have rights no less natural than the rights of infidels. Civilized men have rights that are as natural, and therefore as imperative, as the rights of savages.

When Ferdinand and Isabella took possession of the Indies, through Columbus, they assumed a sovereignty over the new world. All the inhabitants thereof became their vassals. Among these inhabitants, the Sovereigns found many who were peaceable; and some who were unruly. Of the unruly, the Caribs were the more notable. They warred, as they willed, on the peaceable Indians,

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ravished their wives and daughters, enslaved men and women, and inhumanly killed and ate those that pleased them. For the Spaniards, the Caribs had no more respect than they had for the good Indians. The "natural rights" of their peaceable vassals, the Sovereigns were bound to protect. They could have no hesitation about warring on the Caribs; and there was no reason, founded in nature, why Ferdinand and Isabella should have hesitated to enslave the savages who not only made slaves of those they captured, but who also killed their captives, and ate those who were tender enough to gratify a "self-cultured" Carib palate.

From Mr. Irving, I have quoted a passage in which it is said that, among other inhuman practices, the Caribs were guilty of the inhumanity of fighting with poisoned arrows. By itself, this unnatural habit outlawed them. In the fifteenth century the use of poisoned weapons was forbidden to Christians, under pain of excommunication; and this penalty applied even in a just war against infidels. By the law of the Catholic Church, to-day, a Catholic soldier firing a poisoned bullet, is *ipso facto* excommunicated. Sympathy with the "natural right" of the inhuman Caribs, is sympathy wasted. In this year of grace, if a Christian nation found any of its subjects threatened by man-eaters, who fought with poisoned weapons, it is more than probable that, warring against these savages, the commanders of the Christian army would kill every captive. Indeed, a tender-hearted General, following the example of the English in India during the revolt of the Sepoys, might be tempted to blow the cannibal outlaws to pieces, at the cannon's mouth. The Sepoys were not cannibals. Our contemporary rhetoric may be more humane than that of the fifteenth century, but we have not forgotten, in practice, to temper humanitarianism with exemplary "justice."

Under the circumstances, the proposal of Columbus and the decision of the Spanish Sovereigns, were prudent and gentle. There is no word of exterminating the Caribs; no word of punishing them with severity. On the contrary, every word of the Admiral and of the kings, is charitable. As a civilizing measure, especially, is the slavery of the Indians considered; a measure through which they should be freed from their inhuman habits, civilized, accustomed to law, instructed in the language of Castille,

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and, finally, converted to the holy Catholic Faith. Civilized and converted, the former cannibals would return to their own land to assist in civilizing and converting the native Indians. Neither the King, nor the Queen, nor Columbus, need an apology for their mild policy toward the Caribs.

Isabella was a true Queen. She permitted none of her subjects to entertain a doubt concerning her opinion and decision as to the policy to be followed in dealing with the inhuman cannibals. Three years after Columbus had been unjustly and ignominiously deposed from the governorship of the Indies, the Queen, with her own hand, instructed De Lares in words that admit of no misunderstanding. Under the date of October 30th, 1503, she wrote that: "Being advised that Indians called cannibals war on the Christians, continually, and have done them much injury, and are, as they have been, hardened in their evil purposes, she grants license and privilege to all persons whomsoever to oppose these cannibals. Every one may and should capture the cannibals and carry them away from their lands and islands, and may and should bring them into Her Kingdoms and Seignories, and into any other parts and places whatsoever, as the captors will or prefer, paying to the Crown the share that belongs to it; and the captors may sell the cannibals and employ them profitably, without thereby incurring any penalty whatsoever; because, if the Christians transport them from those parts, and make use of them, the cannibals can be more easily converted and attracted to the holy Catholic Faith." [1]

From this document, it is evident that, when Ferdinand and Isabella, answering the second clause of the Memorial sent by Columbus in the care of De Torres, delayed their decision until the Admiral should write more at length, neither the King nor the Queen was shocked at the suggestion of Columbus that the cannibals might be exchanged for cattle, or for agricultural implements. By the letter of 1503, anybody and everybody is licensed to sell the Caribs, and to make slaves of them. Nor was the delay of the Crown, in 1494, due to any hesitation on the part of the King, or of the Queen, to profit by laying customs-du-

[1] Navarrete, Coleccion de los Viages, vol. ii., p. 416.

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ties on the transported cannibals. The letter of October 30th, 1503, especially reserves to the Crown its legal share of the proceeds of all sales of cannibal slaves. The policy of the Spanish Sovereigns was based on the Law of Nations. Let those who will, compose phrases about "mistaken views of natural law!" The Caribs were outlaws, by the Law of Nations, and indeed by the natural law.

In his works, as we have already stated, Las Casas presented his views on slavery as it existed in the Indies and on slavery in general. That a slave could be held by a good title, he acknowledged. The titles recognized by Las Casas were those accepted by the Law of Nations, and by the Canon Law. The title by purchase from a lawful owner was good; and so was the title by birth. The child of a legal slave, became a slave. The title acquired in a just war, the Bishop of Chiapa recognized. And, among just wars, he counted one licitly undertaken in the interest of Christianity. Our Lord and Saviour commissioned His Apostles to teach all nations. Under this commission, the Apostles, and their duly appointed successors, acquired a right to teach the Faith to all nations. Where they will, among the infidels, those holding Christ's commission have a right to preach the Gospel. Arms, they cannot bring with them. Their work is, eminently, a work of peace. Still, no one may forcibly oppose the peaceable missionaries of Christ. The infidel may reject the Faith; but he may not oppress, or violently impede the appointed teachers of the Faith. Infidel oppressors of the missionaries of the Gospel, could be justly attacked by a Christian nation. The Saviour of the world had rights. His Church retains them.

A war against infidels, who, with arms in their hands, refused to hear the voice of the ministers of Christ, was a just war. So Las Casas held; and held only because the law was on his side. Now, though Ferdinand and Isabella did not formally declare war against the Caribs on the sole ground that they persecuted the appointed teachers of the Gospel, the answer of the Sovereigns to Columbus, in 1494, and the letter of Isabella to De Lares, in 1503, show that the Spanish King and Queen were influenced by the savage resistance of the Caribs to the peaceable introduction of the Christian religion. A further proof of this fact is af-

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forded by the instructions given by Cardinal Ximenes to the Jeronimites, in the year 1516.

To the illustrious Dominican, Ximenes was most friendly. He was opposed to the enslavement of the peaceable Indians. Las Casas received from him the firmest support, as the writer of the *Historia de Las Indias* gratefully acknowledges. The Jeronimites were sent to the Indies, by Ximenes, in order to correct the abuses of which Las Casas complained. Instructing the Jeronimites as to the policy they should pursue, the Cardinal set forth the traditions of the policy of the Crown toward the inhuman Caribs. It is from Las Casas that we quote the following "Remedy," approved by the great Ximenes. "The colonists will be much benefited if his Highness gives them caravels, properly equipped, so that the colonists themselves may go and capture the Caribs, who eat men and are an intractable people; and they are slaves because they have been unwilling to receive the preachers, and because they molest the Christians and those who are converted to our holy faith, and kill them and eat them; and because, sharing among themselves those that they capture, they make slaves of them; but under cover of capturing the Caribs, the colonists may not go to the other islands nor to the terra firma, nor capture those who dwell there, under penalty of death and of loss of property." [1]

In this short passage we have a complete explication of the reasons that determined the royal policy. The Caribs were cannibals; they attacked the Spaniards and the peaceful Indians; they made slaves of those they captured; and, in addition, they impeded the peaceful mission of the preachers. According to the Law of Nations, a war on the Caribs was a just war; and, by the same law, the captive Caribs were justly enslaved. The Crown had not merely the Law of Nations to support it, but also the Law of Nature.

Las Casas, it is true, contested the truth of the fact, accepted by Ximenes, that the Caribs were unwilling to receive the preachers. The charitable Dominican claimed that, up to the year 1516, the Caribs did not know a preacher from any one else; and that

[1] Coleccion, etc., para la Historia de España, vol. lxv., p. 307.

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they had resisted, not the preachers, but wicked Spaniards, whom they had always found to be cruel highwaymen.[1] His claim, however, did not avail, though it was considered by Cardinal Ximenes and by the Council he selected to study the affairs of the Indies.

Mr. Irving, and, following him, some less competent biographers, pretend to doubt the testimony adduced in proof of the cannibalism of the Caribs. The author of the "Life and Voyages" thought that "many of the pictures given us of this extraordinary race of people have been colored by the fears of the Indians and the prejudices of the Spaniards." Certain signs were misapprehended by the Admiral and his men. Imagination, and not reason, influenced them to form a baseless opinion that the Caribs were man-eaters. Mr. Irving's imagination led him astray. Columbus made no mistake. Mr. John Fiske states the truth, tersely. "The prevalence of cannibalism," he says, "not only in these islands, but throughout a very large part of aboriginal America, has been abundantly proved."[2]

The argument by which Las Casas defined, limited, the title of the Spanish Sovereigns, in the New World, is logical, powerful. Neither Spain, however, nor any other nation, has accepted the premisses, or the conclusion of the great Dominican's argument. Discovery and occupation have been recognized, invariably, as founding a title of sovereignty. Under the title acquired, through the discovery and occupation by Columbus, the kings of Spain proceeded to exercise a sovereignty over the New World. The Indians were their vassals, having rights that the Crown was bound to protect, and duties that the Crown was bound to enforce. To life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the new vassals had a right. And it was to protect and defend the lives, the liberties and the happiness of their loyal and peaceful vassals, that the kings of Spain pursued and punished the Caribs. These barbarians were punished in accordance with law; not Spanish law, but universal law. The Caribs were marauders; they fought with poisoned weapons; they made slaves of their captives and

[1] Coleccion, etc., para la Historia de España, vol. lxv., p. 310.

[2] The Discovery of America, vol. i., p. 465, note.

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ate the flesh of those they murdered. In the interest of peace, of humanity, of civilization, the Caribs were, in turn, enslaved Thus I sum up the argument for the Crown; an argument that cannot be refuted by phrases intended to excite the false sympathies of the uneducated.

The insignificant part played by Columbus in this transaction, demonstrates the ignorance or the malice of those who charge him with criminality. In the Memorial of 1494, he made a suggestion to the Sovereigns. He had no authority to adopt or enforce any policy; nor did he attempt to usurp an authority vested in the Crown alone. Ferdinand and Isabella adopted a policy, in 1494. The Caribs were pursued and enslaved, under the authority of the King and the Queen, and of no one else. The policy, formed by the Crown, was deliberately continued. Three years after the despoliation of Columbus, the Queen affirms and extends the policy introduced in 1494; and ten years after the Admiral's death, this same policy is reaffirmed. Whether the policy were just or unjust, it was not a policy of Columbus, but it was a policy of the Spanish Sovereigns. Their treatment of the Admiral in this affair enforces more strongly the position I maintained in a previous article. The Admiral was the subject of the Crown. He was a quasi-governor, not a king. What the Sovereigns ordered or permitted, he could do. On the Sovereigns, he was wholly dependent. If, instead of being licit, the policy of enslaving the cannibals had been illicit, the Crown would deserve condemnation. The Crown, not Columbus, made law for the Indies.

"I have now reached the point," said the Discoverer of the New World, in his letter to Doña Juana de la Torre, "where there is no man, however vile, but thinks it his right to insult me. Still *the day will come when the world will reckon it a virtue in him who has not consented to their abuse.*" That day has come. To-day we attribute no great virtue to one who defends a good man against insult or misrepresentation. Fairness and manliness are not extraordinary virtues. Lying and cowardice are nevertheless, contemptible vices. Those guilty of them publicly, deserve public punishment. Dealing with the vile, one may appeal to the law of just retaliation. How much better are they, than "brutal barbarians"!

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MARIAN DEVOTION OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.

CHARLES ROBINSON.

SOME little time ago the Episcopalian bishop of Vermont, Dr. Hall, published a book on devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The fact that several similar works by non-Catholics are coming into existence is full of solace for the future. One of the most notable of these volumes is an edition of the "Hours of the Blessed Virgin," with a short commentary on the same gathered out of "The Mirror of our Lady," prepared by a pious Anglican for Anglicans. Commenting upon its appearance, the London *Tablet* well remarks that it is a cheerful sign of the times to find a Protestant translating and editing, not as a mere curiosity, but for actual use, this service book which held a place of importance in the liturgical and devotional exercises of our Catholic forefathers.

It is indeed a consoling reflection that "the virulent abuse of our Marian devotion, which was formerly a marked feature of Protestant religious literature, is yielding under the more modern æsthetic movement to a milder treatment of this Catholic practice."

Not very long since the Rev. Mr. Tupper, a well-known Baptist minister, thus referred in a sermon at Denver, Colorado, to the Blessed Virgin: "I do feel that to her is due far more honor and consideration than is given by most of us in the evangelical churches to-day. Chosen by Almighty God for pre-eminent distinction from among the daughters of men, to her is due our homage and respect in no small degree, and no petty foolishness should have weight amongst us for one moment."

Even more recently a leading Congregationalist preacher, the Rev. Dr. Boynton, publicly praised the Holy Rosary, and declared that he would like to be the originator of a similar devotion among Protestants. The fact that the Holy Rosary was St. Dominic's weapon against heretics makes it all the more remarkable that a dissenting clergyman should be found to recommend it, for to quote the words of a late contributor to the *Ave Maria*,

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"the instinct of heresy yet knows and dreads the heel of the Woman destined to crush its head." Protestantism feels that if it accept Mary it will have to accept the Church. No unworthy subterfuge, no stealthy change of front will avail when she enters into its calculations.

As is well-known, Dante Gabriel Rosetti was more attracted by the spiritual and human significance of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin than by any other Catholic dogma. "He once told me," says a recent writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "that the world would come to see that the lasting grit in the Romish faith—'a grit which would probably make it survive all other Christian sects'—was based upon this idealization of humanity through the mother-idea, in the person of Mary; and that whatever potent development the Protestant sects might have, 'they would always, lacking exalted recognition of Mary, be like church services without music wherein all can join.'"

Other famous Protestant writers have not failed to recognize the sanctifying influence of this devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Who does not recall the exquisite tribute Longfellow pays it in the *Golden Legend:*

"This is the Blessed Mary's land,
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer.
All hearts are touched and softened at her name:
Alike the bandit with the bloody hand,
The priest, the prince, the scholar and the peasant,
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
Pay homage to her as one e'er present;
And e'en as children who have much offended
A too indulgent father, in great shame, penitent,
And yet not daring unattended
To go into his presence, at the gate
Speak with their sister, and confiding wait
Till she goes in before and intercedes;
So men, repenting of their evil deeds,
And yet not venturing rashly to draw near,
Offer to her their prayers and their confession,
And she for them in Heaven makes intercession.
And if our faith had given us nothing more
Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
This were enough to prove it higher and truer
Than all the creeds the world had known before."

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Impressed with a like idea, Wordsworth thus expresses it:

Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrossed
With the least shade of thought to sin allied:
Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
Purer than foam on central ocean tost,
Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon
Before her wane begins on Heav'n's blue coast,
Thy image falls on earth. Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven, the suppliant knee might bend
As to a visible power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in thee
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with serene."

So, too, Edgar Allen Poe invokes her intercession, and acknowledges the influence of her patronage in Heaven:

"At morn, at noon, at twilight dim,
Maria! thou hast heard my hymn;
In joy and woe, in good and ill,
Mother of God, be with me still.
When the hours flew brightly by,
And not a cloud obscured the sky,
My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee;
Now, when storms of fate o'ercast
Darken my present and my past,
Let my future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine."

Edmund Waterton, lately commenting upon the fact that horrible crimes whose very names were unknown in the misnamed "Dark Ages," are now through the newspapers shamelessly flaunted in the public face, rightly attributes this tendency to Protestant neglect of the Blessed Virgin. Referring to the ancient widespread devotion to our Lady, he says: "It represented everywhere the Blessed and Immaculate Mother of God, with her Divine Son in her arms in the homeliest and most domestic of types—Mother and Child. This it was that humanized, so to speak, rough nature. Man learned to respect the female sex for our Lady's love. Wife-kicking and wife-beating, which now unfortunately are of such common occurrence, were crimes unknown when England was Catholic."

It is interesting to recall that in those "good old days," before

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the so-called "Reformation" spread like a plague over England, that there was offered up daily, in all the leading churches, a special Mass in honor of the Blessed Virgin. This "Lady Mass," as it was quaintly designated, did not in any wise interfere with the regular Mass and office of the day; it was "extra"—the willing expression of the love of the people for the Blessed Virgin, and there were special priests, known as "our Lady's priests," to officiate in the chapels dedicated to the Mother of God, and whose vestments were unusually splendid.

The singing of that most precious of prayers, the *Ave Maria*, seems to have lately become a prominent feature in the religious ceremonials of our separated brethren—although they do not fully apprehend its excellence,—and at least one Protestant church in New York is named in honor of our Lady. When the present well-known Catholic church of the same name was being built in London, bigotry took alarm, and caused to be erected, hard by, an edifice whose purpose was avowedly to check the "rising tide of Romanism," and on whose walls was conspicuously inscribed the declaration that: "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men." Says a recent writer on the subject: "St. Mary's, Moorfields, still exists and prospers, while the conventicle from which anathemas have for three-quarters of a century been shrieked against it is being demolished, there being no longer a congregation to house." Happily, the spirit which prompted its building is also disappearing.

No better evidence of this fact can be found than the statement made by a well-known Protestant gentleman at a meeting lately held in England to express sympathy with Pope Leo: "that he had the honor of belonging to an Anglican society whose president had requested them in that day to say three 'Hail Mary's' as an act of reparation for the insults offered to the Holy Father."

It has been well said that an age which is marked by devotion to the Blessed Virgin cannot be considered altogether hopeless, and merrie England, "our Lady's dowry," may yet live again. Meanwhile Catholics throughout the world will pray with Leo XIII. to the Queen of the Holy Rosary that she who in the Little Office is called "the Destroyer of Heresies" may prove to be the Golden Gate by which our separated brethren may re-enter the True Church. "This hope," says the Holy Father, "is our support and consolation amid the gloom and evil of the hour."

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PALM BRANCHES.

A TALE OF THE PERSECUTIONS IN IRELAND UNDER QUEEN ELIZABETH.

LAURA GREY.

CHAPTER I.



T was a keen March evening in the year 1579, when a young man walked briskly up the grass-grown roadway leading to Dunbrody Abbey, and paused before its mighty entrance. This abbey had been founded for Cistercian monks in the year 1182, by the Norman knight, Harvey de Montemarisco, on the pleasant slopes of County Wexford, Ireland, at the juncture of the twin rivers, the Suir and the Barrow.

Our story opens forty years after its suppression by Henry VIII., when his daughter, Elizabeth, sat on the back of the British Lion, and grasped his tawny mane in the mailed hand of the Tudors.

When the wayfarer in our story had scanned the lofty portals before him, he felt tempted to curse the ruthless hand which had battered down the venerable pile, and left the wind and rain to revel through its deserted cloisters.

"Is this Dunbrody?" he mused,—"Dunbrody that I heard and dreamt of?"

Swaying to and fro on its rusty hinges, creaked an iron door, beneath a towering arch. The young man, attracted by the jarring sound, advanced a few paces, and raising the latch, found himself underneath the eastern window.

A noble slab of Kilkenny marble pointed to the place where the high altar formerly stood.

The deserted nave was green with grass, and jackdaws flitted through the trefoil openings of the western window. Through patches in the roof, the murky sky peeped, and the wind sang a wild dirge through the aisles, driving myriads of leaves before its gust.

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A hurricane was at hand, but to the rising storm our hero seemed deaf, and he pursued his voyage of discovery through the abbey.

"And thou, Alexander Devereux,[1] wert the unholy worker of this havoc!" he exclaimed passionately.

"Thou my great uncle, and last Abbot of Dunbrody! Unworthy scion of a noble race! Bah! what matters to thee that the gilded mitre of Ferns once sat upon thy guilty brows! It serves but to chain thee deeper in the caverns below."

Then a milder frame of mind stole over him, and he mused:

"These halls are no longer filled with ghostly brethren; the door of hospitality is closed to travellers like myself. The silence of the grave sits unbroken on all around, save for the raven croaking over withered bones, and the jackdaw building in the ivy. Stripped are the altars of their jewelled crosses. Pyx and chalice, thurible and vial, golden-headed pastoral staff, and mitre encrusted with gems—all are gone. The grave monk walketh no more in the cloister, nor seeketh his pallet in the dormitory." Then catching sight of the iron clasps that bound the oaken shelves of the abbey library together, our explorer exclaimed:

"Where are the illuminated tomes, the long-labored manuscripts—the fruit of years of patient toil? All lost! The infirmary no longer receiveth the sick, the hospitium is tenantless," and seating himself upon a stone like Marius of old, the young man wept. "No kindly lay-brother stands at the gate to bid the stranger welcome. Closed are the buttery hatches, and the daily dole of bread has ceased. The refectory is pillaged of its long row of benches and oaken tables, where hospitality was dispensed gratuitously to rich and poor. The cellarer's office is ended. The strong ale he brewed in October is tapped by the stranger and the trooper. Neglected is the rustic oratory where night and day the brethren prayed. The solitude of the cloister has given place to the ring of the spurred heel and the clank of the sword, the ribald song, and the profane jest. The white-clad Cistercians have all departed, save those lying in yonder ceme-

[1] Alexander Devereux, last Abbot of the Cistercian Abbey of Dunbrody. He apostatized, and in reward for his perfidy, was appointed Protestant Bishop of Ferns, County Wexford, Ireland.

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tery. Better far, to sleep their last sleep, than be awake and witness the desolation I behold to-day."

The stranger might have thus lamented over the ruins of Dunbrody Abbey, far into midnight, had not the dash of the hailstones on the flagged roof, and the roar of the wind, warned him that a storm was at hand. "A wild night," he murmured, rousing from his reverie, and drawing his cloak around him.

Before we tell of his further exploits we must give our readers a brief sketch of his history.

Edward Devereux was the young man's name.

He was grand nephew to Alexander Devereux, who apostatized and delivered Dunbrody Abbey up to Henry VIII., in the year 1539. After this disgrace shrouding the Devereux name, the family withdrew to England, where our hero was born. Numerous Irish exiles joined in the flight, and from them and his parents he imbibed his mother-tongue and a love of his native land.

When he reached man's estate, he chose the medical profession. He was now aged twenty-five, and this was his first visit to Ireland.

He was making a tour of inspection on foot, and had visited the strongholds of his family, including Adamstown and Ballymagir.

At the present moment he was lodging in an inn at Ballyhack, three miles' distance from the abbey.

This wild March evening saw him amidst the gloom of Dunbrody, with a storm howling around him.

Hastily retracing his steps through the iron gate, he found cattle from the surrounding pastures blocking the way. They, too, were running for shelter, and were crouching under the walls for protection.

Devereux perceived that their terror was but too well grounded.

The lightning shot across his path, executing fantastic gambols on the capitals of the pillars, lit up the funereal vaults where Abbot and lay-brother lay sleeping, and darted its fangs through the oriel window.

"Good God! I'm benighted," exclaimed the traveller, and he rushed towards one of the chapels in the northern transept.

Pausing under its groined roof, he took breath. A mutilated

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statue of the Blessed Virgin still kept guard above the deserted shrine, and Edward Devereux knelt down and implored her protection.

Kind reader, from this act you will infer that he was a Catholic.

On him had not fallen the apostasy of Alexander Devereux, and Edward was a devoted son of Holy Church.

There was no cessation in the hurricane, and with characteristic coolness he produced a large brown loaf and flask of wine, and coiling himself on a heap of hay, he fell asleep, lulled by the discordant music of the elements. His conscience was at rest, he was young and strong, and with his cloak wound round him, he sank to rest before the broken statue in the battered niche.

Chapter II.

All through the night the storm continued with unabated fury. When the first streaks of morning lit up the east, a lull ensued, and at five o'clock the blizzard ceased. Edward Devereux looked out from his nook in St. Mary's chapel on the reeking flags and long grass that grew in the transept. The gargoyles on the opposite wall were vomiting torrents of water, and the birds were chirping a short discordant note after the dismal night they had passed. A shudder passed through the young man whilst he surveyed the dismal picture.

But hark! the murmur of a human voice met his ear, and he rose, and gazed cautiously down the nave.

The sound did not issue from that quarter, and he retired to his hiding place to take further observations.

The voice was that of an elderly man, judging from a tremor or monotony of the tone. It was evident that he was either reciting or reading aloud, and there was lacking that inflection of the voice that denotes conversation. Edward Devereux still listened on, and then there flashed across him that prayers or—dare he breathe it—Holy Mass was being celebrated in the adjoining chapel. The tinkle of a bell confirmed this opinion.

Stealing into the northern transept, he stood still, fearing lest his footfall should scare away the strange beings who shared the abbey with him. In St. Catherine's chapel he solved the riddle.

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Shaded by a canopy of stone stood the virgin saint, resting on her wheel, and bearing a palm-branch.

Mutilated, she was in truth, but fair to look upon, even in her disfigurement.

Underneath the statue, a flag of limestone served for an altar, and in front stood an old man clad in priestly vestments. His head was shaven, and from under the darned alb peeped the white habit of the Cistercian Order.

The vestments were old and damaged, yet when the tapers flickered on the rich embroidery, there flashed forth a golden gleam, and many a hidden gem glittered in the changing light.

Behind the priest knelt a younger man, attired in the same white habit. His head was not shaven, for reasons which will be explained hereafter. Six peasants completed the congregation.

Edward Devereux joined their ranks, and kneeling down, from afar watched the mysterious Mass. He felt awe-stricken, and astonished.

"What could it all mean?" he asked.

Had he been better acquainted with the history of the Cistercian abbeys in Ireland after their suppression, he would have known that Dunbrody was no exception to the rule, and that round these hallowed fanes the brethren still lingered, awaiting the dawn of happier days.

Devereux strove to pray, but in vain. The spectacle was too novel to allow his mind to rivet itself on prayer. His lips moved, but his thoughts were far away, ruminating over the apparition before him.

The Mass drew to a close, the congregation rose, and Devereux found himself surrounded by a hostile community. A scene of confusion followed.

The younger priest wrapped his aged companion in the folds of his white mantle, whilst the peasants rallied round to defend both. In this manner they filed past Edward Devereux, who still looked on in wonder.

One of the youths remained behind, stowing away the altar furniture. When he was leaving the chapel, his eye rested on the stranger.

"Spy!" escaped his lips.

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"No more a spy than thyself, sirrah," was the angry retort. "I am a Catholic and an Irishman. Thy secret is safe in my hands as in thine own. Retract what thou hast said, or thou shalt pay dearly."

The peasant craved pardon, making answer:

"Judging by thy dress, gentle sir, I took thee to be a Saxon. I have maligned thee. Pray, hold me excused."

"Rise," was the dignified reply. "I swear to thee that I'd wreck my very life to shield yon aged priest from harm."

The peasant explained to him how on one occasion a spy had assisted at Mass in the hush of Dunbrody, and when Mass was over, had seized the devoted priest and sentenced him to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. "Therefore," he added, "it is no small wonder that we should wax fearful when a stranger is seen amongst us. Look yonder, across the river. There lives the priest-hunter, Richard Saunders. He has been sent to watch the abbey, and any priest that crosses his path is doomed."

"To watch the abbey!" repeated Devereux, slowly.

"Yea, to track the Holy Fathers, who were wont to linger round its walls. Alexander Devereux, the last Abbot, cursed be his name, when he became Bishop of Ferns set spies to watch the dismantled abbeys of his diocese. He hated Dunbrody more than all the rest."

"No wonder," answered his companion. "There could be no happy memories for him hanging round these grey walls."

"He never visited them again, after the 10th of March, 1539. On that day he saw his last of Dunbrody.

"Every year, when that day comes round, he walks the ramparts wreathed in flames, his white habit scorching in the glare of Hell, so the peasants tell me. I cannot satisfy thee more. Morning ripens into day, and the priest-hunter will be up betimes. I live with him, and it behoves me to attend his beck and call."

"What is thy name?" asked the astonished Devereux.

"Patrick O'Driscoll," was the reply; and he leaped through a chasm in the wall.

When Edward Devereux found himself alone, he collected his scattered thoughts, and looked out on the opening vista. A knot of trees grew on the opposite bank of the river Suir, concealing a

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mansion, whose chimneys sent up a column of smoke on the morning breeze.

A barge lay moored by the wharf, and taking his seat in the stern, Devereux steered himself across the river, and was fast approaching the home of the priest-hunter, Richard Saunders.

Chapter III.

A week after the incident described in our last chapter we find Edward Devereux again sauntering through the ruins of Dunbrody. His visit to Kilmannock (the residence of the priest-hunter) had proved fruitless. The latter had gone to Waterford, and would not return for some days. Therefore, our hero was forced to remain at the wayside inn in Ballyhack. He carried with him a letter of introduction from Lord Leonard de Grey, the Queen's Deputy in Ireland, and armed with this passport he felt secure of a warm reception.

The day on which our chapter opens was one of those serene vernal afternoons.

Devereux sat down on a knoll of heather, to rest himself and ponder over the myterious Mass which he had heard amidst the ruins. He was resolved to trace the footsteps of the priest, because he suspected his residence could not be distant. This resolution once formed, he put it in practice.

Ivy-clad nooks, tottering staircases, and balconies through which the wild rose and convolvulus twined, were each visited in turn. No sign of human life rewarded the explorer. On he went, disappointed, but not daunted. "The old priest could not wander far," he mused, and he climbed into a window to have a good look out.

A portico with twisted pillars overshadowed an ancient doorway, blocked up with masonry. A curtain of ivy shaded the front, and hung in dense masses from the top. Between the pillars, coarse matting was drawn, and the whole was covered with tar, interlaced with boughs.

"This is surely a hermit's cell!" exclaimed the delighted Devereux. But mastering his feelings, he paused, fearing to scare away the lonely dweller. Through the branches he perceived a figure moving, and his triumph was complete.

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Leaving his seat in the window, he let himself down gently, and drawing the ivy mantle aside, whispered: "A friend awaits you on the outside. Grant him an interview."

His only answer was the pipe of a robin, and the swish of the river below him.

Unabashed by the silence, he advanced into the centre of the bower, and peered into the tree above him.

The cell was tenantless, but bore every mark of recent habitation.

A quaint statue of St. Bernard stood high in the branches, with a dim lamp flickering before it.

A cross, made of planks, hung above the doorway, and the trunk of a tree served as a *prie-dieu*.

On the latter lay a missal, bound in cowhide, with a jewelled marker:

Strange blending of riches and poverty, gems and nakedness. "One of the missals of the abbey," thought Devereux, and he took up the book and read: "To the use of Brother Anselmo, priest of St. Mary's Abbey, Dunbrody."

A sense of loneliness crept over him, and he hurried from the spot, with his aspirations ungratified. The unknown hermit and he were strangers yet.

But hark! footsteps were approaching. The ivy curtain parted, and Devereux stood face to face with the priest whom he had seen celebrating Mass in St. Catherine's chapel.

"Thou hast tracked me for good or evil, son," said the latter, whilst with trembling hands he laid a pitcher of water on the ground. "I am in your hands."

"And thou shalt never forget it," answered the young man, falling on his knees, and craving a blessing.

His aged companion made the sign of the cross over him, and motioned him to sit down on the trunk of the tree.

"Thy name, child," he asked.

"Edward Devereux."

An expression of intense pain shot across the features of the old priest at mention of the well-remembered name.

"That is a name fraught with direful recollections to any monk of Dunbrody. Thou hast a guileless look, and thy face

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tells me that thou wilt guard the trust I place in thee. Let me recount to thee my tale since the suppression of the abbey."

Then he related the history of Dunbrody's fall.

"Ah, well I mark the day," he said, "when Alexander Devereux sat in the chapter room and summoned the brethren to sign away the birthright of the abbey for a mess of pottage. To their shame be it recorded that forty of the brethren subscribed their names to the cursed document, whilst forty refused. Thank God! I found myself amongst the latter. Then followed a flood of persecution for those who remained true. The Abbot, Alexander Devereux, got the mitre of Ferns for his reward, whilst the minor brethren were pensioned off. Spies prowled round Dunbrody, and the price set on the head of a Cistercian was the same as that given for a wolf's."

Then the priest told him how he had taken refuge in the house of Patrick O'Driscoll, and remained there until the death of Alexander Devereux.

Drawing aside a wooden slide in the wall, both men found themselves in a dark chamber, richly grained.

"This is my dormitory and kitchen combined," said Father Anselmo, with a smile. A fire smouldered at one end, over which an iron pot hung suspended. In the glare Devereux beheld the richly-carved windows, the tracery of the walls, and the cusps and crockets that grouped themselves round the empty niches.

"This is the under story of the chapter room," remarked the priest, "formerly used as a sacristy. The remnant of its ancient glory is represented by these vestments," and he opened the iron chest that Devereux had seen with Patrick O'Driscoll in the abbey.

Devereux told Father Anselmo of the night he had spent during the hurricane, of the mysterious Mass, and his fracas with the peasant lad. The priest smiled at the latter adventure.

"Patrick O'Driscoll has been a true friend of mine," he said, "though somewhat boorish. Come, my child, thou lookest faint, and needest refreshment. Hospitality has ever been a characteristic of our Order, and thou must dine with me to-day."

From a niche he produced a flask of grand chartreuse wine, and a loaf of bread.

Whilst Devereux partook of the viands, his host told him how

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O'Driscoll was employed by the priest-hunter, Richard Saunders. A priest of Dunbrody Abbey was also engaged in the same service. His name was Father Patricius.

"It was this good father thou sawest serving my Mass that morning in the chapel of St. Catherine. On such occasions he dons the Cistercian habit, but he wears no shaven crown at Kilmannock. *There*, he is clothed in his master's livery, as waiting man. He and I meet by stealth within these walls to break the Bread of Life to the famishing people."

Wonder after wonder crowded on Devereux after the recital of this strange history.

Before his meal was finished he entreated his host to partake of some refreshment.

"Water from the well is my beverage, and salt and potatoes my meat. My years number seventy-five summers; fifty-five of these have been wedded to religion. The wine you have drunk was presented to our late Abbot, by our brethren of the Grand Chartreuse Monastery in France. This flask survived the general wreck. Drain it to the dregs, my son. It is both meat and drink."

Evening was falling, and the guest was about to take leave of his host. He rose, and finding the letter of introduction from Lord Leonard de Grey to Richard Saunders, he showed it to his companion.

The latter told Devereux that the wife of the priest-hunter had died a Catholic, having given birth to a daughter. At her dying request she was buried in the adjacent cemetery of Dunbrody.

The young man listened attentively. Startling revelations met him at every turn. Raising his hand to draw aside the ivy curtain, he started back. Two figures were approaching—an old man, and a young girl.

"Father and daughter," said the priest. "Richard Saunders, and his daughter, Amy. Extinguish the lamp, and follow me."

The next moment they were groping along a dark passage. A boulder obstructed their course, and a ray of sunshine penetrated the damp walls, revealing to them that release was at hand.

Another moment, and they were free—Edward Devereux stood beside the iron gate through which he first entered Dunbrody, and Father Anselmo disappeared down a line of shattered columns.

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CHAPTER IV.

The budding leaves of April had given place to the flowers of June, and still Edward Devereux lingered at Kilmannock.

Lord Leonard de Grey's letter of introduction proved to be a talisman, and Richard Saunders found in his new acquaintance a pleasant companion with whom to pass the summer evenings. His daughter Amy was too childlike to share her father's pastimes, and he turned to Devereux with a sense of relief. They rambled and went hawking together, and every subject was broached except religion.

Saunders believed his friend to be a staunch Protestant; but bigotry, not religion, was the creed of the priest-hunter, and he troubled himself little about either unless there was money in question. Then avarice asserted its dominion, and no mountaineer ever tracked the shy chamois with more dogged persistency than he did, the priest.

It was not a preference for Kilmannock or its owner that detained Edward Devereux—a captive.

He loved Amy Saunders with all the freshness of a first love. But what were her feelings towards him? This was a question which sorely perplexed him, and set his soul seething with jealousy. Her reserved manner proved too high a barrier for even a votary of Cupid's to scale, and he lived on, uncertain of his fate.

Of one fact he felt certain: Patrick O'Driscoll loved the high-born maiden. Many a time when Devereux looked out from his host's library, he would see sweet Mistress Amy in her broad-rimmed hat, sauntering down through the parterres, escorted by Patrick O'Driscoll.

The latter was not so boorish as he appeared. From the first, Saunders liked the lad, and had him instructed in English literature. Later on, he was taught classics, and at the time of Devereux's arrival, was on the eve of being appointed secretary to his master.

The visitor willingly took up the position when Saunders offered it to him, and under this pretext he whiled away his time at Kilmannock, keeping Amy in view.

An estrangement set in between O'Driscoll and Devereux.

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They met at Dunbrody to hear Mass, and they assisted Father Patricius in his household duties, but there the intimacy ended. They avoided each other, each knowing the other was aiming at the same prize.

Devereux resolved at last to make Father Patricius his confidant in the love affair. He told him of his rival, but the priest only laughed at his jealous fears.

"Ask Mistress Amy herself, and abide by her decision," he at last hazarded. "Methinks she loves no man at present."

This was but scant comfort, but it was a balm to hear her heart was free. He longed for an opportunity to learn his fate, and chafed under the delay.

One morning, when O'Driscoll had crossed the river to visit his sick mother, Devereux sought the priest-hunter's daughter.

Aimée (well beloved) was an appropriate name for the maiden. She was the beau ideal of a Saxon damsel. Her hair was flaxen, and her eyes blue as the forget-me-not.

Her expression was changing as the light on a summer sea—one of those faces that shine forth from the opal-tinted canvas of Fra Angelico.

"Straying here alone, Mistress Amy?" whispered her lover, when he found her by the river side, plucking herbs.

"Yea," she answered gaily; "awaiting the return of O'Driscoll. He has carried some ointment to his sick mother, distilled by me from the marsh-mallow," and she held up a nosegay.

Unknown to Amy, Father Patricius and O'Driscoll had crossed over to attend the woman's dying bed. Time was running on, and Devereux's riddle had not been solved. He watched the opposite bank of the river with feverish excitement, dreading to see O'Driscoll appear.

"Perchance, thou art in love, fair one?" he said softly.

"With whom, gentle sir?" was the questioning answer.

"With O'Driscoll," faltered Devereux, averting his eyes from her astonished gaze.

"He is a trusty menial," she said calmly. "Thine is a bold question to ask of any maiden; and one which any modest wench would scorn to answer." Devereux turned away humbled to the dust.

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"A hundred pardons, Mistress," he said humbly. "Breathe not to thy father that I have invaded the secrecy of thy heart. He would resent it. Still, I declare to thee, in spite of what has passed, that tho' thou dost not love *me*, I love *thee* with all my soul," and he knelt down before her. "Tho' thou sendest me from thy sweet presence forever, yet, the truth must be told."

Amy moved slowly away, leaving her lover alone on the river-side. She cast a shy look backwards, and blushed.

There was a huzzah from the opposite bank, and O'Driscoll and Father Patricius hailed to Devereux to unmoor the boat, and push it across.

CHAPTER V.

It was the 15th of August, and the Abbey of Dunbrody assumed some relics of its bygone ceremonial. Richard Saunders had gone to Waterford with a heavy escort, and Father Anselmo left his hiding-place with a free heart.

The altar groaned under the weight of rare exotics plucked from the parterres of Kilmannock. Ivory lilies and crimson cacti blended with the blue salvia, and garlands of passion-flower hung between the candlesticks.

But why this wealth of flowers and flickering lights?

Amy Saunders was about to be baptized, and after the ceremony she was to be married to Edward Devereux.

Our readers will infer, truly, that the interview beside the river had borne fruit, and that Devereux had made inroads into the English maiden's heart. Patrick O'Driscoll had accompanied his master to Waterford. He was glad to escape the ordeal of seeing his mistress become another's bride. A large congregation mustered in the abbey that morning.

Father Patricius had said an early Mass, and now awaited the arrival of Fr. Anselmo. Clad in white, with sprays of jasmine in her hair, Amy Saunders knelt before the altar beside her betrothed.

With feeble footsteps, Father Anselmo advanced to the baptismal font, and called on the neophyte to approach.

The regenerating waters flowed over her head, and she arose clothed in the baptismal robe of innocence, symbolized by the starry jasmine that crowned her head.

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Edward Devereux pressed forward and kissed her hand.

The ancient ceremonies of Dunbrody were revived, and tears chased down the cheeks of the two Cistercian fathers when they saw the font used for the first time since the suppression of the abbey.

Father Anselmo had kept it carefully treasured in his sanctum, and to-day its slender shaft was wreathed with ferns and lilies.

The altar shone amidst a blaze of waxen tapers, and Fr. Anselmo began to celebrate the nuptial Mass. The last Gospel had been reached, when a panic amongst the crowd was perceptible.

There was a cry of: "Away, holy Fathers! Master Saunders has landed from Waterford, and has seen the light from the river. Even now he is but three paces behind me!" exclaimed Patrick O'Driscoll, rushing in amongst the people.

Flight was impossible. Face to face stood the conflicting parties. Edward Devereux was the first captured, and next, Father Patricius.

"Base knaves!" shouted the infuriated priest-hunter. "Hold them fast, gentlemen!"

There was a wild scuffle.

Amy advanced towards her father, and flung her arms round his neck, but he threw her off.

"I'll not leave thee, father," she cried, "till thou promisest free pardon to Edward Devereux and the two priests!"

"Devereux!" repeated Saunders, with a laugh, "he shall pay for his treachery. He that shared my rooftree and hospitality, and enticed my child to share in his morning orgies? No, no; he shall meet his doom, and also that sleek-tongued valet of mine, who wears the white rag of popery," and he pointed to the habit worn by Father Patricius. "No; they shall all die!"

Still clinging to him, Amy Saunders sued for mercy. "Spare me at least the old priest's life! I'll not leave thee until thou sayest yea. Edward Devereux is my betrothed husband. See, here is the ring which binds me to him as his future bride. His life thou must give me likewise, or take mine own. I could not live without him," and she swooned away.

"Have the old man for your prize," said her father, raising her up. "His days are numbered."

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The reprieve came too late.

Hurrying away under the escort of Patrick O'Driscoll, a random ball pierced Father Anselmo's shoulder. In a few moments the aged priest expired, holding the hand of the faithful peasant.

Father Patricius and Edward Devereux were surrounded by soldiers, and marched down the nave of the abbey.

Pausing under the western window, the latter spoke his last adieu.

"Farewell, sweet Mistress Amy, my bride-elect, adieu," and his eyes sought her prostrate form.

"Farewell, my kind friend, Father Anselmo. Martyr in desire. Thy palm-branch is already dappled with ruby drops. Thou art dead. I see it by thy rigid face. *My* palm-branch has not yet been culled. Pray for me, that I may bear it victoriously to the gates of Heaven. Pray also for thy fellow-workmen, Father Patricius, that when we three meet above, we shall all wave joyously our palm-branches of martyrdom. The executioner's blade is keen, and death for treason, cruel. Pray, therefore, pray that our constancy may not waver. Adieu. Mistress Amy, thou dost not hear my last words, but tell my sweet one the message from her betrothed."

Every word sank deep into Patrick O'Driscoll's heart. From his post beside Father Anselmo's corpse he beheld the cortège wind through the abbey doorway.

Rising quickly, he beckoned to the band of soldiers to stop their march, and approaching Edward Devereux, whispered in the Celtic tongue: "Gentle sir, from thee I crave forgiveness for any wrong I may have done thee in the past."

Then turning to Father Patricius, he said:

"In remembrance of the two years we have lived together under the same roof, forgive my shortcomings. They have been numerous, but lacking in malice. In thee I have found a true friend and counsellor on earth. When thou settest foot in the Heavenly Jerusalem, forget me not."

Both martyrs bowed their heads in acknowledgment, and Devereux spoke again.

"I beg of thee, Patrick O'Driscoll, to attend my execution in Waterford, a week hence. Bring with thee Mistress Amy to see

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me die. Don my best jerkin, bordered with sable, and my velvet cap, adorned with a heron's plume, so that none may know thee

"My sweetheart, Amy, must also be disguised, lest keen eyes track her unwary footsteps."

These instructions were delivered in the Irish tongue, and were unintelligible to the English soldiery.

"Too long have we hearkened to this jargon!" shouted Saunders. "Proceed, gentlemen. A barge lies at the river's bank to convey the Popish knaves to Waterford."

That 15th day of August was written deep in the minds of those who had assembled in the flush of morning in vain hopes of seeing Edward Devereux and Amy Saunders united in wedlock.

The remaining hours were spent by the bride-elect in a faint, broken at intervals by sobs and delirium. She was carried to Kilmannock, and her windows carefully muffled lest she should see the funereal barges creep along the river.

That night the peasants buried Father Anselmo in the cemetery, consecrated four hundred years before, by Harlewin de Marisco, Bishop of Leighlin.

A carpet of wild-flowers spread its floral mantle over the Cistercians sleeping beneath. Wooden crosses planted at intervals showed that the faithful still cling to this ancient burial place.

They rested the thin hands on the old man's breast, draped the white habit on the emaciated form, and drew the cowl over the head. No coffin enclosed the remains. According to the Cistercian rite, the religious are buried in the clay. At the conclusion of the ceremonial, the words "Requiescat in pace" were omitted. The soul of Father Anselmo had hours before soared high amongst the jewelled palm-branches borne by martyr hands

CHAPTER VI.

It was two hours past midnight. Dunbrody Abbey stood clearly out against the murky sky.

Suddenly a swish was heard in the river, and two barges cast anchor under the abbey walls.

In one of them a young girl reclined. Two men urged forward the craft with their oars, drawing behind them a second barge, bearing no living occupant.

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From bow to stern a covering of coarse canvas was tightly drawn, concealing two corpses—earthly tabernacles, that formerly held the spirits of Father Patricius and Edward Devereux.

The double execution had been enacted in Waterford, and Patrick O'Driscoll and Amy Saunders had been present.

Through the mediation of Lord Leonard de Grey the death sentence had been mitigated, and the gibbet had spared the martyrs from the cruel fate of being hanged, drawn, and quartered.

Edward Devereux and Father Patricius mounted the scaffold with a firm step. Patrick O'Driscoll fought his way to the platform where the victims stood bound.

Amy Saunders hung on his arm.

They were both disguised, but not so densely as to escape the notice of the doomed men.

Devereux recognized his fiancée, and smiled so sweet a smile into her eyes, that the memory of it never left her heart.

Richard Saunders rode up and down, issuing orders for the prompt execution of the martyrs, unaware that he had jostled his own daughter in the crowd.

The bloody deed was done, and the multitudes swayed to and fro under the gibbet.

The executioner cut down the rope, and gashed the throats of his victims to make sure they were dead. Then tossing the bloody cloth that had wiped his knife, into the crowd, his work was over.

A forest of hands rose to catch the relic, but O'Driscoll standing so near to the platform, ran a surer chance, and he secured the trophy without difficulty.

An hour afterwards, a stone from the mob struck Richard Saunders. He fell from his saddle, and was carried into Reginald's Tower in Waterford. There he lay insensible for hours. O'Driscoll profiting by the confusion, bribed his henchmen to give him the bodies of the martyrs, and bearing away the holy remains, he carried them in barges down the river to Dunbrody, for interment.

A group of peasants met them at the abbey wharf, and lifted the relics up the incline to St. Mary's chapel. Amy Saunders followed, with broken heart, the sad cortège. Dreams of the past came sweeping through her mind in an angry torrent. She felt alone in the world. No priestly hand to pour the balm into her

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wounded spirit! Father Anselmo and Father Patricius gone! Her lover, he would never again stand by her side to cheer her on through life's journey! No wonder her grief moved the sternest hearts, and her wan face brought tears to eyes that had never wept before.

The bodies lay waking all night.

The white lids shadowed the eyes, a placid smile hovered around the pallid lips of the brave ones, who now beheld Heaven's glory, and sang its eternal Alleluias.

"Who could have the heart to lure thee back again?" exclaimed Amy Saunders, kneeling down and kissing her lover's marble forehead.

"Not thine own Amy, though her spirit is riven in twain for love of thee. Adieu, my betrothed, till we meet again."

Patrick O'Driscoll lowered the bodies into their narrow graves, and read aloud the burial service.

When the words "*Requiescant in pace*" occurred in the ritual, he substituted the invocation, "*Orate pro nobis.*"

Well he might do so. Those he summoned to his aid were flitting through the white-robed martyr ranks, with the ruby drops of their blood flashing back from their palm-branches.

Conclusion.

Four years have passed since we last met Amy Saunders. She is now mistress of Kilmannock. Her father, Richard Saunders, died from the effects of the blow he received in Waterford, and she inherits his vast domains.

True to her martyred lover's memory, she listens to no suitor's advances.

Her daily occupation is to tend the sick and poor round Dunbrody, and keep the graves of the martyrs bright with flowers.

Patrick O'Driscoll has married, and lives with his family in a wing of the mansion.

At his mistress's desire he has built a stout wall round the leafy cell where Father Anselmo dwelt. He has carried to Kilmannock the well-mended alb and jewelled missal, and he has hedged round the baptismal font where Amy Saunders was baptized.

Marble crosses are planted over three green mounds in the abbey cemetery. Surmounting each cross waves a feathery palm-branch. Our readers will guess the names of those who lie beneath—Anselmo, Patricius, Edward,—*Orate pro nobis.*

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THE PRESENTATION OF OUR LORD.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.



AS not some tender soul alive to influences, unseen, indeed, but powerful over one attuned to spiritual things, in that city of Bethlehem thenceforth to be called "not the least of the princes of Judah," on the last day of January in the year one of our Christian era, haunted by a sense of loss, as if some source of peace had departed from the little town—departed not to be recovered, until, perhaps, thirty years after, a rumor came to her ears of a great wonder-worker, and a preacher whose face, and the tones of whose voice, once seen, once heard, could never be forgotten; and seeking His presence, felt coming back to her the same sense of peace which possessed her, during almost forty days, in her old home in Bethlehem? For on this last day of January of the year one, in the grey of the early winter morning, Joseph, carefully lifting his virgin spouse, places her on the same donkey which bore her so safely from Nazareth, entering Bethlehem on the evening of the 24th of December. Her blue mantle is drawn too far over her face, drawn too closely around her slender figure, to allow her features to be seen; but it is plain that she carries in her arms an infant, young, and most precious. The stable is again left to the patient oxen, and this family of three takes its way, northward indeed, as if for Nazareth, but really for Jerusalem, there to pay fealty to the law of Moses by presenting this first-born Son in the temple, and redeeming Him as the poor redeemed their sons, by the offering of "a pair of turtle doves, or two young pigeons."

The journey, short as it is compared with that from Nazareth, is rich in associations to the mind of Mary. Instructed as she has been in the noble and touching history of her people, and familiarized by her life in the temple with every detail of Sacred Writ, she no sooner comes in sight of Ramah than she thinks of the lovely and beloved Rachel, laid in her tomb by the sorrow-

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ing Jacob while still on his journey from Mesopotamia, and "in the springtime, as he so touchingly relates, when the turf, now chilled by the December and January frosts, was bright with bloom. It has always seemed sad to Mary that Rachel must die thus in the freshness of a life so blessed by love; and then, too, the cry of the weeping prophet, Jeremiah, had given still another touch of pathos to the tomb of Rachel, whom he saw sitting by the wayside and weeping for the children of her descendants on their way to captivity: "A voice in Ramah, lamentation and great weeping; Rachel weeping for her children, and will not be comforted because they are not;" and she presses her babe closer to her bosom under her blue mantle, for the first time realizing what it must be to a mother to lose her little one.

Joseph advises short rides and long rests, and they enter the gate of Jerusalem only towards nightfall on their second day's journey. It is in the early morning of the second day of February that Mary, with her Babe in her arms, and accompanied by Joseph, makes her way to the temple so familiar to both; but how rich is this Virgin Mother now, above all the daughters of Jerusalem; and how infinitely fairer than any babe in the palaces of its princes, though attended by a score of serving women, is this Divine One she is sheltering on her bosom! Never did the sunlight fall on the temple, she imagines, as on this morning, and never were her feet so light; for this Little One never lies heavily on the arm of its Mother, has never given her one moment of weariness, one twinge of pain. She looks at no one as they ascend the steps of the temple, as they pass into the shadow of its marble courts. She knows that she is bringing to the temple the Messiah so long promised, yet she claims nothing for Him anymore than for herself. The hand of Joseph bears the basket in which are the turtle doves, cooing, as is their wont, and they pass swiftly on to the priest who is to receive their humble offering.

But who is this coming to meet them, impelled by a spirit of prophecy, telling him that the promise of God, that he should "not see death before he had seen the Christ of the Lord," is to be fulfilled? The prophecy is not unknown to Mary, and as the venerable figure of the aged Simeon meets her eyes, a wonderful joy springs up in her heart, for she knows that he will recognize

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in this Babe of days the longed-for Messiah. To Simeon, as to herself and her beloved spouse, He will not be a first-born son to Joseph and to his wife Mary, the daughter of Joachim and Anna, but "the Mighty One, the Counsellor." "Emmanuel" Himself, as predicted by Isaiah; and the human heart of the mother and the superhuman, Immaculate heart of the Virgin Mother of God leaps with a joy as humble as it is intense at the voice of Simeon, for no sooner does he see the Babe in the arms of His Mother, sheltered by her mantle, than he reaches forth his own arms, withered with age, for the Child, and holding Him to his breast, breaks forth into an anthem of pathetic thanksgiving: "Now, O Lord! dost Thou dismiss Thy servant in peace, according to Thy word. Because mine eyes have seen Thy salvation which Thou hast prepared in sight of all nations: a light for the illumination of the gentiles, and for the glory of Thy people, Israel."

But it is not Simeon alone who comes to meet these gentle spouses, bearing the turtle doves as a ransom for a first-born son. Anna, the daughter of Phanuel of the house of Aser, "departing not from the temple, but by fastings and prayers worshipping day and night," is drawn by the same irresistible influence which brought Simeon from his home, and at the same hour, giving praise herself to the Lord, and calling on others to recognize in this Babe the Messiah of Israel. The whole is like a burst of song, chiming sweetly in the memory of Mary and of Joseph, with the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* of the angels in Bethlehem, a part of the same great symphony of the Incarnation and its triumphs.

But the joy is not all. As the aged Simeon lays the Child again into the arms of the Mother, a refrain, in that minor key in which his pathetic thanksgiving has been made, comes from his heart as if he could not keep it back, overmastering his joy in the Babe, his compassion for the tender Mother. Blessing them, he says to Mary: "Behold, He is set for the fall and the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted."

Holy Babe! Blessed Mother! Acknowledged in His own temple, only to hear a prophetic voice declaring that He shall be "a sign to be contradicted!" Resistance stubborn, hate implacable, cruelty relentless—all this do the words of Simeon mean, and they

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jar on the fine chords of Mary's inmost heart with a pain not to be told. And still, as if this gentle old man Simeon would crush out every bud of joy in the young life of the Mother of the Infant Messiah, he adds: "And a sword shall pierce thine own soul, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed!"

Already has the sword entered that tender soul; already has the cup of anguish been pressed to her lips. The future will only reveal, with a terrible distinctness, the details of the predicted sorrow, while the heart will keep the memory of the prophecy as a perpetual reminder of what the future has in store for this "sign to be contradicted" by His generation! Thenceforth "the lonely heights of Mary's holiness," as Saint Jerome, that old doctor of the fifth century, says in his sermon on the Assumption, have a dramatic sublimity charged with an atmosphere of sorrow, and the first of her Seven Dolors is the prophecy of Simeon on the morning of our Lord's Presentation in the temple.

The possibilities of poetic representation contained in our fourth of the five Joyful Mysteries, was recognized from the first by Christian artists, and could not have been omitted in those series of pictures painted on the subterranean walls of Santa Priscilla and Santa Domitilla in the first and second ages, representing, continuously, events in the childhood of our Lord, but so obliterated as to be only guessed at by their connection with an occasional picture in good preservation. As a confirmation of this, we see the Presentation occupying a distinguished place, and also very large space, on that Arch of Triumph planned by Celestine I. in the fifth century, in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore; and, as is well known, treating the same subjects under the same types as those existing at that time in the cemetery of Santa Priscilla, in which this pontiff was laid at his death by his own request.

This takes up one-half of the width of the arch, the other half being occupied with the Annunciation. In this mosaic we see the Blessed Virgin, followed by two angels, and accompanied by St. Joseph, presenting her divine Son to Simeon. The priest is standing beside Simeon, and near them the prophetess Anna, who is followed by a crowd of people, while the modest offering of the turtle doves is recalled by a flock of doves near the door

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of the temple. The composition is full of grace and tenderness, and the coloring exquisite.

From this time, the Fourth Mystery of our Rosary enters into every series representing the life of our Lord, in apse or sanctuary, of the Old World. It is found, also, in our own day, among the "Forty Illustrations of the Four Gospels," by Overbeck, with a charming grace of conception; lacking, however, the beloved figure of Saint Joseph, for which it is hard to account. But with all these in mind, we turn to the Presentation of our Lord in the Temple by Raphael with ever-increasing delight. Nothing is lacking here of the Scripture narrative, while the grace of the Virgin Mother, the loveliness of the Infant, the devout joy of the aged Simeon and Anna, with the attendants of the prophetess, are given with a beauty truly worthy of Raphael. It is one of his early pictures, and it has the same air of springtime innocence as his Espousals of the Blessed Virgin to Saint Joseph, painted at nearly the same period. This picture, originally one of three compartments of the predella to the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, is still one of the pearls of the Vatican gallery, under the guardianship of holy pontiffs. To us it may well be an incentive to an ever-increasing love and devotion in the recitation of this decade on our beads, to remember that the same devotion inspired the artist of the underground cemeteries of the first age, and the mosaic worker of the fifth, as well as that almost superhuman genius of the fifteenth century, in their representations of a mystery commemorating our Lady's sorrows, as well as her joys.

A FRAGMENT.

ALBERT REINHART, O. P.

I FEEL the touch of gentlest hands; I hear
A voice, the first, the sweetest e'er I knew,
There is an eye that kindles mine with cheer
Though stubborn tears their lustre will bedew.

Ah, me! far, far upon a distant hill
Those hands are clasped beneath the heaving sod,
That sweetest voice in death is hushed and still,
That eye is fixed upon the face of God.

And yet I know while throbs this heart of mine
That touch, that voice, that eye, will dwell with me.
Then cheer thee, fainting heart; do not repine—
What some call death has taken naught from thee.

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SKETCHES OF VENEZUELA.

REV. BERTRAND COTHONAY, O. P.

IV.

SAVANA-GRANDE was much resorted to by the seminarians of Caracas during their leisure hours. The church possessed a fine establishment in that place, where the clerical students spent their holidays. Twenty years ago the Government appropriated to itself this property. In the same village, a house, now in ruins, was shown to me, which Humboldt is said to have occupied during his stay in Venezuela in 1799. An additional object of interest in the parish is a hot spring. It gushes forth in bubbles, and forms a stream, the blue waters of which seem to be impregnated with soap. These waters have this peculiarity: they are hot in the morning time, and become cold as the sun advances towards the zenith. In the evening the waters are only lukewarm.

Not far from this remarkable spring there is an old house, well-preserved for its age. Finding its dimensions extensive, I was led to think that it was occupied by a numerous family. It stands upon a very handsome site, at the foot of the mountain, and a short distance from two streams of crystal water. Surrounding it are magnificent groves of gigantic trees, whose huge trunks have doubtless outstripped the present century by some years. The only inmates of the dwelling were some negroes and half-breed Indians. Upon my asking them what had become of their masters, they made answer that their masters were now all dead, and that they themselves, the former dependents, are the masters to-day.

Regarding this, some interesting facts were related to me. The house, along with the spacious grounds that surrounded it, belonged to the Avila family, one of the first and most illustrious to settle in the valley of Caracas, and which very probably gave its name to the mountain near the metropolis. In the last century, the representative of the Avila family was known by the

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name of Don Gregorio. His two daughters embraced the cloistered life, while his sons all became priests or religious. Don Gregorio himself received Holy Orders after the death of his wife. There remained no immediate heirs of this sacerdotal family. At the death of the last of them, all the riches of the family passed into the hands of their slaves, who had obtained their liberation a long time before the abolition of slavery. And it is in this way that the slaves have become the owners of their masters' fortune. One of the members of the Avila family became a Dominican, and in the chapel of their castle which has been carefully preserved, I met with an old and beautiful painting of Saint Dominic bearing a large Rosary, which is said to have belonged to this Dominican. The chapel is well provided with everything necessary for saying Mass, and it is adorned with several valuable pictures, and contains precious relics of many saints.

The Lazareto, or Leper Asylum, is situated midway between Savana-Grande and Caracas. About a hundred unfortunate patients live there, in an abandoned state. They seem to be faint-hearted, discouraged, and exasperated. They have no one to instruct them in their religious duties, or to speak to them of patience after the example of our Blessed Lord who has suffered upon the cross, and who has been likened to a leper by one of the prophets. As men and women live in the same house, with little or no superintendence, one can easily conceive the gross disorders into which the poor people are liable to fall, it being known that their loathsome disease brings about corruption in their blood, while it weakens their moral energy. Moreover, the lepers of Caracas are cared for by paid attendants, and often the care given them falls short of no care at all. Alas! the poor people need, as in the island of Trinidad, the disinterested care of nuns to afford alleviation to their physical malady, and at the same time to do good to their souls. Let us hope that the Government, which has made praiseworthy efforts to atone for the past, will soon commit the care of the unfortunate lepers to the nuns.[1]

[1] After having expelled all the nuns of the country from their convents, the Venezuelan Government, headed by men who have ably consulted the interests of their native land, has made an act of solemn reparation, in appealing to the charity of European nuns to instruct the children in the public schools, and to minister to the sick in the hospitals.

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An asylum, or rather a palace, for lunatics is being built near Caracas, in the locality of Catia, situated on lands which formerly belonged to the Church. This spacious establishment, which President Rojas acknowledged to be of public usefulness, contains large apartments for the nuns who care for the unfortunate patients. Up to this they lived in a house at Los Teques, where they suffered much from the scanty food and mean clothing afforded them. Their state was so disgraceful that a public functionary, whose leave I sought to visit the establishment, dissuaded me from my purpose, saying that it was a shame, and unbecoming for him to admit strangers to a house which was so badly kept.

I intended, before leaving Caracas, to make a pilgrimage to a sacred spot on which the convent and the church of my brothers in Saint Dominic have stood during the space of two hundred years. The chronicle written by Bishop Marti states that the exact spot was some two hundred paces distant from the present site of the cathedral. Instead of a place of devotion I found a public market on the then sacred spot.

There is nothing left, not even a stone upon a stone, of the great convent which in 1772 sheltered forty-eight Friar Preachers, and contained a vast assortment of works of art and literature. As regards the fine church of St. Hyacinth, with three aisles, and the chapel of the Tertiaries, so celebrated for its relics, paintings, countless indulgences, and spiritual benefits, as to deserve the name of "Roma chiquita," or little Rome,—of all this, nothing but a remembrance has survived. "Bestiæ silvæ transeunt per eam."

The Order of St. Dominic formerly owned no less than seven convents in Venezuela. These also have met the same fate as the church of St. Hyacinth. These convents were situated in Trujillo, Tocuyo, San Carlos, San Felipe, Cumana, Assumption in the Island of Margarita, and Santa Fe, in the Province of Barcelona.

One of the results of the Revolutions of the country is that the habit of St. Dominic is unknown. Whilst I traversed the towns and villages of the modern Republic, I was looked upon as a mysterious being transported from some foreign planet. One

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morning as I drove to San Pedro, the village church of which was built by Father Abreu, himself a Venezuelan of the Order of St. Dominic, I was joined by a worthy fellow riding an ass. For a time we journeyed along in silence. The Indian inspected me from head to foot, and it was easy for me to read the sentiments of amazement and wonder depicted in his countenance. At length I presumed to break silence: "Friend," I said, "you seem to be greatly astonished at seeing me. Have you never seen anyone clothed as I am?" "No," he replied, "this is the first time." And so saying, he kept his eyes riveted upon me.

"Well," I added, "what do you think of my habit?"

"Oh, sir!," he replied, "it may be fine clothing in the country from which you came, but here it is very ugly." Nevertheless, I soon gained my new friend's sympathy. I inspired him with so much confidence that before parting he said: "Father, do you think that if I make a vow to God, my estate will be freed from the plague of locusts?"

To the Venezuelans of to-day I would say that the Franciscan and the Dominican Fathers were the first apostles of their country. It was they who civilized and toned down the habits of the barbarous natives, and made the land accessible to Europeans, at the price of their hard exertions, of their sweat, and, on many occasions, of their very blood. By means of self-sacrifice, patience, and fortitude, they have succeeded in making the Indians submit to the yoke of Spain,—a hard task, as these poor Indians were for the most part of the time led to exasperation by the cruel treatment, ambition, and tyranny of their conquerors. This is an undeniable truth, grounded as it is upon numerous proofs, for all impartial historians say that if the natives of South America became Spanish subjects, it was due to the Religious of St. Francis and of St. Dominic, who first succeeded in making them Christians. Warriors could have exterminated these helpless tribes if they had chosen to do so, but they could never have succeeded in reclaiming them from their savage manner of living. Ever since the first years of the conquest, made in 1513 in Trinidad, and in 1520 in the neighborhood of Cumana, Dominicans who had come to preach the Gospel to the Indians had suffered martyrdom as the reward of their devotedness. For more than two centuries they

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founded numerous settlements of civilized Indians. They crossed the country in every direction, building churches, and implanting everywhere in the hearts of the inhabitants that lively faith which has survived in spite of revolutions and complete abandonment.

Among the bishops who held the see of Caracas, no less than eight belonged to the Order of the Friar Preachers. Two other Dominicans became bishops of Merida. All these prelates were powerful in work, and displayed valiant efforts to bring about the increase of religion and the improvement of their native land. Besides, not a few of their achievements are still extant.

One public action of a Dominican of Peru—Gonzales of Acuna—is worthy of mention. He became bishop of Caracas in 1670, and deserves the gratitude of his episcopal town for leading into canals the waters of the Catuche river, at his own expense. He made a present of his meritorious achievement to the municipality, which from that time levied a tax on water, with the express condition, however, that the bishop's house should ever be exempt from paying it. The kind office of this bishop of the seventeenth century which we have just recounted, was forgotten by the members of the municipality, and in 1828 Dr. Mendez, then bishop of Caracas, was called upon to pay the water tax for his palace. The prelate immediately brought forward the certificate of exemption, fortunately preserved in the archives, and the civil authorities were forced to retract. At present the Archbishop's house still enjoys the privilege of exemption from the water tax.

It was the same Gonzales of Acuna who founded the seminary of Caracas, where many zealous and learned priests have been educated. The seminary was called after the name of his illustrious country-woman, St. Rose of Lima. Moreover, Bishop Gonzales had taken an active part in the work of canonization of the first Dominican saint of South America,—the glorious St. Rose.

To the other Dominican bishops of Venezuela we may justly apply the words which a writer of Caracas has said of all the bishops of the New World: "America has had many holy and learned bishops, whose memory we must ever cherish."

The five dioceses of the Republic contained, in 1889, 639 parishes, of which 567 were provided with churches. The number of canons was 38, vicars-general 44, parish priests 241, vicars 14,

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chaplains 20. The entire population of Catholics was 2,075,245.

At the beginning of the Revolution, which had broken out with bursts of insanity throughout the land, the first victims made to suffer were those very pioneers of civilization,—the members of religious orders, for their irreproachable lives censured the vices of those charged with the government of the country. This work of iniquity was achieved under the administration of Guzman Blanco. Almost all the religious of the land had already gone to seek refuge in foreign climes; the convents of women were mercilessly depopulated, and the rebels pretending to have acted righteously. But, as I have already stated, the Government has lately made amends for past misdeeds, which it has recognized as highly prejudicial to the prosperity of the country. Hence the Republic has not only called over a hundred nuns from the continent of Europe, but has also fostered a native congregation, known by the name of the "Little Sisters of the Poor." This congregation, although recently founded, has been thriving in a surprising manner, aided, without doubt, by the blessing of the hand of God.

The origin of this religious community, first established in the village of Maïquetia, not far from the port of La Guayra, dates back only a few years. Its institution was a work so unexpected that it was brought about in spite of the efforts of impious men to extinguish the spirit of Christian faith in the hearts of the people. A certain priest of Maïquetia, a man truly according to God's own heart, had resolved to found an hospital in that village. For the purpose of attending the sick he assembled some charitable women, to whom he gave a religious habit. As the community had no means of support, the zealous priest, their founder, was forced to let them go about for alms. The number of these pious women increased with time, and at present they number more than thirty. An establishment meant to serve as a house of refuge for old men was built some time ago in Caracas, under the direction of the new Sisters, and their charitable services are being claimed all through the Republic for the erection of similar establishments. The good and kind-hearted priest of Maïquetia is quite surprised to be styled the founder of a religious order. "Not a day passes," he told me, "without bringing to him some remarkable

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proof of the blessing of Divine Providence upon all his undertakings."

This religious congregation has been formed of a variety of elements. The day on which I visited Maïquetia, a young lady entered the novitiate, and another took the habit on the same day. The first was a native of Columbia who had just returned from Italy. On the way to America she had travelled in company with some religious, whose edifying lives had led her to think of consecrating herself to God in the religious state. With these thoughts she disembarked at La Guayra, and paid a visit to the hospital of Maïquetia. The sight of these religious so fascinated her that she made this place the end of her journey, bade adieu, from a distance, to her country and to her father's house, and entered the novitiate.

The other young lady who took the habit the day I visited Maïquetia, was born in the Canary Isles. She and her mother were at that time on a visit to America, and about to leave this continent for the island of their birth. It happened that the steamer on which they were to sail was delayed for a day, and the mother and her daughter, after having paid their passage, went to see the hospital of Maïquetia. It was here that the grace of God was to take possession of the soul of the young girl. In spite of all the tears and entreaties of her mother, she had taken the resolution to become the humble servant of the poor for the love of God. The afflicted mother was obliged to set out alone for the Canaries, and her daughter remained in the Convent of Maïquetia, bathed in tears and heart-broken herself, but joyous, neverthelesss, for having gained, with the help of God's grace, such a victory over herself.

The Superior of the Community also spoke to me of the vocation of one of her postulants, which is still more wonderful. A young Italian lady attached to a theatrical company, then stationed at Caracas, came by chance to visit the hospital of Maïquetia. The result of her visit was that she asked to join the Community of the nuns when the time of her engagement as actress would expire. This was in two months. She was obliged to accomplish this remaining portion of her service, as she had given her word of honor to the association, and had received payment

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in advance. "And so," as the Superior of the Community said to me, "we have a postulant among the actresses of Caracas, who prepares herself for entrance among us by singing, and acting in plays."

The parish priest of Maïquetia is very devout to our Lady of Lourdes. One of the chapels of his parish church has been transformed into a grotto of Lourdes, to which numerous pilgrims resort from all parts of the Republic. Besides, he has published for several years, a weekly paper entitled, "The Echo of Lourdes." All this helps us to account for the extraordinary blessings granted to the once unknown and obscure village of Maïquetia. The new and fervent Community it now contains will do honor to the merits of its venerable founder, I confidently hope; and the generous nuns themselves, in multiplying their good works all over the land for the suffering members of mankind, will most effectually give glory to the Name of the Most High.

The Venezuelan Government, desiring to redress all past grievances, has also decreed that missionaries shall be brought over to preach the Gospel to the savage Indians, who are still to be met with in great numbers on the banks of the Orinoco, as well as on the frontiers of Columbia. There are some who accuse these praiseworthy measures of the Government as having been inspired by views of political interest. But it matters not, since Divine Providence not unfrequently makes use of human schemes to bring about the spiritual benefit of souls. It cannot be denied that the Queen of Spain, chosen as arbitrator, had handed over to Columbia that vast extent of land which connects the Republic with that of Venezuela. Had the Government of Caracas maintained the Spanish missionaries, the kingdom of Spain would have surely decided in favor of Venezuela. Nor is it less evident that if the Venezuelan Government had not put an end to the thriving missions on the banks of the Orinoco, the British Crown would not have thought of laying claim to the rich mines of Guiana.

But whatever may have been the intention of the Republic in asking for missionaries, whether disinterested or not, the fact remains that they have asked for Spanish Capuchin Fathers. Few members of this religious Order could be found to answer to the

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call of the Venezuelan Government; however, upon the express command of the Sovereign Pontiff, eight Capuchin Fathers left Spain for Venezuela. Strange to say, the Superior of the Convent in Spain to whom the Pope had applied for missionaries, was no other than the nephew of an illustrious Capuchin martyr, burnt at a slow fire on the banks of the Orinoco, during the wars of independence.

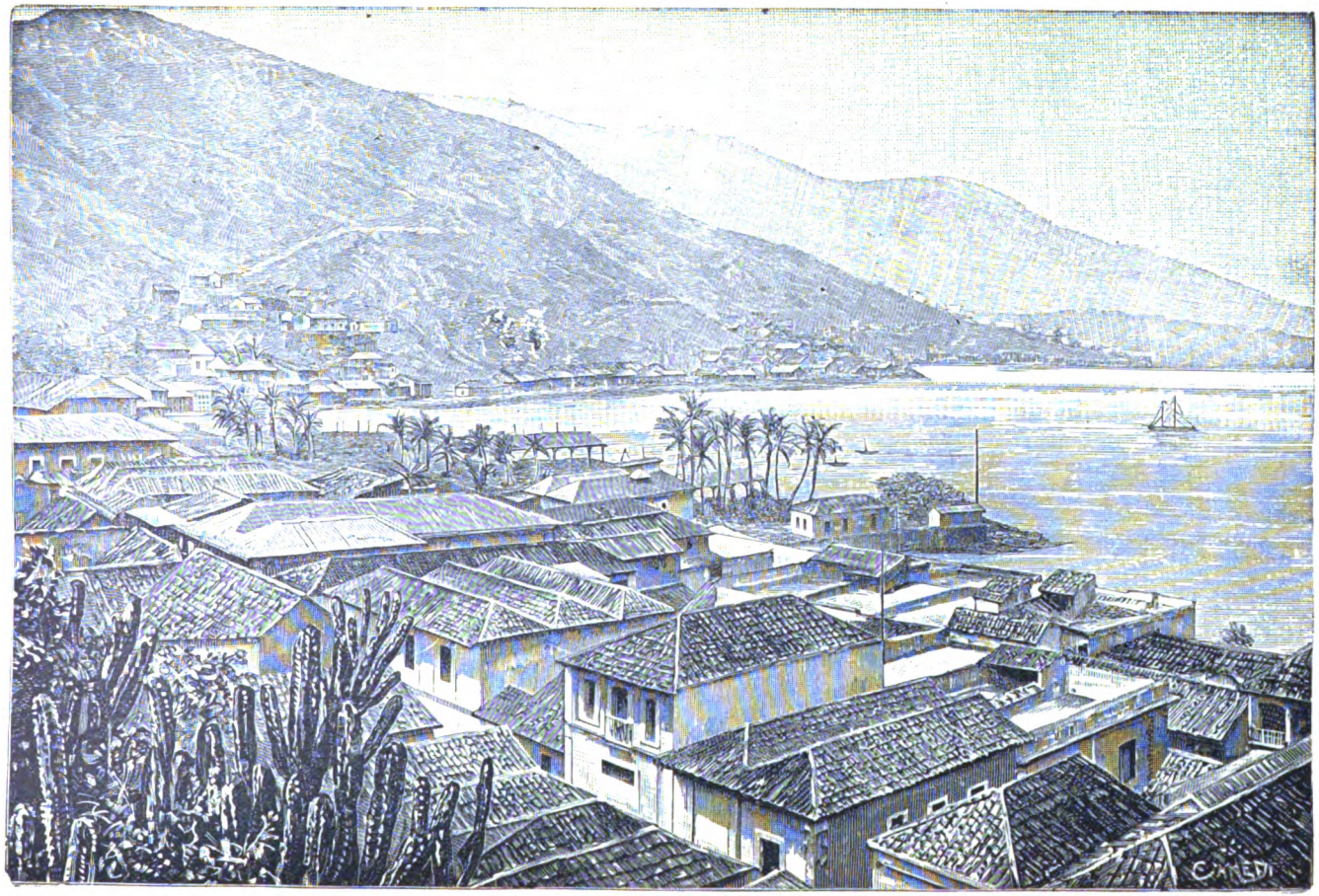
The expected missionaries at length made their entry in Caracas. A solemn "Te Deum" was sung in the cathedral to give thanks to Almighty God for their welcome arrival. On this occasion, the ceremony in church was attended with sympathy by a great number of Venezuelans who seemed to be well pleased on seeing the habit of Saint Francis again in their midst. The eight newly-arrived Capuchin Fathers remained in the sanctuary during the imposing ceremony, and beside them was a ninth, Father Olegario, parish priest of La Pastora, and the last survivor of a numerous mission that had come from Spain in 1840. This venerable Father thus serves as a link between past and present times. Father Olegario is looked upon as a saint by the inhabitants of Caracas. In days gone by, he had gained the esteem and admiration of Guzman Blanco himself. Although eighty years old, he is still vigorous.

I passed the festival of Christmas in the capital of the Venezuelan Republic, partaking of the well-known aïacas[1] of its hospitable inhabitants. I then took my departure by rail for La Guayra, from which I was to set sail for the island of Trinidad.

La Guayra, the seaport town of Caracas, is said to contain from seven to eight thousand inhabitants. It is built in the form of an amphitheatre, and stretches to the lesser ranges of Mount Avila. The church is large, and well kept. It contains an old crucifix, to whose supernatural virtue the people ascribe a great many and precious heavenly gifts. The jetty of this town, which extends some distance into the sea, affords easy access to the largest vessels. Moreover, this same town, along with the village of Maïquetia, with which it is connected, presents a most enchanting

[1] The aïaca is a mixture of chopped meat, Indian corn, dried grapes, a few olives and peppermint, the whole wrapped up in a leaf of the banana or fig tree.

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VIEW OF LA GUAYRA, VENEZUELA.

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sight when observed at night from a steamer in the harbor. Thousands of twinkling lights are reflected from the dark background of the mountain range, and seem to bid fair gales and a calm sea to all those who leave the shores of the Republic.

At an hour's distance, and in an easterly direction from the small town of La Guayra, stands the village of Macuto, which contends with Antimano for the title of the "Venezuelan Versailles." The inhabitants of Caracas come to Macuto to take sea-baths. Having laid out a fine park in this place, in which he had planted beautiful trees, Guzman Blanco was fond of Macuto, but a law existed which required that the President of Venezuela should not live outside the metropolis. He was equal to the emergency, and simply passed an enactment by which Macuto, though twenty miles distant, should be hereafter considered as forming part of the suburbs of Caracas.

On the 28th of December, when the setting sun was about to conceal the bright rays of one of his glorious days, I put to sea, and reached Trinidad during the last hours of the year.

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

By toil oppressed, by cares dismayed,
Dear Mother, do we seek thy aid.
Life's shadows fall around our way,
Be thou our guide from day to day.
From snares by luring tempters set
For those who would thy love forget;
From passion's fires, from falsehood's wiles
And foul deceit's delusive smiles;
From slander's shaft, from envy's dart—
The sins that pierce thy tender heart;
From love of self, the vaunting pride
That turns our faltering steps aside;
The heedlessness that flies thy care;
The wandering thoughts in times of prayer.
From loathsome sloth's corroding rust,
From prejudice's blinding dust,
From sinful fancies that efface
The impress of God's holy grace;
Ask of thy Son to set us free,
Queen of the Holy Rosary.

The road is rough and rude and long,
The foeman's cohorts fierce and strong;
Like feeble children, lo! we stand,
Kind Mother, stretch a helping hand,
And lead us by thy shining chain;
Though every step be trod in pain,
The Ave on each bead shall be
A vow of deathless love to thee;
Thoughts of the joys that thrilled thee here,
Will come, our fainting hearts to cheer;
Thy sorrows in Christ's Passion chide
The souls that flee the Crucified,
Till with His love they glow and burn,
Answering His call: "Return, Return;"
New strengthened by thy love to sing
The glorious triumphs of our King.
The coming of the Paraclete,
Thy glad Assumption, Mother sweet;
The crown thy meek obedience won,
Queen of the Kingdom of thy Son,
List to our prayers, we call on thee,
Queen of the Holy Rosary.

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THE FIRST SORROWFUL MYSTERY OF THE BEADS.

THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

VERY REV. J. L. M. MONSABRÉ, O. P.

"Jesus prayed a third time, saying the selfsame word."—St. Matt. xxvi. 44.

Is it not astonishing to hear of Him Who is very perfection that He repeated His prayer, as if it were not sufficient to express His desire to be at once heard? —In this sad and pious entreaty of Jesus Christ to His Father there is evidently a lesson for us.

It is not without a divine intention that the Evangelist described our Saviour's attitude in the Garden of Olives. He shows Him to us withdrawn in solitude, to teach us that every prayer must be recollected, that the agitation and tumult of the world are the enemies of recollection. He shows Him to us prostrate, with His Face to the ground, to teach us that prayer must be humble. Finally, by those words, "Jesus prayed a third time, saying the selfsame word," He teaches us that prayer must be persevering.

Of all the qualities of prayer, the most difficult to obtain from our levity, self-love, and languor is perseverance in prayer. To be recollected we willingly isolate ourselves. Most quiet, all alone, and all God's, hidden in some remote corner of the church, we humble ourselves before His holy majesty, protesting our unworthiness. But we soon belie these protestations by our impatience, murmurs, discouragement, when we do not obtain what we ask within the time fixed by our desires. We forget that prayer is not a command addressed to Heaven, and that if God has engaged His honor by these words, "Ask, and you shall receive," promising to hear every well-made prayer, prayer is only such inasmuch as it is persevering.

Does not a natural instinct teach us that importunity can overcome the resistances of those from whom we expect any benefit? Has not Jesus Christ caused us to understand by touching para-

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bles that He would grant to our importunity what He will have refused to our unworthiness? Has He not said to us: "That we ought always to pray, and not to faint"?[1]

The perseverance thus exacted from us is no superfluous quality. God asks it for His own glory. It is the least that by the continuity of the same acts He should obtain a satisfaction our fervor cannot give Him. Let us at least be persevering, since we cannot be humble or pious in our supplications.

Our own interest is joined to God's interest. We must not falsify our relations with Providence by arrogating to ourselves rights which are not ours. Were God to grant us at once all we ask, we might believe ourselves infallible in our choice of what is good, imagine these goods are our due, and prayer would thus nourish our pride and ingratitude.

God, in order to teach us that what we ask is not suitable, wearies us by long delays. God makes us wait, that we may measure the price of the graces He is about to grant us by the length of time taken to obtain them. Knowing all depends upon His goodness we will open our hearts by gratitude. What has long been desired is more appreciated, and the heart is more touched at having obtained it.

Not three times only, but a thousand times, if necessary, and even years, if it pleases God to keep us waiting, must we repeat the same prayer.

Whether infirm, sick, afflicted, betrayed, persecuted, let us ever pray to God, asking Him the selfsame thing. The time will come when you shall be heard, if not by the withdrawal of the evils, at least by the strength and patience imparted by divine grace.

Imperfect souls, languishing in the practice of your duties! — pray on to God, asking the selfsame thing. The hour of grace will come when it shall make you advance with a firm and resolute step towards the sublime goal of Christian life.

Mothers, spouses, parents, friends, desirous of the conversion of those dear to you! pray, pray, ever asking the selfsame thing. The time will come when you, too, will say with the father of the prodigal: "He was dead, and now lives."

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[1] St. Luke xviii. 1.

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A February Jingle.

Oh, the ice in the pond it is deep, deep, deep,
The ice it is strong, strong, strong;
And close together we keep, keep, keep,
And merrily skim along.

Across the pond we skate, skate, skate,
With never a thought of fear,
We give the lead to Kate, Kate, Kate,
While I bring up the rear.
Away we go! Away we go!
Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho!!
O-o-o-o-h!!!

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DICK BRENTLEY.

E. A. LEMAN.

THE steamship *Paris* arrived in New York one sunless morning, and among its passengers were Russell Keene and his niece, little Kate Prince, who was thirteen.

Kate was very pretty, and had blue eyes. Her voice was quite musical in tone, and broadly English in accent.

She was dressed in deep mourning, for her mother had been dead but a short time. Her style and manner showed her to be a girl of thorough taste and breeding.

"I hope you will like America, Kate," said her uncle. "Since New York is to be your permanent home now, I suppose you will get used to it, and forget all about London."

"I do not think I shall ever forget London, Uncle Russell," said Kate, sadly. "I had so very many happy days there, it will be impossible not to think of them."

"But your happy American days are soon to come," said Russell Keene. "Wait till you know Lottie and Dora—and Dick Brentley."

"I expect to enjoy myself immensely with my cousins, Lottie and Dora," said Kate, hopefully. "But you haven't told me, uncle, who is Dick Brentley."

"I must have told you of Dick."

"Then I don't remember it."

"Perhaps I didn't speak of him. He's the orphan of an old college chum. I'm Dick's guardian, just as I am yours."

"That gives you a great deal of guardianship, doesn't it?" said Kate, with a smile.

"Yes, indeed. I feel very much professed in it now. Dick was left in my care when he was three years old. Now he is fifteen, and full of fun. His great object in life seems to be to tease girls, especially sedate ones. Lottie and Dora can vouch for that."

When Kate arrived at her uncle's home, she was met by her

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aunt Josephine and Dick Brentley. The two sisters happened to be absent.

"You are here earlier than we expected," said Mrs. Keene, as she greeted them. "The girls and I intended to meet you at the steamer this afternoon."

"We reached the dock sooner than was calculated, Josephine," said her husband. "We got in very early this morning."

Dick Brentley seemed very pleasant and cordial to Kate.

When they were alone, he spoke to her with all the ease and friendliness that a month's acquaintanceship would have made.

"You haven't seen Lottie and Dora yet, have you?" said he, with a peculiar twinkle in his eye.

"That is a pleasure yet in store for me," answered Kate, with a smile. "Will they be as nice as you?"

Dick blushed at the compliment, but he was pleased just the same.

"Would you like me to warn you?" he asked, with the same twinkle again.

"Warn me? About what?"

"About the girls. In plain words, they are two terrors."

"Uncle Russell said I should like them."

"He doesn't half know what they are. They've been talking against you since their father spoke of bringing you to America. They've been awfully jealous ever since, but I've stood up for you like a brick all the time. When I saw the photograph Uncle Russell sent, I knew I should like you. I said so, and they got mad. I even said you were pretty, and they said you were very ordinary."

Some boys would have withheld such information as Dick gave Kate; but Dick was a fellow who did and said what he pleased, never stopping to think whether it was wise or proper.

"But when they know me they will like me," said Kate. "I don't think they will find anything in me to dislike."

"They'll dislike you whether they see anything or not. I know them. Did you ever read 'Cinderella'?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, they are very much like the two wicked sisters in that story. They'll turn you into a *Cinderella* without the cinders."

"You mean they will make me very unhappy?"

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"Yes. Once in a while they try to *Cinderella* me, but they always get the worst of it."

"I should be very sorry to have them treat me as you think they will."

"I'll help you out against them every time they worry you. When you feel like *Cinderella*, just count on me as the *cat*."

"You make me laugh, Dick. You don't look like a cat."

When met by her cousins, Kate soon saw that Dick was right.

Lottie and Dora Keene were spiteful in disposition, and did not try at all to be lady-like in their behavior.

From the start they treated Kate Prince with unconcealed disdain, and strove to annoy her at every possible chance.

One day Kate was thirsty, and she asked Dick to kindly get her a drink. Lottie and Dora sneered at a certain adjective she used.

"Did you hear the way she asked for that drink, Dora?" said Lottie, later on.

"No. What was it?"

"She wanted iced lemonade. Think of it, *iced* lemonade!"

"I guess she was hitting at us because we say *ice*," observed Dora, crisply. "We'll teach her two or three little lessons before we're finished with her."

"And isn't her accent horrible when she speaks?" continued Dora.

"Awful. She distresses me. I heard her say to mamma, 'I carn't get to sleep till arfter harf parst nine.' And a funny story always makes her 'larf.' And the 'clark' at the hotel told her this and that. Just think of it! Mamma's new name is *Arnt* Josephine!"

"What about the 'clark' at the hotel?"

"She meant the clerk. Then another one, a pretty 'varze' of flowers, instead of vase. Oh, I don't like her at all!"

"You don't like anybody but yourself," said Dick, just coming into the room. "Where is Kate?"

"How should we know? We are not maids. And regarding my likings, it's none of your business."

"Kate's a dandy, I think," said Dick, with his usual twinkle. "She is the only girl I know around here who speaks English as it should be spoken."

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"You don't say!" exclaimed Lottie, with an air and a haughty move of her red braids. "I wouldn't want your English."

"I'm awfully glad she's here. I like to hear her sing, too."

"Sing! Why, she doesn't know what singing is."

"Wait till you hear her once or twice."

"I heard her the other night. She sounded terrible."

"Uncle Russell and Aunt Josephine told her she was good."

"They only said that to encourage her. She is very bad. I can do better myself."

"You!"

"Yes, me. Dora says I sing charmingly."

"Dora says so. But who else?"

"None of your business," retorted Lottie, waxing angry. "Don't you stand there questioning me."

"I heard you trying to sing one night, and I nearly fainted. You have a nerve, Lottie, to say that."

"Don't you insult me, Dick Brentley!"

"Then don't you say things against Kate Prince. I won't put up with it!"

"You won't put up with it? Just listen to him, Dora!"

"No, I won't put up with it. I'm her *cat* now.'

"Her cat?"

"Yes; and I'm going to drink *iced* lemonade; and see if I carn't manage to stay awake till after harf parst nine; and I'm going to larf at every funny story."

"I don't know what you mean. You act like an imbecile."

"Well, I mean that I am going to imitate her manner of speaking, and if you don't like it, both of you can talk about me when I'm not around. If you want to fight Kate, you've got to fight me with her. I told her I'd stick to her."

"Just listen, Dora. She's been talking about us to him."

"No, she hasn't. She's above anything of that sort. That's what the trouble is here. She's too refined for both of you."

"If you talk to us in this fashion, ma and pa will be spoken to."

"You bet they will. And I'll do some of the speaking if you don't be careful."

Lottie and Dora continued to annoy and "cut" their English cousin for weeks and weeks.

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Dick was her gallant defender all the time, but there were many little instances in which Kate suffered during his absence. She was not the girl to tell of such instances. Instead, she bore her two cousins' snubs with remarkable patience, seeking consolation through the little beads she had brought with her from London.

Once when she was alone, Dick came upon her suddenly, and noticed the beads in her hand.

"What are they, Kate? They are deuced pretty."

"This is a ruby rosary. I say my prayers on it."

"I guess that's why you are such a nice girl. You look like a prayer."

"Do I?" laughed Kate, thinking the comparison a queer one.

"I'll bet my hat that if Lottie and Dora imitated you in praying, they wouldn't be so hard to get along with. I think I'll try to convert them."

"Let me give you a little advice, Dick. You won't mind if I speak frankly?"

"Not at all."

"Suppose you begin by trying to convert yourself?"

"But I'd better finish them first."

"No, Dick. You are a good fellow, and I like you. But you need a good deal of refining."

"They need any quantity of it."

"If you attempted to convert them, as you call it, they would get very angry. They would think you meant to tease them."

"That's so. Suppose you attend to them. That would be better."

"I think so. If I get you a rosary, will you use it?"

"Yes. Will you teach me how, for I don't know anything about church or praying, except 'Now I lay me.' It always struck me as being too easy. It doesn't take a minute to say, and it seems as if a fellow ought to do a little more than that, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Dick. If you will let me, I'll make quite a fine boy out of you."

"All right. Begin as soon as you like. Get me beads the color of yours."

Dick Brentley began to say the Rosary, and liked it. At first

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he felt like a saint, and imagined he would never go back to bicycles or baseball. But after a time he took a different view of the case, seeing no reason why religion should interfere with his amusements or sports; in fact, realizing his pleasures to be all the more enjoyable when God and His Mother were considered first.

Under Kate's influence he became quite attentive at church, and used often help her in adorning our Lady's altar with flowers.

Lottie and Dora finally grew tired of treating their cousin with contempt, and to please their own ends, became friendly toward her.

They even asked the little English girl, one Sunday, to let them see her beads, and from that time on things ran smooth, and promised happy results for the future.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

EDITH R. WILSON.

JESUS, Saviour, Light of Light,
Hear Thy little child to-night.
Oh, forgive me all the sin
I, this day, have fallen in;
For Thy tender mercy's sake
Care of all my loved ones take;
Bid Thy holy angels keep
Watch around me while I sleep.
Now I make Thy holy (✠) sign,
Make my heart Thy little shrine,
Where such thoughts alone may be
As I would Thine eye should see:
Mary, Mother undefiled,
Pray, oh, pray for me thy child;
And do thou, my angel-guide,
Lead me safe to Jesus' side.
Blessed Jesus, Light of Light,
Hear the prayer I make to-night:
Father, Son, and Spirit, Three,
Bless me, Holy Trinity. Amen.

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A Helpless Watch.



"There's somebody coming, and here are we,
Chained as dogs should never be.
How can we capture a bold, bad thief
If nobody comes to give us relief?"
And Carlo sat moody, and growled and frowned,
While lynx-eyed Leo kept watch around.

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THE PEARL ROSARY.

MARY HANCOCK ALLEN.

CHAPTER V.

FLORENCE CHANNING.

GEORGIE had been a great source of uneasiness to her aunts; but now the cloud seemed to have blown over, and they were much relieved. Religion was never mentioned. Mrs. Field was at first inclined to forbid Georgie to play with Agnes; but as Georgie had no other friend in the neighborhood, Mrs. Field saw how unhappy she would be without Agnes; and as no further harm seemed to come from the friendship, she let it remain as it was. She and her sister made no haste in returning Mrs. Barnett's call, and did not seek anything more intimate than a calling acquaintance. Mrs. Barnett clearly saw how the matter stood, and accepted it.

It was nearing Christmas. If Georgie had hoped to gain anything by referring again to the subject of Catholicity at this time, she gave up all idea of it now. She came to this conclusion on her way down to breakfast one morning. She had overslept herself, and was not in an amiable mood.

As she entered the dining-room, her aunts, who had finished breakfast, were conversing in a low tone. As soon as they saw Georgie they stopped suddenly, and Mrs. Field hastily gathered up the morning paper, which was lying scattered about, and folded it up. She made a remark to Georgie about her being late, and left the room, taking the paper with her. This was unusual, as she generally left the paper in the dining-room.

Georgie was naturally curious, and nothing missed her eye. She had heard her name uttered on entering the room, so she knew that her aunts were talking about her, and all her curiosity was awakened.

"What were you talking about when I came in?" she asked her younger aunt, who was helping her to the mush.

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"Talking about?" her aunt replied in apparent surprise. "Why, nothing special, I think."

"Yes you were. You were talking about me. I know you were!" Georgie's eyes flashed, and her face grew red with excitement.

"Hush! Georgie," her aunt said. "You are very rude."

"I don't care," retorted Georgie, losing her temper completely; "I will know what you said about me, and why you stopped talking as soon as I came in. Tell me," she added, stamping her foot.

Miss Hewitt sighed. Georgie was in one of her tantrums, and she could never manage her under these circumstances. She was relieved to see her sister come to the rescue. That lady came in quickly, and said in a tone of command:

"Georgiana, for shame! Sit down immediately, and eat your breakfast."

But Georgie was not easily subdued, and she was determined not to eat any breakfast until she had gained the information she wanted. Mrs. Field was equally determined on her side. Consequently, Georgie was sent to her room, to stay there until she decided to obey her aunt.

After several hours' imprisonment, her hunger overcame her obstinacy, and she begged her aunt's pardon, and meekly ate her tardy breakfast.

In the afternoon she went over to visit Agnes, full of the morning's incident, and feeling that she was a very much abused girl. Agnes came to the door.

"Oh, I am so glad you came over," she said. "I was wishing you would come. I have something to show you."

"What is it?" questioned Georgie curiously, forgetting her troubles for the moment.

"I don't suppose it means you, but still it looks like it."

Georgie's face wore a puzzled expression.

"You haven't noticed it, have you?" continued Agnes. "Mamma showed it to me a little while ago. I'll get it."

Agnes left the room, leaving Georgie in a much perplexed state.

"What *are* you talking about?" she managed to ask as soon as Agnes came back.

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"Well, read this," and Agnes handed Georgie the morning paper, and pointed to a paragraph marked "personal."

This is what Georgie read: "Will Georgiana Hewitt, daughter of the late George Hewitt of Pleasantville, M—, communicate with Florence Channing at Grand Hotel."

"Isn't that meant for you?" asked Agnes, as soon as she saw Georgie had finished reading.

"I don't know," replied Georgie, rather bewildered. "That is my name, and papa's name too."

"And is Pleasantville where you used to live?"

Georgie nodded her head.

"Then it must be for you."

"But I never even heard of Florence Channing."

"She seems to know you all right. If it isn't meant for you, what a coincidence it would be!"

"Yes," said Georgie, abstractedly. She was thinking of the incident of the morning, and unconsciously she connected the two.

"I am going to see her," she announced, after a pause. Then she told Agnes what had happened in the morning.

Agnes was intensely interested. "Well, if it is for you, I suppose they will tell you," she said.

"They haven't told me yet, and I shall not wait for them to do so," said Georgie, decidedly. "I shall go this afternoon."

"But won't you ask your aunts if you can go?"

"No, I won't," replied Georgie, rather snappishly. Then changing her tone, she added, "Will you come with me?"

"I'll ask mamma," and Agnes ran upstairs, and after some hesitation on her mother's part, obtained her consent; and half an hour later the two girls were on their way to the Grand Hotel.

As they drew near to their destination, Georgie experienced a queer sensation about the regions of her heart.

"I wonder who it can be?" she said to Agnes. "Supposing it isn't for me! I wonder what she looks like?"

They had now reached the hotel.

"I feel so funny," laughed Georgie, nervously. "Come on." She was familiar with hotels, having lived in them so much of her life; whereas Agnes had scarcely ever been in one before. She was quite awed by the grand entrance, mirrors, and handsomely

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dressed ladies whom they passed on their way to the parlor. Georgie pressed an electric button, and in a few moments a liveried messenger appeared, and Georgie sent her name up to Miss Channing.

"Come on, and let's sit down," she said; and they took seats near the door.

Agnes was much impressed with the splendor of the parlors, and thought the chairs the most comfortable she had ever sat in.

Georgie's heart beat high at sight of every lady that passed her. Before very long a young lady appeared at the door, and paused, looking inquiringly about her. She was of medium height, graceful, and daintily pretty. At sight of the two girls, she came forward and held out her hand to Georgie, who was in advance of Agnes, and said with a winsome smile, "Is this Georgiana?" She scarcely waited to hear Georgie's murmured "yes," and continued, "Come, dear, to the light, and let me look at you."

She had hold of Georgie's hand, which she squeezed tightly, and drew her to a sofa by a window. Agnes followed somewhat in the rear. The young lady looked scrutinizingly at Georgie's face, hardly noticing the great surprise mingled with admiration expressed on it.

"My little Georgie!" she exclaimed, joyfully kissing her. "Yes, you are she; you cannot think how glad I am to find you."

Georgie was too much astonished to speak. She could only look blankly at her excited and pretty companion.

Miss Channing then saw for the first time that she was completely in the dark.

"Oh, I forget," she added sadly, while a slight frown gathered upon her brow. "You do not know who I am. I suppose you never heard of me—of Florence Channing?"

"Never," replied Georgie, wonderingly.

"You never knew you had a sister?"

Georgie's heart gave a bound. "A sister!" she exclaimed. "No, I never knew I had a sister."

"And yet I am your sister—your half-sister. Our mother married twice."

"But why did I never know this?" Georgie managed to ask.

"My poor child, I see you know absolutely nothing of your

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mother and her family. Have you not even a picture of her?"

"Oh, yes," replied Georgie eagerly. "Tell me, please, was mamma a Catholic?"

"She was."

"And that was the cause of our separation?"

"Yes. I will tell you about it. Our mother's family were all Catholics, and my father was a Catholic. After he died she met your father, who belonged to a very bigoted family. Indeed, I do not know of a family more bitterly opposed to the Catholic Church than that family was. Our mother was beautiful; you can perhaps get a little idea of her beauty from her picture. I was about your age when she died; and I remember her so well. Your father must have been very deeply in love with mamma, for, although he had a stormy scene with his parents, and was threatened with disinheritance, this did not prevent his marrying her. Mamma's family did not approve of the marriage, solely on account of his religion. He himself was not especially prejudiced. Indeed, I think, that if circumstances had been a little different, he would have eventually become a Catholic; but when mamma died, the tie was cut, and he went back to his family. He was re-instated on condition that he should bring you up a Protestant, should never have any open communication with his wife's family, and should never allude to them in any way. That is why you never heard of me. I thought, however, that by this time you would know everything, either from your father just before he died, or since, as it seemed to me impossible to keep such a thing a secret very long. You were not with your father when he died?"

Georgie shook her head. "The last time I saw him was several weeks before he died."

"And he said nothing to you about your mother?"

"Yes; he spoke of her, and gave me what I thought was a necklace; but I found out from my friend Agnes, that it was a rosary. He said that it belonged to mamma."

Florence put her hand in her pocket, drew out a little case, opened it, and took out a pearl rosary. "Is it like this?" she asked.

"Yes," exclaimed Georgie; "exactly."

"This is mine, and the one you have was mother's. An old

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friend of mamma's—a priest—gave these rosaries to mamma and me; and he was privileged to give them a special indulgence, so they are very valuable. Your father gave you our mother's rosary. What did he say?"

Georgie told her about the last visit with her father, which she had once related to Agnes. She also told her sister of her desire to be a Catholic, and all that had happened since she had come with her aunts, to live in the city.

Florence was indeed impressed with Georgie's determination, amidst so many difficulties, to become a Catholic.

"The faith of our mother has come out in you, Georgie," she said, kissing her, while the tears rose to her eyes. "I am so glad. But we have neglected your young friend sadly."

She glanced over where Agnes was seated at a table, looking at some books. Georgie called her.

"Georgie has been telling me what a good friend you have been to her," said Florence, pleasantly.

Agnes blushed, and laughed.

"Now, let us have an early supper, and I will take you both home afterwards," said Florence.

The girls demurred. Agnes was afraid that her mother would be worried about her; but Florence settled the question by saying that they would be at home before dark. So they went down to the dining-room, and had a very fine supper, as Agnes told Tom afterwards.

On the way down to supper, Georgie told Agnes just who Florence was; and Agnes was in a hurry to tell her mother all about Georgie's pretty sister.

"I can hardly believe that I have really found you," Florence said when they were seated at a table. "I knew that you were in the city somewhere. It was by the merest chance that I obtained that information. I have a friend whose brother was a chum of your uncle's through college; and one evening while I was there, Mr. Prentice incidentally spoke of Arthur Hewitt. I started at the name, and soon found out, not what I most wished—your aunts' correct address,—but the locality; and I concluded to hunt you up. I remember you, Georgie, as the dearest little tot. Although I was at a convent all my life, and heard very little about you, I never forgot

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you, and always hoped to see you again, and used to make plans to have you with me. When I left school, which was only last year, my relatives told me more about your father's family than I ever knew before. I really had known very little. The hopes that I had entertained were about gone; still I was determined to do all I could towards our reunion; and now that I have found you, I am determined to take you home with me."

"Really!" exclaimed Georgie, very much surprised and delighted. But her face fell immediately after. "But how can you? My aunts won't let you."

"I think it can be arranged," Florence said, quietly.

She ordered a cab, and in ten minutes they were in front of Mrs. Field's house.

It must be said that Georgie quaked inwardly at the thought of the meeting between her sister and aunts.

Agnes made her escape as soon as they got out of the cab, and related everything to her mother; also to Tom, who, by the way, had taken quite a fancy to Georgie, even "if she was a girl"; and they all spoke regretfully of Georgie's leaving the city.

(*Conclusion next month*)

Our Lizzie.

RALPH MERLEY.

Liz, Eliza, Bessie, Bess,
These are all her names, I guess;
Libbie, Lisa, Bettie, Bet—
Have you done? Oh, no, not yet;
Beth, Bettina, Lib, Elise,
One more name, now if you please,
And the dear girl answereth,
Best of all—Elizabeth!

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Puzzles.

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLES.

A SEASONABLE PUZZLE.

Spring, **S**ummer.
Autumn.
Spri**n**g, Autum**n**, Wi**n**ter.
Au**t**umn, Win**t**er.
Autumn.
C and **L**, found in no season.
Autumn.
Summer, Au**t**umn.
Spring and **S**ummer.

Santa Claus.

Correct answers received from the following: Joseph Gordon Murray, Marie Schmitt, Lizzie G. Finneran, M. O'Neil, Nellie R. Gavin, Francis Murphy, Willie Collis, Mamie Munnegle, Charles J. Cahill, Angus A. McIsaac, George Eilers, Margaret F. Egan, Agnes Smith, Wilhelmina Wollring, Helen L. Glinden, Joseph Wiby, Lila E. Olys, Frances M. Olys.

PUZZLES FOR FEBRUARY.

A body of water and three letters will make what city in the United States?

The same body of water and a human being will make what kind of a division of the year?

The same body of water and its boundary will make what resort?

The same body of water and a musical term will make what kind of fish?

CONDITIONS FOR BECOMING SOLDIERS IN THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

1. Send your full names to be enrolled.

2. Wear around the waist under the clothing, the little white linen girdle that must be blessed by a Dominican priest, or by a priest who has permission from the Dominicans.

3. Strive in every way to be pure in soul and body.

4. If you cannot buy the girdles in your neighborhood AQUINAS will buy them for you. When you write enclose ten cents to cover the expense of the girdle, leaflet, and postage. You may send stamps. But let no child hold back from becoming a Soldier in the Angelic Warfare on account of poverty. To those who cannot pay we shall send all free.

5. Address your letters to AQUINAS, ROSARY OFFICE, 871 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

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EDITORIAL

The special celebration in honor of our Blessed Mother during February is the feast of the Purification, Candlemas Day. We trust that our Rosarians will devoutly commemorate this beautiful mystery which teaches so clearly the lessons of humility and obedience and penance—lessons so necessary for all in this vale of tears. The reading of Miss Eliza Allen Starr's paper will be helpful towards a fuller understanding of the significance of this touching event.

From a vocation or art, literature has passed through the stage of a profession, till, with many it has sunk to the low level of a trade. Should we feel surprise, therefore, at the enormous amount of "stuff" daily turned out by rival factories and rival purveyors, all "catering" (nothing like exact terms) to the wants of the mind-hungry multitude? There is no surprise, but indignation and denunciation coupled with warnings not too often repeated, in behalf of the real needs of our Catholic people, and in defence of the home as the sacred refuge for the generation growing up, after the school days, and when the pulpit voice no longer sounds in their ears.

This month offers to our Rosarians peculiar opportunities of devotion. The Dominican Calendar presents the Espousals of our Lady and St. Joseph, which we honor in a graceful poem and beautiful frontispiece. The first sorrowful mystery of the Beads is also commemorated. The spirit of the month, as it draws towards the close, breathes the fragrance of the graces and blessings of the Lenten time—and therefore the tinge of sorrow that marks the devotional verse given in this number. We urge our readers to enter upon this holy season in the earnest purpose for which the Church prescribes these days of penance and prayer. The sorrowful mysteries of the Rosary will be a most appropriate meditation.

We close, in this number, the series of Venezuelan sketches begun in November, 1895. Our next paper on travel will bring our readers to the Hawaiian Islands.

The study of genuine poetry cannot but be ennobling, refining, and spiritualizing; it initiates us, as it were, into mysteries, whereby our souls, freed for the time from earthly impediments, live a higher and a better life. In this connection we promise to our readers a "special treat" in a series of articles on the English Catholic poets, by Richard Malcolm Johnston. The first paper of this series will appear in March or April.

With great pleasure we present to our readers the third of Mr. John A. Mooney's fine articles on Columbus. These admirable studies deserve careful reading. They are the result of special research in which learning and culture and a brilliant pen have been generously placed at the service of Catholic truth.

The recent appeal of our Holy Father for the re-union of the Eastern churches separated from Rome, and his letter to the people of England have called forth a great variety of expressions from secular journals and from the religious publications attached to the different Protestant denominations. The Sovereign Pontiff's touching reference (in his invitation to the English people to return to the Fold) to our Blessed Lady whose ancient dower, in devotion, England was, has been condemned, in some non-Catholic quarters, with a bitterness that ill-becomes religious teachers, while in others it has been eagerly welcomed. This latter sign we consider most encouraging. Every advance made in recognition of our Lady's high prerogatives and power, is a step toward the fuller understanding of her Divine Son. Around His sacred Humanity, her precious gift

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to Him, many of the earliest heresies raged, but the Church, with each recurring attack, asserted more vigorously the Truth from which Mary's glory shone the more resplendent. In later times, when the evil spirit of Manichæism brooded over France, blighting with a bitter curse that fair portion of the Church's Flock, it was only by the manifestation to them of Jesus through Mary that the misguided thousands were brought back, willing captives, in the blessed chain of our Lady's Rosary, to the unity of Catholic Faith. In our day also men lose sight of the Light enlightening every one coming into this world. Pride lifts up its head and its voice; in protest and defiance against God and against His Christ. The Blessed Mother appears to a little girl, simple, ignorant. She teaches the child the Rosary—a lesson needing no comment; and as a sign of her maternal goodness, untold blessings are lavished on suffering humanity.

The Sovereign Pontiff speaks from his chair of Truth, and varying only in the fervor of his eloquence, in the richness of his illustration, in the wealth of his learning, his lesson year after year is the same: Find Jesus Christ by finding His Mother. And for both, the revelation is in the Beads. How simple! how beautiful! And how gratifying that not only are our Catholic people growing in tenderness of devotion and in intelligence too, on these most sacred lines, but many of our non-Catholic brethren are following the same sweet guidance of the Spirit of Truth! We rejoice, therefore, whenever we learn of new evidences of this growing reverence for our Blessed Mother. Here in New York a notable event recently occurred—the "consecration" of a Protestant church dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin. There the statue of the Madonna is in public honor, a constant profession of the devotion of these people whom may God bring into His Holy Church. In this number of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE we publish a brief article from the pen of Mr. Charles Robinson, one of the assistant editors of the *North American Review*. It bears on the subject of our present remarks. We trust that it will be of edification.

The Catholic Winter School, the programme of which has been announced in the Catholic weeklies, will open its first session in New Orleans on the 20th inst. Some of the well-known Plattsburg lecturers, as Colonel Richard M. Johnston, the Reverend Morgan J. Sheedy, and the Reverend Doctor Zahm, will take part, while notable names of other distinguished men and women will be found on the list of teachers. A trip to New Orleans at this season of the year is a very agreeable thing. The difficulty that confronts people living in other parts is one that requires money to overcome it—and this, we fear, will deprive many worthy students in the North and East from following the New Orleans courses. We wish the Winter School "God speed," and we pray that it may do much good.

BOOKS.

From A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, we have received MEANS AND ENDS OF EDUCATION, by the Right Reverend J. L. Spalding, D.D. This is the third volume of a series that well deserves to be called educational in its highest and best sense, issued by the learned Bishop of Peoria. In the present work the author views his subject from the standpoint of the thinker and the teacher, and we use these words with that strict and absolute meaning with which Bishop Spalding uses them. Under the headings, "Truth and Love," "The Making of One's Self," "Woman and Education," "The Scope of Public-School Education," and "The Religious Element in Education," the question of education is discussed with a clearness of insight, a depth of thought, a vigor of expression that make reading after the Bishop a solid delight. At times, the terseness and condensed pithiness of his sentences present an array of epigrams studding the page. We quote four, all coming within the limit of five lines, as a specimen of Bishop Spalding's style: "To be useful is a noble thing, to be necessary is not desirable." "The youth has not enough ambition unless he has too much." "It is difficult to give lessons in the art of pleasing without teaching that of lying." "The discouraged are already vanquished." Another passage we present, not for striking brevity, but for weight of value: "To imagine that we are educating this being of infinite sensibility and impressionability (the child) when we do little else than teach him to read, write, and cipher, is to cherish a delusion. It is not his destiny

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to become a reading, writing, and ciphering machine, but to become a man who believes, hopes, and loves; who holds the sovereign truth, and is swayed by sympathy; who looks up with reverence and awe to the heavens, and hearkens with cheerful obedience to the call of duty; who has habits of right thinking and well-doing which have become a law unto him, a second nature. *** Now, what we wish to see introduced into the life of the nation, is not the power of shrewd men wholly absorbed in the striving for wealth, reckless of the means by which it is gotten, and who, whether they succeed or whether they fail, look upon money as the equivalent of the best things man knows or has; who therefore think that the highest purpose of government, as of other social forces and institutions, is to make it easy for all to get abundance of gold and to live in sloven plenty; but what we wish to see introduced into the life of the nation is the power of intelligence and virtue, of wisdom and conduct." And as the Bishop beautifully shows, three-fourths of life is conduct, and the need of its rectitude in this country is crying, since our besetting sin as a people is dishonesty in almost every form, public and private. We have not space for further selections from the Bishop's admirable little book. The publication of "The Higher Life," the address delivered by Bishop Spalding before the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, as a supplement to the volume before us, makes a valuable addition to the series of essays already named. We commend MEANS AND ENDS OF EDUCATION as a book worthy of careful reading and serious study.

Part sixteen of THE BOOK OF THE FAIR closes the eighteenth chapter, on Transportation, and opens the nineteenth chapter, dealing with the Livestock Department. Several prize winners are here included among the many specimens of horses and cattle. The twentieth chapter, treating of Anthropology and Ethnology, is also begun. Part seventeen introduces the twenty-first chapter, devoted to the Fine Arts. Parts eighteen and nineteen contain reproductions of beautiful paintings and statuary. Part twenty gives in full the twenty-second chapter, describing the state exhibits, with pictures of representative state buildings. THE BOOK OF THE FAIR is a work of educational value and choice entertainment. Each number is enriched with fine illustrations. (The Bancroft Company, Chicago.)

MAGAZINES.

The Atlantic Monthly for December, 1895, has one of John Fiske's well-written historical papers, "The Starving Time in Old Virginia." The old but always attractive "Defeat of the Spanish Armada" is effectively described in the same number. Lacfadeo Hearn gives pleasant Japanese "Notes From a Travelling Diary." In the October *Atlantic*, Mr. Hearn, who is an authority on matters pertaining to Japan, gave a very entertaining and really valuable paper on "The Genius of Japanese Civilization." The January *Atlantic* is a very agreeable number. "A Farm in Marne," by Mary H. Catherwood, and "The Fete De Gayant," by Agnes Repplier, give pleasant glimpses of French life in country and town. Miss Repplier closes her article with some wholesome comments on the character and manner of French girls, from which we make an extract: "That offensive and meaningless phrase, the woman problem, is seldom heard in France, where all problems solve themselves more readily than elsewhere. Midway between the affectionate subserviency of German wives and daughters and the gay arrogance of our own, with more self-reliance than the English, and a clearer understanding of their position than all the other three have ever grasped, French women find little need to wrangle for privileges which they may easily command. The resources of tact and good taste are well nigh infinite, and to them is added a capacity for administration which makes the French gentleman respect his wife's judgment, and places the French shop-keeper at the mercy of his spouse."

"The Johnson Club" is a reminiscent sketch of scenes and haunts dear to Dr. Samuel Johnson. "The Children of the Road," by Josiah Flynt, a competent authority, is a valuable study of the tramp question, as it touches children in various ways. J. M. Ludlow tells the story of the Christian Socialist movement of the middle of this century, in which he, with Frederick Dent Maurice, took prominent part.

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The Nineteenth Century for December 1895, publishes a sharp correspondence between the Editor and Canon MacColl, who has been unflagging in his exposure of the infamies of Turkish misrule, and in his just denunciation of the brutalities practised on the poor Armenians. In this connection we mention his excellent paper, "Turkey or Russia," in *The Fortnightly Review* for December, 1895. *The Nineteenth Century* also contains a very interesting description of the famous vale of Kashmir. *The Fortnightly* continues Albert D. Vandam's graphic sketch, "The Beginning of a Republic." It also gives critical and literary estmates of Lord Salisbury (from a French view point), Mendelssohn, and Gustave Flaubert.

The members of the St. Vincent de Paul's Conferences in these parts have entered on a new work—the publication of a quarterly bulletin issued by the Superior Council of New York, 2 Lafayette Place, New York. This bulletin, whose title is *The St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly*, began its career in November, 1895. The mission of the *Quarterly* is frankly announced as one of special interest to the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. They do not intend to issue a strictly literary or social magazine; rather will they confine their efforts to the propagation of the noble organization founded by Frederick Ozanam, and to the discussion of topics bearing on the practical work of charity. We hope that this bulletin will grow and flourish. We wish it all good things.

In the January *Forum*, the Reverend William Bayard Hale, a Massachusetts clergyman, furnishes "A Study of Church Entertainments" as means of raising money for church work. Mr. Hale prepared for his paper by industriously collecting reports and advertisements bearing on fairs, suppers, sociables of all kinds. In view of the facts he presents, his condemnation of many of these entertainments will be commended by judicious readers. We shall make a few extracts from Mr. Hale's article as an illustration of his point and his manner of style, not as an expression of our complete agreement with his views, but rather as a hearty concurrence in his lament for the divisions and multiplication of sects: "It is indeed difficult for the imagination to connect these modern societies, occupied in giving fairs, suppers, and popular entertainments, with the undivided Church which once worshipped God in simplicity and seriousness, filled with heavenly aspirations. Modern religious methods do not find their patterns in the earlier Church. We are not informed that the Church at Ephesus or Philippi ever advertised a bazaar, a clambake, or a strawberry sociable. We have no information that St. Paul was accustomed to give stereopticon lectures, Barnabas operating the lantern. It is not clearly established that St. Athanasius ever arranged a kirmess, a broom drill, or a pink tea." We consider that Mr. Hale pushes his examples too far, and that he includes in his sarcastic condemnation some excellent things. A stereopticon lecture is a feature of church work that ought not to be associated with a broom drill or a pink tea. We know that the essential work of the Church is not to be found in entertaining the people, or even instructing them on certain lines, but rather in the preaching of the Word, the administration of the Sacraments, and in the unnumbered mercies and tendernesses which mark the daily routine of the Church's life. But it cannot be reasonably denied that the supervision of the Church and her encouragement in matters of instruction, combined with entertainment, or in affairs purely social, or of recreation, are helpful and beneficent influences that right minded men should welcome. Mr. Hale is a man of good intentions, honest, and zealous. He errs, we think, because of the very reasons that he advances in denouncing church entertainments. They are chiefly the result, he claims, of disunion, schism, heresy. "I charge then," he says, "that besides its hundred other sins, the division of the Church—most absurd and inexcusable of economic errors—has desecrated holy places and holy days; has assaulted all reverence; has given thousands who might have won the higher life an utterly ignoble conception of religion; has reduced Christian congregations to the level of fakirs and poor actors; has turned clergy into scrambling mountebanks; and has dishonored Christian womanhood." This is severe, and in parts, unjust language, even applied, as Mr. Hale applies it, to the jarring sects striving for support in an unholy rivalry. There is, however, much truth in it, to which we add one thought: Precisely because of these unhappy divisions narrowly rejecting broad Catholic Truth, many false notions on the subject of amusements have taken possession, even of honest men like Mr. Hale. With pleasure we quote the

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closing paragraph of his vigorous article, and heartily do we join in the implied prayer of the author: "The world does not need the Church as a purveyor of vaudeville; the world does need and is piteously crying out for the Church to do that for which—divided—it is hopelessly inefficient. Let the vision of the Catholic Church take possession of the souls of men, and in place of the pauperized sects which, rivalling each other in vulgarity, contend for the miserable dollar of the public, the world will see an institution consecrated to the service of humanity, to the proclamation of the Gospel, to the spreading of the story of the tragedy and sacrifice of Calvary, generously maintained by a charity eager to witness to the constraining power of the love of our Saviour." We trust that Mr. Hale will be as courageous as we presume him to be honest, and that he will behold, not the vision, but the reality of the Church of the living God, whose doors swing open with a wide welcome to every man of good will who seeks and knocks.

Other good articles in the January *Forum* are: "The Development of Sculpture in America;" "Woman and the Bicycle," by a physician; and "Reminiscences of an Editor," by a man whose varied experience in thirty years of journalistic work, gives him a right to speak. We commend to our readers a few of his thoughts, in line with sentiments that we have frequently expressed: "The one coherent theory of newspaper management is to make the kind of sheet that sells best." "I confess to a rooted scepticism about the sense of moral responsibility that goes to the making of newspapers." "The great editor is the man who can cater most successfully to the desire of the many-headed public to be startled, excited, or amused by his manner of presenting the daily happenings of a world that can always produce a fair average of notable phases of wickedness and folly." "The successful editors who are the characteristic product of our time are merely capable police reporters with a large field." These are suggestive words. He that runs may read. Again we warn our Rosarians against the dangers of indiscriminate newspaper reading, especially for the young. Again we urge our friends to furnish their homes plentifully and agreeably with the precious fruits of Catholic literature.

The Messenger of St. Joseph, published by Father Fitzgibbon, C. S. Sp. in behalf of the homeless boys of Philadelphia, is a creditable annual. We have received the issue for 1896, and a careful examination of the pamphlet convinces us that excellent work goes steadily on in St. Joseph's Home. In THE ROSARY MAGAZINE for April, 1895, we published a very interesting account of this institution to which we refer our readers for edifying details. Father Fitzgibbon is engaged in a noble work. He deserves help and encouragement. We shall be glad to learn that Rosarians will offer both. His Home is situated at 729 Pine St., Philadelphia. Write to the good Father, and he will cheerfully send copies of his *Messenger*, with particulars of his work.

Appleton's Popular Science Monthly for December, 1895, contains some good articles: "The Anatomy of Speed Skating," illustrated; "Sir John Lubbock and the Religion of Savages," a refutation, by the Reverend James Carmichael, of Lubbock's claim that there are tribes possessing no idea of God or Religion; "Principles of Taxation," by David A. Wells. The "Studies of Childhood," by Professor Sully, consider the child "under law." "Miracles in French Canada" is a bitter, shallow affair, without purpose, as an honest reader may observe, beyond a bigoted sneer. We deeply sympathize with many of our countrymen who derive their only knowledge, on lines scientific, religious, and historical, from unreliable magazine publications. In connection with this, our own comment, we add a few vigorous words from that sterling Catholic journal, *The Casket*, of Antigonish, N. S.:

"In the Boston *Pilot's* notice of the *Popular Science Monthly* for December, the following allusion is made to a disgusting article from the pen of one whose name is not unknown in Canada:

"'Miracles in French Canada,' by Mr. Edward Farrer, is written in a scoffing spirit, but unconsciously the author concedes many little points, and he evidently intends to be fair."

Usually the scoffer does not intend to be fair, and we are at a loss to know where the *Pilot's* reviewer discovered evidence in Farrer's article of any intention to be other than offensive and unfair. The reviewer is evidently not aware of Farrer's apostasy, or of the virulent hatred which, since he fell into unbelief, he developed towards the Church of his fathers. Probably no contemporary journalist has done more than Edward Farrer to promote the sectarian rancor

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which, unfortunately for the peace of the country, prevails in and about the capital city of Ontario."

This is not the first time that *The Pilot* has been "caught napping." It would be well if the Boston paper were as zealous in certain lines as our excellent Canadian neighbor.

The North American Review for December, 1895, discusses the work of the present Congress, the contributors representing various shades of political and economic belief. Other articles are: "Cranks and Crazes"; "Results of the Behring Sea Arbitration," by ex-Secretary of State John W. Foster; "The House of Representatives and the House of Commons"; "Personal History of the Second Empire"; and the fourth of Dr. Louis Robinson's "Wild Traits in Tame Animals." There is one paper, however, to which we wish to devote some space. With the telescope of criticism, Mr. Goldwin Smith, D. C. L., LL. D., has recently made the discovery of a *millstone* hanging around the neck of Christianity, and he announces this discovery in this number of *The North American Review*. What is this "millstone" which Mr. Smith would have us cast off the neck of "Christianity"? Nothing else than the Old Testament itself, that weighs like a heavy burden on the Religion of Christ. Cast it off, he says. Believe no more in this store of legends and fairy-tales! Henceforth withhold your respect and adoration from this tribal Jehovah, a mocking, absurd, stupid, and bloody God. Now we have Progress, Spirit, Truth, Criticism. We are grown-up people. Cast off the *millstone!* Such are Mr. Smith's sentiments. It would be useless to declare to the author of "Christianity's Millstone," that previously we did not feel this crushing burden on our shoulders, for he would answer us that we lack critical judgment. Nevertheless we may be permitted to offer some remarks concerning the so-called "millstone." The discovery of Dr. G. Smith was made a long time ago by the Manicheans; for them also, the Old Testament was a millstone to be cast off. But in those times St. Augustine made evident that they were wrong. (Compare "*Adversus Faustum*," and "*Contra adversarium Legis et Prophetarum.*") Alas! "there is nothing new under the sun."

Besides, on such important matters, it does not suffice to speak "*ex cathedra*," to affirm, to say: "We cannot believe," "This story is a legend," "What if the whole is mythical?" "We are in no way bound to believe," etc., etc. Since we do not see the "millstone," be so kind as to prove that there is one. Dr. Smith gives a survey of what we may call the relative imperfections of the Old Testament. We find in the Old Testament some cruel stories of hatred and blood; we find two or three imprecatory psalms. David is not a perfect king after Dr. Smith's own heart, and above all, the Mosaic law is not as perfect as the Religion of Christ. From this he concludes that the Old Testament is worthless,—a millstone to be cast off! But it seems to us that with the millstone they will cast off Christianity itself into the waters of their swampy criticism. The Old Testament is the bud; the New Testament is the flower. If we destroy the bud, we also destroy the flower. Jesus came to "fulfil" what was written of Him: "Search the Scriptures (the Old Testament, of course), the same are they that give testimony of me (John v.). If we deny authority to the Old Testament, the foundations of the New crumble and fall away; Jesus becomes an impostor; the Evangelists and St. Paul stand convicted of ignorance in the essentials of Christianity; thus reserving to Goldwin Smith the privilege of giving to our benighted age the true idea of the Gospel. He says that "Jesus was not a revolutionist." He was a revolutionist in matters of untruth, falsity, cruelty, and such is the Old Testament according to the author of "Christianity's Millstone." Why then did our Saviour come to "fulfil," and not to "destroy"? He came to *fulfil*, to *make perfect*, to *complete* the Law and the Prophets. He could not fulfil and complete what was false and bloody. It seems, therefore, that Dr. Smith has undertaken a huge task when he attempts to persuade Christianity to cast off the millstone of the Old Testament. Moreover, he cherishes anciently refuted, a thousand times exploded objections: "The stopping of the sun, Balaam's speaking ass, Elisha's avenging bears, the transformation of Nebuchadnezzar." He would like to read in the Bible some scientific, astronomic formulas, and he is in a bad humor against the Old Dispensation, because it is not "up-to-date." We merely remark that the Bible does not teach scientifically the *stopping of the sun*; it does not say that Nebuchadnezzar was "*transformed*"; and *Elisha's avenging bears* were not avenging Elisha, but God Himself, who says: "Vengeance is Mine;" "Depart, ye cursed." This Al-

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mighty God, Jehovah, the Eternal Father of Jesus, will avenge, one day, all the insults and blasphemies of our modern critics against His Name, His Nature, and His Holy Word. Concerning the fourth example of incredibilities mentioned by Dr. Smith, we would gladly explain the marvel of a "speaking ass," but we prefer to save him from the *argumentum ad hominem.*

The Catholic News, of New York, has recently added a very interesting feature to its weekly supply of good things. We refer to the bright and breezy sketches by Walter Lecky, whose running comments on books and book-men make refreshing reading, even for those who may not agree with him. Among this class we have no hesitation in placing the literary humbugs, frauds, and would-be vampires, for whom Walter Lecky has a rooted, a wholesome, and an outspoken dislike. We have occasionally spoken our mind on these unpleasant topics, and more frequently we have maintained silence because we knew that the hide-bound creatures, with skins untannable (as a worthy writer once put it), are not amenable to whacks or blows from any literary cudgel. The only thing which they feel is neglect, financial and otherwise, and it is to be remarked that they eventually "get their dues," —something that cannot be said of all deserving people.

Speaking recently to one of our genuine writers, a man of talent and zeal, we referred to our frequent "attacks," as the stupid scribblers construe our just remarks. "It will do no good," said this gentleman; "they will not understand you; they will merely think you are malicious." He is right; but in the admission, "here's a state of things."

The January number of the recently combined *Monthly Illustrator* and *Home and Country* (too ponderous a title) is the best thus far issued, of this periodical. "The Pottery of the North American Indians" is continued, with numerous cuts. Interesting character sketches are given of Robert Burns, Henry Ward Beecher and ex-Secretary W. C. Whitney, while bits of travel and many good illustrations round out the number.

The opening paper of the January *Harper's* is "In Washington's Day," by Woodrow Wilson, a delightful sketch of the country, and attitude of the people's minds at the time of Washington's birth, and during his young manhood. The characters of such men as Robert Beverly (author of the History and Present State of Virginia), Colonel William Byrd, Alexander Spotswoods, and many of "ye Virginia gentlemen of ye olden time" are graphically touched upon. It would be well if this paper were the initiatory of a Washingtonian literary revival as comprehensive as has been the recent Napoleonic literature. An American subject written up in the same zealous way would be the means of familiarizing thousands with the country's history, who would probably read it in no other form.

"The German Struggle for Liberty," by Mr. Poultney Bigelow, is an interesting and finely written series of papers—interesting even when, where speaking of the peace which prayer brought to the soul of Professor Steffens, one of the leaders in the struggle, he says: "Peace now came to his spirit, and with it the strength to face devils—the strength that lifted up Luther and Cromwell, Washington and John Huss." The company in which we find our glorious Washington makes Mr. Bigelow's comparison a peculiarly diverting one! "Twenty-four: Four," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, is a story in which there is a bit of pathos and a bit of humor. "The Courtship of Colonel Bill" is a bluegrass region romance, and the "Story of Miss Pi" is a Chinese fairy-tale, which, says the author, Mr. Julian Ralph, "is told as no Chinese story has yet been told in English." The conception and style are unique. "London's Underground Railways," will be of service to New Yorkers and others considering the question of rapid transit; while "The United States Naval Academy," by one of the Board of Visitors for 1895, is not a flattering testimony to our national spirit and pride. Taken as a whole, the January *Harper's* is an exceptionally strong number.

The Providence Visitor (January 11th) publishes under the title, "Literary Societies and Their Work," a solid, practical address delivered by a scholarly and experienced priest, the Reverend J. C. Tennian, Rector of the Church of the Assumption, Providence, R. I. Would that some, at least, of the industrious editors with the shears, would reprint this excellent discourse!

In the January *Scribner*, we find the opening chapters of Mr. James Barrie's serial, "Sentimental Tommy," which,

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by the way, is going to run through 1896. Mr. Barrie's inimitable style, loving warmth towards all things small or helpless, quick sympathy, interspersed with touches of tenderness and humor, are not describable. To understand his peculiar charm one must read after him. An idea, however, may be formed by the following extract, so appealing, so pathetic in its very simplicity of expression: "The reason he had to wait in vain at Reddy's door was that she was dead; she had been dead quite a long time when Tommy came back to look for her. You mothers who have lost your babies, I should be a sorry knave were I to ask you to cry now over the death of another woman's child. Reddy had been lent to two people for a very little while, just as your babies were, and when the time was up, she blew a kiss to them, and ran gleefully back to God, just as your babies did. The gates of Heaven are so easily found when we are little, and they are always left standing open to let children wander in." What a beautiful idea, and how exquisitely expressed!

"The New Building of the Boston Public Library," by T. R. Sullivan, is a well-written paper on that always interesting subject: a library. "Water-ways From the Ocean to the Lakes" is a paper of much interest, bearing upon the great Erie Canal, and the men whose work it was. "Frederick Locker," by Augustine Birrell; "A New Sport"; and "Madame Annalena," by Bliss Perry, go towards finishing out a very good number.

The enigmatic title: "*Shall-and-Williana*," among the table of contents of the December, 1895, *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, induced us to peruse what proved to be a learned and interesting article on the use of "shall" and "will" in the English versions of the Bible. The question is by no means of small importance or utility for the right understanding of the true biblical sense, because the idiomatic use of "shall" and "will" in the Bible does not always correspond to the use of the same words in the modern acceptation. Very often, indeed, it is a delicate and difficult task for the commentator to give a decisive and unquestionable translation, for the choice of "shall" or "will" depends too much on our taste and tendencies in matter of exegesis. The authorized version, that is read in Protestant churches, dates from 1611, and is certainly, concerning this question, an improvement on Wycliffe's version (about 1380). But nevertheless the use of "shall" and "will" does not always correspond to the modern idiom, and the revisers of 1880-1885 (compare the Parallel Bible, Oxford) did not make great improvement on this point. We do not see any mention of a general change, even in the appendix, by the "*American Revision Co.*," that was certainly more liberal, and sometimes more audacious than the English revisers. In the Douay Bible, that is, the Catholic version, the use of "shall" and "will" agreed substantially with the authorized version. But to bring the biblical usage into harmony with the idiom of the people, some corrections were made, "though too sparingly," by Dr. Challoner, in his revision (1750). He was much more liberal than the Protestant revisers of 1880-1889. The same scientific liberalism is often recognized in the Catholic universities, as regards the light changes to be made even in the original text. On the contrary, some Protestants, chiefly among Germans, adhere so firmly to the text, that they would prefer strange and impossible ideas to the clearness that would result from the change of a Massoretic vowel. G. M. closes his article with some considerations on the prophetic use of "shall." How are we to account for the use of "shall" in the prophetic texts? (Compare Matth. xxiv., 2-12.) The author thinks that "it is simply a case of survival." Wycliffe employed "shall" in all cases, as a future auxiliary, to express the time of the future tense in the Latin version. Some corrections were made through the centuries, but in many instances "shall" remained at the place of "will." Such is the explanation of the author of the article; but we shall be permitted to ask why "shall" *survives precisely in the prophetic passages.* Moreover, we willingly accept the concluding words of the author: "From the Bible, the prophetic 'shall' naturally passed to preachers, who adopt a language more or less biblical in its character; and to poets, who not unfrequently assume the mantle of the preacher or the propnet."

The Ladies' Home Journal for January gives the first installment of ex-President Benjamin Harrison's instructive sketches on "This Country of Ours," its constitution, etc. Mary Anderson continues her autobiographical papers begun in the December number.

We have, on several occasions, commended to our readers *The Illustrated*

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Catholic Missions and *The Annals of our Lady of the Sacred Heart.* The former is published at Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London, England; the latter, at Watertown, New York. *The Illustrated Missions* is exclusively devoted to the interests of foreign missions, and is a periodical always edifying and instructive. We do not advocate publications that are conducted on the mere charity plan, or on the name of some devotion, without a literature, but we gladly say that the expenditure of three English shillings (seventy-five cents, American money) for *The Illustrated Missions* will be an investment with excellent returns. The faithful and self-sacrificing laborers who are working in those distant lands, among savages and barbarians, deserve the generous remembrance and help of their brethren living in more favored places. With good will, and good hope, we commend to our friends *The Illustrated Catholic Missions* and the brave men and women for whom it speaks and pleads. There is not one subscriber to THE ROSARY MAGAZINE who cannot afford to become a subscriber to *The Illustrated Missions.* It would be good tidings to us did we know it to be a fact that all our Rosarians were readers of *The Illustrated Missions.*

In the same spirit of friendly interest we cordially recommend *The Annals of our Lady of the Sacred Heart.* This little periodical deserves well of our kindly people. Its material is well selected each month, and as all its revenue is devoted to the support of the Apostolic College of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, its modest stipend of one dollar a year is money well spent.

The Contemporary Review for October, 1895, published an interesting paper on "Archæology and Old Testament Criticism," by Professor Sayce. This distinguished Orientalist tests the validity of the conclusions of "Higher Criticism" by the light of modern archæological discoveries. Not very long ago, this gentleman was dazzled by the brilliancy of Criticism; but he now renounces what he calls the follies of youth. He gives a definition of true criticism that even Catholics are disposed to accept: "By criticism I mean a sober and reverent examination of ancient documents and ancient history, based upon recognized scientific principles, with a due regard to what is ordinarily termed common-sense." He does not approve that criticism "which sets out with pre-conceived ideas and assumptions, which treats imperfect evidence as if it were perfect, or which builds conclusions upon theories which have yet to be proved." And he gives some reasons on account of which he cannot consider the Pentateuch as "a hodge-podge of ill-digested morsels." The discovery of the original elements of the text is absolutely impossible, and when the critics ascribe the beginning of a verse to one author, the middle to another, and the end to a third, Professor Sayce does not hesitate to condemn this critical sharpness as "extravagant." Formerly the critics denied that Moses could have written the Pentateuch. We have now so many examples of writing in Assyria and Egypt that on this point they are discreetly silent. Professor Sayce goes further; he affirms that "it would have been something like a miracle" if Moses had not written the Pentateuch. Moreover, he finds in Assyrian literature no example of such slicing and fixing together of ill-assorted fragments as the critics have discovered. Thirdly, "the narratives which 'Higher Criticism' had pronounced to be the unhistorical figments of popular tradition are being shown by archæological discovery to be historical after all." Finally, Professor Sayce points out the danger of this method in a manner that Catholics can warmly approve. But all his affirmations are not characterized by exactitude in the same degree. We fully appreciate how modern discoveries have worked directly to secure the proofs of the veracity and authenticity of the Pentateuch, but they prove only indirectly the authorship of Moses. They attest that Moses *could* have written the Pentateuch, and that probably he did write it; but archæology does not afford a decisive argument. It seems to us that here is the weak side of the article of Professor Sayce. Nevertheless, his science in archæology, universally acknowledged, gives a great importance to these declarations, and Catholics cannot but rejoice to see the Holy Scriptures avenged by a scholar who, though not of the household of the faith, has at least the sound judgment and the common-sense that are wanting in many of the critics. This article, and a paper read by the same Professor at the "Church Congress," have caused a storm among the critics. Canon Driver has answered him in *The Guardian*, and Professor Bevan, in *The Contemporary*

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Review (Dec., 1895). These apologists of "Higher Criticism" take advantage of some exaggerations in the language of Professor Sayce, but they do not vindicate the critical conception of the Pentateuch. To Professor Bevan we can apply the words that he refers to Professor Sayce: "To bring forward sweeping charges, without any attempt to substantiate them, is a proceeding altogether unworthy of a scientific investigator." Moreover, the critics, when attacked, lower their voices and protest that they are not "cocksure of their analysis," as Professor Sayce had affirmed they were. At another point of view, Professor Bevan also attaches much weight to the names of other archæologists whom he opposes to Professor Sayce: Schrader, Friedrich Delitzsch, Haupt, Winckler, and Maspéro—four Germans, and a Frenchman. He insists chiefly on the name of Maspéro. Now, a close reader of Maspéro's "Ancient History" can easily find that the author is a competent judge in matters of Egyptology, but that he has never seriously studied the Bible. He borrows all his biblical science from Germany; what personal authority has he in the question? For many reasons such a controversy between archæologists and critics is of great interest. For a long time, Catholics have accused "Higher Criticism" of rashness and unscientific method. But the voice of one of its champions is heard, to-day, in a greater outburst, and we may profit by it. The rationalist critics had so much work in cutting and scraping the Bible, that they could not leisurely and solemnly discuss a definitive conclusion. But the time has come for a positive judgment. For us, be it said, that without blind traditionalism, without over-acute criticism, we recognize the value of modern archæological discoveries. They attest the veracity and the historical accuracy of "the author" of the Pentateuch, but we would not affirm that "it would be something like a miracle if Moses had not written it."

The opening paper of *The Contemporary Review* for January is "Armenia: An Appeal," by E. J. Dillon, addressed to the British people. It is a ringing cry, a manly denunciation, of England's cruel abandonment of the unfortunate Armenians. It is at the same time a vigorous and outspoken condemnation of "Christian" Europe, and especially of the great Powers that have finally agreed to do nothing in behalf of the outraged and martyred victims of the bloody Turks and Kurds. Every noble instinct of humanity is ignored, because politics demand that the Sultan shall have "a reasonable time" to restore the *normal* order of things, which, as Mr. Dillon clearly shows, means the reign of lust and murder. The God of justice will yet avenge these martyrs, for they have died in defence of the Christian faith, and His divine wrath will fall heavy on those "Christian" nations that have placed politics and mutual jealousies above all considerations demanded by honor, purity, justice, humanity. Mr. Dillon's article abounds in eloquent passages, while the dread details that he copiously gives, make reading that would shock a barbarian or a savage. God's curse will yet rest on the nation chiefly responsible for this condition of affairs, for assuredly God will hear the cry of the slaughtered little ones, the outraged women, and the foully murdered men who have been offered up as a holocaust in the name of fanaticism, lust, and diabolical cruelty.

While the blessed words of peace on earth filled our churches during the Christmas time, rumors of war also filled the air, distracting for a time, the world's attention from Armenia to Venezuela. God grant that war may be averted! But better even war than submission to wrong in matters of such grave moment, is the voice of the nation, with only a discordant note here and there. Still, we ask our readers to offer special and earnest prayers that peace may reign in our beloved land. But as we look abroad, and contemplate the condition of these unhappy Christians apparently doomed to annihilation because England's present political exigencies demand her inaction during the slaughter of a people whose protection she assumed forty years ago, we feel that war must come. One of her own statesmen, Lord Sherbrooke, declared twenty years ago that England had turned the keys of hell on the Christians subject to Turkey, because of her interference with Russia. She had turned them twenty years previously; and now she has turned them again. The hour of God's avenging justice may not be far distant. England's many national crimes have invoked the Divine wrath these many years,—and when the time is ripe, the chastisement will be in accordance with the terrible responsibility. And the remainder of "Christian" Europe will not be spared, for God is neither a respecter of persons nor of "the balance of power."

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The Seminary for January contains a most interesting and instructive article on "Zeugma, the Episcopal Title of the Right Reverend John M. Farley, D. D.," recently consecrated as auxiliary bishop of New York. It is written by His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop Corrigan, and is marked by that ecclesiastical learning for which, among other gifts and accomplishments, the Archbishop of New York is so well known. After showing the meaning of the word Zeugma as a figure of speech signifying *union*, the Archbishop thus beautifully concludes his paper:

"It will be remembered that a few months ago a delegation of Coptic Catholics, who are found chiefly in Egypt, waited on the Sovereign Pontiff, expressing their attachment to the chair of Peter, and their hopes of inducing their Monophysite brethren to return to the unity of faith, and the Holy Father, in the same Consistory in which Mgr. Farley was preconized, expressed his intention of restoring the Coptic patriarchate, and of soon designating a prelate to occupy that position which has been vacant for many centuries. It is therefore an interesting circumstance that the first auxiliary bishop of New York is appointed titulary of an ancient see which dates back to the first days of the Copts, and is thereby in some sense connected with the Holy Father's project of re-uniting Christendom. We can therefore understand why the Uditor Santissimo, at present the Most Rev. Archbishop Guidi, titular of Nicea, whose duty it is to assign episcopal titles, chose by preference, from the many vacant sees, one which in its very name and origin typifies and emphasizes *union*. May it be a happy omen, and may the heart of the Sovereign Pontiff be gladdened by the extinction of religious differences and by saluting, at least from afar, the dawn of the day when there shall be 'one Fold and one Shepherd.'"

In the same number of *The Seminary* Bishop Farley and Father Connolly continue their pleasant sketches of Mexican travel.

For several months we have carefully observed the course of *The Monitor*, of San Francisco, under the guiding hand of Father Yorke, the present editor. It is with great pleasure that we express our sense of admiration for his manly and courageous energy in dealing with the Pacific Coast A. P. A's. He has driven the rats from their holes, and in the full light of truth, with scorpion lash, he has scattered them "in all directions." An excellent feature of this campaign against falsehood and calumny and cowardice is the distribution by Father Yorke of leaflets containing reprints of some of the best articles that have appeared in *The Monitor*. We congratulate the Reverend Editor not only on this good work, but on the gratifying fact that he is making *The Monitor* one of the best of our Catholic weeklies. In tone, style, and matter, our San Francisco contemporary is a very creditable production. We hope that the Catholics of the Pacific coast will show their appreciation of a solid and interesting journal, as earnest supporters of *The Monitor*.

The Cosmopolitan comes out in a very pretty New Year's dress, which, though unfamiliar, is so dainty and bright that one very readily forgives the exchange. The frontispiece is a very delicately tinted lithograph, illustrating "A Tragedy of the Great North Road," by Robert Louis Stevenson, which was begun in the December number. "The City of Dreams," by Arthur Sherburne Hardy, is a beautiful poem, epic in character, dreamy and mystical in rhythm and language, and truly poetical in impulse and tone—rare qualifications in these days of make-believe poetry. "Was George Eliot a Hypocrite," is a manly and discriminating paper by Mr. Julien Gordon. It should be read, not only by those who cannot, or will not, view George Eliot's genius apart from her domestic life, but also by those who are not only so willing, but so glad, to cast the first stone. It is a sad, but significant fact, that those who seem so desirous of depreciating the great writer are women, notably, "Ouida" and Mrs. Lynn Linton, who are both, when compared intellectually to George Eliot, as "Hyperion to a Satyr." "The Weird Sisters," by Esther Singleton, is an article showing the mystic women who have figured in classic legend. "Submarine Boats," "A Brief History of Altruria," and "Ancient Lineage" are all interesting articles. The fiction of the number is exceptionally good.

"A Kaleidoscope of Rome," is one of Mr. F. Marion Crawford's masterly Roman pen-pictures, and is the opening paper of the January *Century*. The illustrations by A. Castaigne are fine. Mr. Crawford draws a very discriminating line between what he calls "lay" and "ecclesiastic Rome. "Lay Rome, if one may use the expression, is not at all a remarkable city. Ecclesiastic Rome is the stronghold of a most tremendous fact, from whatever point of view Christianity may be considered. If one could, in imagination, detach the head of the Catholic Church from the Church, one would be obliged to admit that no single, living man possesses the far-reaching and lasting power which in each succeeding Papal reign belongs to the Pope. Behind the Pope stands the fact which confers, maintains, and extends that power from century to century—a power which is one of the hugest elements of the world's moral activity, both in its own direct action, and

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in the counter-action and antagonism which it calls forth continually." "A Feast on the Rhone," by T. A. Janvier, is a paper in which the author so far forgets his dignity in his prejudice as to express himself in the language of a literary harlequin. In speaking of Châteauneuf du Pape, and its destruction by Des Adrets, the Huguenot leader, Mr. Janvier says: "This was an unfairly lurid ending for a castle which actually came into existence for gentle purposes, and was not steeped to its very battlements in crime, for Châteauneuf was built purely as a pleasure place, to which the Popes, when weary with ruling the world, and bored by their straightlaced duties as St. Peter's earthly representatives, might come from Avignon with a few choice kindred spirits, and refreshingly kick up their heels." It would be unreasonable to expect a non-Catholic to give the Pope the veneration which we, as Catholics, accord to him, but it is rather to be expected that a man writing for one of our best magazines would maintain a dignity of expression sufficient to avoid becoming offensive to any particular class of that magazine's readers. It hardly pays, either, to be facetious at the expense of elegance, and to speak of a line of men, who, by their wisdom and ability, were for centuries called upon as arbitrators for the whole civilized world, as though they were three-year-olds turned in the paddock after a race, is, to say the least of it, inelegant. William M. Sloane's great life of Napoleon continues to claim its readers' interest. "Sir George Tressady," Mrs. Humphrey Ward's serial, promises to be strictly political, and is very strong. "A Slender Romance," and "The Trumpeter of the Troop," are the fiction of the number.

"Tribal Life Among the Omahas" is a readable and enjoyable paper; but "Responsibility Among the Chinese" will prove to most people outside of the Flowery Kingdom, a most peculiar piece of instruction, illustrating, from the experience of a traveller and resident, the strange characteristics of these strange people. It is decidedly an odd condition of affairs here revealed.

In *Frank Leslie's Monthly* for January we have "A By-gone Bohemia," a paper which offers a panorama of that brilliant literary coterie which in the fifties frequented Pfaff's lager beer saloon, and by their patronage made the place famous and its proprieter rich. George Arnold, Walt Whitman, Josh Billings, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Henry Clapp, and a score of others who were at that time driving the quill, and struggling for fame and fortune in the New World's metropolis, pass before us, and again we see many almost-forgotten faces, and have recalled many an incident in this breezy, happily-written paper by A. L. Rawson. "Great Ship Canals," by Arthur Vaughan Abbott, C. A., deals comprehensively with some of the great canals of the world—English, Continental and American. "Christmas," a paper by Irving Allen, brings together innumerable customs, couplets, and poems of Christmastide. "Chamois Hunting in the High Alps," by H. Stutfield, is interesting, and picturesquely illustrated. "King Lear's Daughter," by Eileen Edgar, and "A Christmas Coincidence," by R. M. Jones, are among some other very pretty stories.

"The Defeat of Blaine for the Presidency" is a most interesting bit of historical and personal reminiscence contributed to *McClure's Magazine* for January by Murat Halstead, a faithful friend and devoted follower of that illustrious political chieftain. Lincoln's life-story runs on, and other agreeable matter may also be found in this number.

The January *Review of Reviews* contains a character sketch of Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, by the editor. Maps and portraits accompany the article. Several papers treating of subjects specially Jewish give this number a decidedly interesting cast: "The Jews of New York"; "Israel Among the Nations", and "At Jerusalem Five Years Hence: a Political Prophecy."

"History, Science, Religion, Literature, Art, Philosophy," are the field of *The Catholic Reading Circle Review* (but what an uncouth name!), and we are glad to see that Mr. Mosher, the energetic editor, has gathered around him a number of earnest and worthy people who labor with him in his noble cause. We always say pleasant things about Mr. Mosher because he deserves them, but we cannot say anything pleasant about the title of his review.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart has enlarged its page, and added, in variety, to its pleasant matter. Jesuit missionaries in all parts of the world are among its most interesting contributors, especially in the way of papers touching missionary travels and labors in missionary lands.

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How to Become a Rosarian.

1. *Have your name enrolled by a priest authorized to receive you.*—If the Confraternity be not established where you reside, you may send your name to some church where it is established. It is not necessary to reside in the parish where the Confraternity is established. Our readers may send their names to the Director of the Rosary Confraternity, in care of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE, and he will enroll them. Be sure to give the baptismal name and the family name. No abbreviations of baptismal names may be used.

2. *Have your Beads blessed with the Dominican blessing.*—To accommodate those who may not have an opportunity of receiving this blessing otherwise, the Director of the Rosary Confraternity, 871 Lexington Ave., New York, will bless all rosaries sent to him, and will return them. Postage for this must be enclosed

3. *The fifteen decades must be said during the course of the week—from Sunday to Sunday.*—These decades may be divided in any way found convenient, provided that at least one decade at a time be said. It is a pious practice of Rosarians to say five decades each day.

In the usual "make up" of rosaries we find one large bead and three smaller beads immediately following the crucifix or cross. It is a practice of some to recite on the cross or crucifix the *Apostles' Creed;* on the large bead, an *Our Father;* and on the small beads, three *Hail Marys.* In reality they do not belong to the Rosary. They are merely a custom, but are not required by the Church. The method of saying the Rosary practised by the Dominicans is as follows:

In the name of the Father, etc.

V. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

R. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus.

V. Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips.

R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God;

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, etc. Alleluia.

(*From Septuagesima to Easter, instead of* Alleluia, *say* Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory.)

Then announce either "the first part of the holy Rosary, the five joyful mysteries," or "the second part of the holy Rosary, the five sorrowful mysteries," or "the third part of the holy Rosary, the five glorious mysteries." Then the first mystery, "the Annunciation," etc., and "*Our Father*" once, "*Hail Mary*" ten times, "*Glory be to the Father*" once; in the mean time meditating on the mystery. After reciting five decades, the *Hail, holy Queen* is said, followed by

V. Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us Pray.

O God, whose only begotten Son, by His life, death and resurrection, has purchased for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that meditating on these mysteries of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

POINTS WORTH REMEMBERING.

1. The joyful mysteries are honored on Mondays and Thursdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from the first of Advent to the first of Lent.

2. The sorrowful mysteries are honored on Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year, and on the Sundays of Lent.

3. The glorious mysteries are honored on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from Easter to Advent.

4. In the monthly Calendar. C. C. mean Confession and Communion.

5. Prayer: for intentions of the Holy Father, viz., the welfare of the Holy See; the spread of the Catholic Faith; the extirpation of heresy; peace among nations. It is not necessary to mention these intentions in detail. Five *Our Fathers* and *Hail Marys* will suffice for the prayers.

6. On second Sunday of each month, a Plenary Indulgence may be gained by members of the Holy Name Society.

7. On any day chosen by members of the Angelic Warfare, a Plenary Indulgence may be gained each month for the daily recital of the prayer "Chosen Lily." Conditions: C., C., prayer, visit to their chapel.

8. On each of two days chosen at will, a Plenary Indulgence may be gained each month by Rosarians:
(*a*) By those who daily spend at least a quarter of an hour of meditation, C., C., prayer.
(*b*) By those who are accustomed to celebrate or to hear the privileged Rosary Mass, "Salve Radix." Conditions: C., C., prayer. A Plenary also each time this Mass is said or heard.

9. The same conditions and the same indulgence as in (*a*) hold for members of the Holy Name Society.

10. On the last Sunday of each month a Plenary Indulgence may be gained by all the faithful who have been accustomed to say five decades of the Beads three times a week in common. Conditions: C., C., visit to church, prayers.

11. Many partial indulgences may be gained every day, for the recitation of the Rosary and for carrying a blessed rosary through devotion. It is not necessary to think of them in detail. A general intention suffices.

12. The usual conditions for gaining indulgences are Confession, Communion, and prayers for the Pope's intentions, with special work enjoined, such as a visit. One Confession and Communion suffice for all indulgences appointed for one day, even though Confession and Communion are named for each; and for those who are accustomed to weekly Confession this pious custom satisfies for all indulgences during the week for which Confession is required as a condition.

13. All the indulgences of the Rosary are applicable to the souls of the faithful departed.

14. For simple-minded people who cannot meditate, a devout recitation of the Rosary is all that is asked.

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ST. JOSEPH.

(After a rare old lithograph by Carles, Paris. The original pen-work was from the hand of a Brother of the Christian Schools.)

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VOL. VIII. MARCH, 1896. No. 3.

AVE MARIA.

REGINA ARMSTRONG HILLIARD.

Ave Maria,
With sorrowing heart I turn to thee,
Beyond the world's unpitying touch I long to be:
Beyond its laughter and its fears,
Far from its honors and its jeers,
And all the weight of soul-tossed fears—
My heart cries out to thee.
Ave Maria, pray for me!

Ave Maria,
My bleeding feet are borne to thee,
Upon the blood-stained path that leads to Calvary.
The thorns my head have pressed,
The gall my lips attest.
And Peace has been a seldom guest—
My soul cries out to thee,
Ave Maria, pray for me!

Ave Maria,
I hear the angels say, blessed art thou;
With interceding grace the chrism of peace lay on my brow.
Ah, hear! the weight is sore
Upon me; more and more
With prayer I rest; hear, I implore.
My spirit cries to thee,
Ave Maria, pray for me!

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THE BOERS.

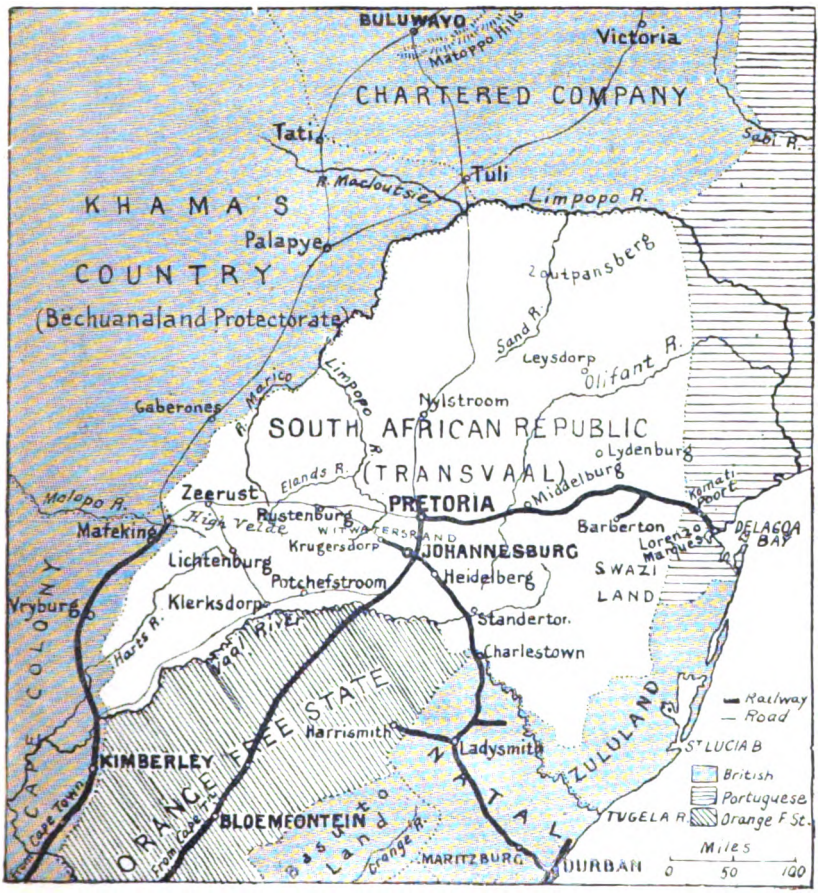
D. S. LAMSON.

THE Boers are a very curious and interesting people. For nearly a century they have resisted, step by step, the invasion of the English in South Africa. They are a cross between the first Holland colonists of the Cape and the French Huguenots who emigrated at Blay, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Of the Huguenot colonists there remains to-day no other trace but their French names. Jaubert, the commander-in-chief of the army of the Transvaal; du Plenis, Marais, Hugo, Malhulec, and Valgrau,—the last name pronounced Filyence. They have come to be completely merged in the larger Holland contingent, and have adopted their language. During the early period of their establishment at the Cape, after the English settlement, they lived by the side of the new masters of the country without becoming blended with them; they were occupied in the cultivation of their farms, raising cattle, and hunting the deer.

In 1835 the British order in council suddenly abolished slavery without giving any compensation to the owners of slaves, which brought their ruin. They left their possessions, and sought other fields, pushing on into the interior of the country, taking with them their herds of cattle and their other property in large wagons drawn by oxen. Some of these settled themselves in Natal, others beyond, at Vaal and Orange. This, however, was not accomplished without difficulty. These new territories were in possession of the Zonlons, a fierce tribe against which the English later came in armed contact. These tribes bravely disputed their grounds, over which terrible and bloody battles were fought. The Boers were constantly assailed by immense bands of these Zonlons, against which they fought bravely, forming their wagon trains into fortified enclosures. In one of these battles, which occurred on the 16th of December, 1838, four hundred and fifty Boers defeated twelve

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thousand Zonlons, and killed three thousand of their enemy. They finally became masters of the country, driving the Zonlons, under their chiefs, Dingaan and Morelikatre, beyond the Limpopo. The Republic of the Transvaal and the Free State of Orange were established, and the English solemnly recognized their



From "The Review of Reviews."

independence by the treaty signed in 1884, which contained only one reservation, which limited their right to make treaties with other foreign powers. It is doubtful if the Boers realized, at the time, the importance of this special reservation, which has given rise to the recent objections of the German Emperor. This treaty

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with the English was signed after they had defeated the English troops in several bloody encounters. At the battle of Majuta one hundred and fifty Boers carried by assault a hill defended by four hundred English soldiers, killing the commander, six officers, and ninety men. The Boers are intrepid fighters. The children are early taught the use of firearms, and to be fearless in all danger. They are all sharpshooters, and never miss their aim. Their lives are passed in hunting, or on their farms raising herds of cattle. They have no love for the life in towns or cities. Johannesberg has no other population than the Uitlanders, gold hunters who came among them to make their fortunes at the mines, and depart. For these the Boers have only contempt. He is an African ("Afrikander"), and he intends to remain African. He loves his land; he has conquered it, and means to defend it. They are a temperate people, possessing wonderful powers of endurance, great self-control, a patient temperament. He has no ambition to acquire wealth, or to enjoy its fruits. The gold fever has taken no hold upon him; he is ignorant of the existence of banks, and like his ancestors of old, keeps his fortune at home, hid away in chests, which serve for beds. The Boers are suspicious of strangers, and do not encourage their acquaintance, but they become hospitable and firmly attached to those who have gained their confidence, and it is difficult for such friends to leave their farms when once admitted to their homes. The Boers speak only the language of the Hollanders, and they remain purely and strictly Hollanders. After a period of two hundred and fifty years they remain still a European, race, without any African admixture. The only intermarriages are with the French Huguenots. There is not a single mulatto Boer in all Transvaalia; in fact, in the whole colony.

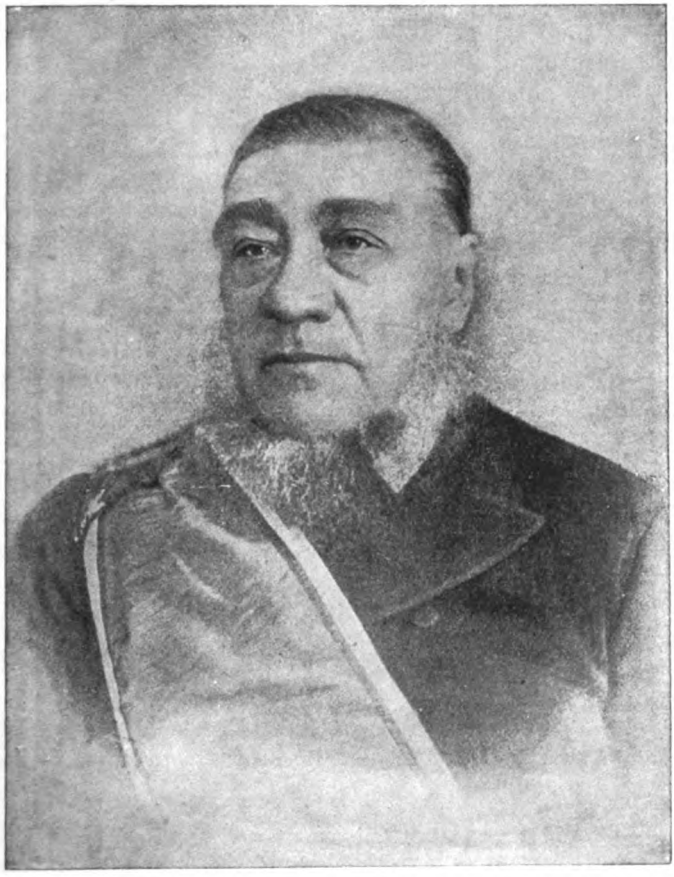
The Boer is an excellent father of his family. He only esteems married men who have children. His wife is faithful and devoted, brave and energetic, and when occasion requires, can load and fire a musket. In spite of all these excellent qualities, the Boer has one fault, he is irreducible to the exigencies of modern civilization, he will never submit to English domination.

In 1880, M. Krüger, President of the Republic of the Transvaal, made a visit to Holland, where he was everywhere received with

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great honor, as a worthy descendant of those of Holland who had carried to Southern Africa the habits, language, and indomitable spirit of their country. At the time of his visit he was met by a gentleman, who led the conversation to the subject of the contest which the Transvaal had with the English five years before:

"You thrashed them finely," said the gentleman.



PRESIDENT KRÜGER.

From "The Review of Reviews."

"Not as much as we would have liked. Otherwise, we should have discouraged any future attempts against us on their part."

"So you think they will try it again?" said the gentleman.

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"Yes, sooner or later," he said; "we are a country of the future—our soil contains a wealth not now suspected. So long as it remains undiscovered, the English will remain quiet; but so soon as this wealth comes to the surface, they will set some trap for us. Already they encroach upon us on every side. When the time comes they will make pretext to protect English subjects in our midst, on some pretence or other, and you can imagine the rest. But I have come to my native country to become once more penetrated with the spirit of an old desire, '*Je Maintiendrai*,' and we will hold on."[1]

* * * * * * * *

The telegram recently sent by the present Emperor William to President Krüger was but in obedience to a promise made by the old Emperor William I. In 1884, President Krüger was at the head of an embassy to Europe. After visiting Lisbon, Holland, and Paris, the embassy went to Berlin. They were received with marked attention by Bismarck, who personally introduced them to the old emperor. President Krüger's address to the emperor was as follows:

"Majesty, you are an old man, and you govern a powerful empire. The Transvaal, compared with Germany, is but a child. A child depends, and needs the aid of its parents, who protect it when harm comes to it. The child falls now and then, and cannot regain its feet without assistance. Majesty, at some time in the future, evil days will fall upon us; help us then, and put us on our feet!"

The emperor was much moved by this address, and taking both hands of President Krüger, he said: "I promise you, count upon me and *mine*."

At a court dinner the next day, Krüger was placed at table fronting the emperor, and as he had no uniform, the old courtiers were amazed, and could not understand it.

William II. has not forgotten the promise made by his grandfather, which explains the sudden and unexplained telegraphic message to President Krüger which has disturbed all Europe.

[1] President Krüger was a true prophet.

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MEMORIES.

A DREAM OF ANGELS.

JOSEPH W. S. NORRIS.



MARCH in a far northern land where the summer sun spends itself prodigally in the richest glory during a brief but beautiful reign, and where the snows clothe the ragged vesture of the mountain as with a cloak, and the ice locks the impetuous rush of the ever-youthful river during a long season of penitential cold.

The snow lay deep in the valley, and on the wind-swept mountain side the evergreen pines bore their beautiful white burden with as much grace as though each heaven-sent snowflake were a fragrant summer flower.

The Hospice was aglow with the quiet enthusiasm of novice and nun on the eve of a beautiful day. The morrow would bring them the feast of St. Joseph, memorable in their annals for all gracious favors.

Amid the joy so fervent, yet so suppressed, a dear consecrated soul lay folded in the wings of angels, waiting for that breathing of the Most High—the voice of the Bridegroom—which would waft her from the midst of earthly Winter to the favor of celestial Summer.

Daylight faded away in a wreath of roses in the western sky, and the short twilight wakened from its dream in the kiss of a silvery moon that showered snow-hung trees and mountain side and convent wall with a crystalline radiance chaste as the snow itself, pure as a dream of Heaven. From the chapel came the sound of chanting voices, adoring, imploring voices, a rustle of rosaries, a procession of reverent footsteps.

Voices were stilled to whispers at last, and the reverent footstep became the shadow of a sound.

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But two lights remained in the Hospice on the hill, the lamp of the sanctuary flickering feebly, changefully, before the sweet Reality of Life; the lamp of the sick-chamber burning steadily in the stern certainty of Death—a strange contrast to the faintly gleaming light of life so visibly dying out. Beside the tiny chapel of the convent was a dear little room—the priest's room—where often a sick priest passed a period of repose when worn and wearied from the difficult work of the mission; sometimes (alas for those who remained!) they winged their flight for the goal of their labors from this little room on the mountain side. On this eve of a beautiful day, the charming room was occupied by a welcome little guest, snow-bound, yet happy in the midst of dearest friends who spoke of home and loved ones. He knew and felt that while he remained, the white picture-hung walls, white curtains, white bed, and the floor worn white with the labor of years, would be all his own.

Down the winding stairs the last faint footfall sounded; the dark corridor leading to the cloistered home of the dying nun was silent as the grave.

The white curtains of the bed were drawn aside, the white curtains of the window waved away, and the moonlight crept in silently and traced with its fairy fingers the chaste outlines of a lovely picture of Saint Joseph—a pen picture made in France long, long, ago.[1] Near by, an angel bearing a lily branch seemed to hold his lovely head in air, and shake back the waving tresses from his brow, his eager eyes looking forward with a pure resolve. It must be midnight. Was the window opened wide, now, this winter night, or was it but the bright moonlight flooding the room that seemed so full of silver lilies? Couch and curtains, floor and walls were strewn with the lily leaves; and without, the snow-hung trees were swaying lily branches, and the snowy vale was a land of the lotus, in which the white blossoms spread like a carpet their fair magnificence. All adown the starry sky came chanting angels bearing the lilies—leaves and bloom, and lotus and lily, angel and song thronged the child-dreamer's vision and filled him with a sweet spiritual joy which seemed a very taste of the delights of

[1] See Frontispiece.

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Paradise. Waving wings, the odor of lilies, the charming song died away; but the moonlight was there, the picture of the saint, and the sweet angel with the lily-spray. Again the dream, half-waking, now it seemed, the return of the angels out into the moonlit sky, but the bearers of the lily had changed the waxen blooms for waxen tapers which burned with a constant and a golden flame. The angels, too, were veiled in white, while the faint rustle of a rosary seemed an accompaniment to the almost whispered recitation of a psalm or prayer.



Again the vision faded away; but the moonlight, paler now, showed indistinctly the tracing of the saint, and whitely the lily-sheaves in the arms of the angel. Quite marked, also was the sweet waxen odor of burning tapers. Was it a dream, or a reality? The joyful convent bell rang out the *Angelus* in the early morning, its annunciation chiming down in the valley, in and out among the snow-laden trees, over the mountain, up into the skies; down again beneath the eaves of the still silent dwellings hung with the fringes of the frost, where the birds of God were mutely pleading for their daily bread, far and near, silvery, sweet-sounding. Then its tone changed to sorrow, and it tolled a *Requiem* which announced that a spouse had gone forth to meet the Bridegroom, that while men slept the Master came, like a thief in the night, and carried away the treasure.

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The chapel-altar was draped in the color of immortal life; the shrine of the saint was a glorious banner of lilies so heavenly beautiful that the childish eyes knew them at once to have been brought at midnight by angel hands, and, ah! in the cloister choir, her veiled head crowned with a victor's garland of roses, a smile on her lovely face, her rosary, stilled forever, by her side, her vows folded in her virginal hands, reposed the daughter of Saint Joseph whose soul had floated out on angel's wings soft as the moonlight—and as fair, bearing those precious flowers—

"Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams."



SEED TIME.

M. E. K.

In Spring, the youth-tide of the year,
With plough and spade
The earth is made
Upheaved, and seed sown far and near.

Where mossy green soft-clothes the hills,
And grow sweet flowers,
Thro' sun-lit hours,
And flow in peace and calm the rills,

The plowman comes, his task to do
The earth is torn,
Of beauty shorn
Till harvest days bring joys anew.

E'en so our hearts, when bruised and torn
In youthful days;—
Ah! then the ways
Are made for seed by God's hand sown.

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FROM GIBRALTAR TO LONDON.

I.—GIBRALTAR AND TANGIER.

REV. JOSEPH SELINGER, D. D.

THE number of Americans visiting Europe is now so large, that hardly anything new can be told to them about countries beyond the Atlantic. Spain, however, is rarely travelled, even as travel is practised abroad by the children of Uncle Sam.

The close relationship of that country to ours, the fame and glory of its people, the splendid manifestations of its faith and art, induced me to spend much of my vacation in its quaint towns, among its valleys and mountains. Since I had heard and read that in no country is a foreign language less indulged in by the people generally than in Spain, I supplied myself with a sufficient knowledge of their own language to avoid stolid stagnancy in conversation. Neither had I reason to regret the labor.

The most pleasant, if not the quickest, way to Spain is the direct route by water from New York to Gibraltar. Its advantage lies in the beautiful sky and transparent sea, disturbed only by the sun playfully tossing his rays from early morn to late at night. And the night throwing its veil over the vast expanse still allows the stars to smile at their images in the deep. Then, the monotony, if such there be, is broken after five days by a number of islands called the Azores. They encourage the weary sailor by their sudden appearance on the horizon. The curiosity of the passenger is excited by their beauty. He inquires from every available source about the past and present of these islands.

The rugged shores of San Miguel especially, the principal island of the group, rise so majestically, yet so gently, out of the dark-blue ocean, that one is tempted to imagine the long-lost Atlantis of ancient geography had come above the waters for breath.

It was Sunday morning when we passed it, within a stone's throw. There was a festive silence. The sound of bells inviting

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the inhabitants, who are all Catholics and mostly Portuguese, was easily heard on board. The convents and church-buildings in light-red peeped over the trees and houses of the town. A high range of land running up into the mountain, Pico, gave a romantic background to the whole. Fields and meadows interspersed with luxuriant orchards stretch from the range in a gentle decline towards the principal town, which nestles along the edge and into the hollows as though it wished to protect its citizens from those fearful volcanic eruptions that sometimes break forth from the deep or from the height. The entire island seemed cast above



GIBRALTAR, SHOWING BISHOP'S RESIDENCE AND CATHEDRAL.

water by sportive nymphs as if to entice human beings to join their weary loneliness.

A moist air, however, a frequent visitor about these islands, compelled the passengers to stay in cabin, or saloon, and when they came on deck again towards evening, the sky and the sea alone greeted them in their vast solitude. Cape St. Vincent, of Portugal, which was sighted at early morn, aroused no particular enthusiasm. Near Trafalgar many barges were idly tossed, but no one seemed to remember, at least not to care, that here the "indestructible Armada" had found an ignominious grave.

Never since has Spain regained her supremacy on the high-seas. Our steamer passed rapidly by. It was night when we entered the strait dividing two continents and uniting the waters of the

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earth. When the deep-toned whistle of the steamer aroused the passengers the following morning, and the numerous small boats hurrying in and out of the harbor answered to it, we were in full sight of Gibraltar. The bells of the buoys gave warning of reef and shoal. Their sound rang out so playfully, clear, however, that we accepted their warning as a kind welcome.

Hurry and confusion now began on deck. The nine days from New York to here afforded ample time for a most minute arrangement, yet nobody seemed to be ready. Well, it is ever so; even death, though long foreseen, surprises us when it finally arrives! Hardly one passenger remained on board, though few on board had a mind to stop in Spain. It was the change, rather, and pleasure of standing on firm ground, and the opportunity of mailing or cabling notice of a safe arrival, that induced the passengers to ride to the wharf on a tender. There was time enough, too, for a stroll in the town of Gibraltar and a drive around its summit before the steamer would carry them on to Genoa.

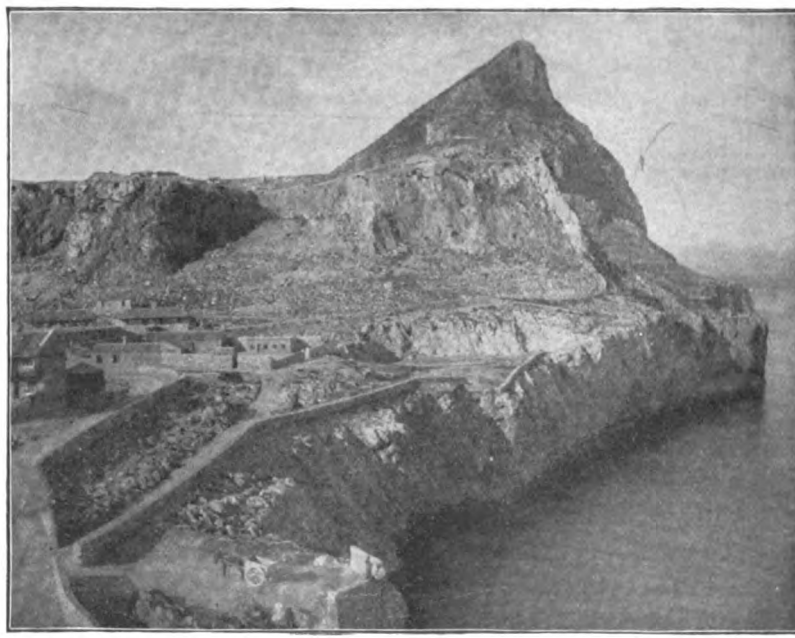
Thus, for a little while the town was in a stir. Flower girls, fruit venders, a medley of soldiers and a degenerate mixture of various races crowded the docks; hotel-runners and cabmen obstructed the passage on all sides. There was a deafening jumble and jargon. Asses brayed, whips cracked, carts and drays were forced through the crowd. Every one seemed bothered with an itching palm; even the oarsmen, remonstrating from their jostling skiffs, were dissatisfied with the small coin some passengers dropped into their hands.

There is only one main street in the town of Gibraltar. The principal establishments of trade and of travel are located on it. It winds around the Rock, which high up encloses the cavernous galleries. The brazen mouths of the artillery placed at intervals in those galleries are hidden by wild ivy and underbrush hanging down the declivities. The English are confident of the strength of their fortification. They cannot understand "how any h'enemy could take the Rock." The young soldier who led us through the galleries was over-anxious to impress that on our minds. The Spaniards admit the presence of the English with no good will. They continue to call the Rock their own, and consider the English, nestled in its bosom, unjust aggressors. The

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neutral strip that both divides and unites the English fort and Spanish territory is crowded, morning and evening, by Spanish workmen, who hurry to cross it before the usual cannon's shot announces the opening or close of the English boundary.

I dwelt rather on past, than present circumstances. Around this rock, which rises out of the water like a giant sentinel, and looks sternly at the ships that enter the strait, or pass out of it, the adventurous Phœnician steered his boat. The ancient Carthagenian rowed his galley around it; here he began his march upon



ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

Rome with a hate that has become proverbial; here the Vandal and Goth crossed over to Ceuta, to devastate the flourishing provinces of northern Africa. And in turn the Tartar set out for Europe, and landed his forces here. Târic led his Saracenic hordes from this vicinity into Christian civilization. Here they unsheathed their sword against the Christian, and shouted their battle-cry to the terror of Europe. Little did the regret of the Spanish prince Julian, who invited them into his king's domain, avail now,

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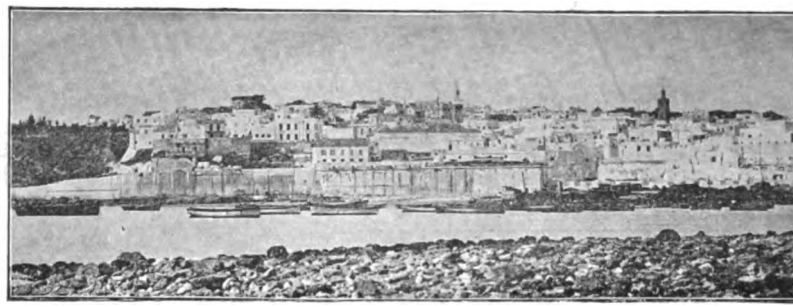
when he saw the dread result of his vengeance. The flower of Andalusia's knighthood led by King Rodrigo, was cut down and trampled under foot at Xerxes de la Frontera in 711. And the Moor now advanced, now retreated before the battle-axe of Pepin and of Charlemagne. With alternate fortune he faced the Christian warrior for long centuries. His menacing presence called forth such a genius of strategem as made the Spanish people fierce and resistless in the extirpation of heathen power and religion. Though their gentle clime and fertile land conduced to peace and to plenty, yet their spirit was moved to such action as to make chivalry the predominant passion of their age.

Such and other thoughts passed before my mind as I stretched myself on a cliff projecting on the north-western side of the Rock. The legends of Gibel-Târic, told by Washington Irving with surpassing skill, soon led my imagination to people the Rock with strange beings that seemed to rise in procession from the deep, and veil themselves with such indistinct, yet striking difference of character, as became the age in which they lived. Nor was the religious conviction of those by-gone races always a phase apart from their social life. It entered into all their being; they derived from it such energy as the modern Spaniard, and perhaps other Christians of our time, cannot comprehend.

St. Paul, who so loved the Spanish Church, was not deterred by distance from visiting it. His ardent love would dispense itself to the saints of that Church also. But how that Church did in time groan under Arian perfidy! Little could it foresee the crescent planted over its fairest provinces from the Ebro to the Xenil. Ferdinand and Isabella, in the providence of God, finally realized the enduring hope which the people of the Peninsula for centuries expressed in romances and legends. The capture of Granada ended their struggle against the Moslem, and as a reward for their perseverance, God gave to them a new world.

Suddenly I heard a squeal overhead, and, looking up, I noticed an old monkey clinched to a dwarfed oak—so common on the Rock; he was swinging, it appeared, with some parental solicitude, a young brood to a distant limb. They are the only inhabitants of the Rock whose generations are undisturbed. They leap from limb to limb. The stunted trees and craggy caves overgrown

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A VIEW

with shrubbery, protect them against heavy gales and inclement blasts. Since the monkey was honored so much by recent research, I looked upon this one with some curiosity, though I had often seen his like before. Here, if anywhere, thought I, in the midst of civilization he must have assumed the air of the missing link, of the anthropoid. But, judging by his present behavior, he was monkey still.

The time for the steamer in port having lapsed, I now hurried down, before its anchor was lifted. On the docks stood the passengers, to whom we bade good-bye. There is an interest, though transient, yet strong, elicited by fellowship on board ship. Common safety bounded within the narrow outlines of a steamer makes people confident, though they were perfect strangers before, and establishes many a friendship. There were regrets that a few should stay behind, while the majority continued their voyage to Genoa. The deck of the parting vessel

> "With glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
> Still waving as fits and stirs of wind,
> Could best express how slow the soul sail'd on,
> How swift the ship"—

was soon like a speck on the horizon. A lonely feeling came strangely over us who remained; we paused, looked at each other in silence, then parted. While crossing over to Tangier the following morning, hardly a mention was made, by my companion or by myself, of the vessel that but yesterday engrossed our sympathy. Change had worked its common effect.

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OF TANGIER.

The strange life of the inhabitants of Tangier will distract any care, except that for one's own person. Such is the bustle and turmoil when the European leaves the small steamer for a skiff in which he is carried through the shallows of the harbor of Tangier; such the cry and shout of the half-naked boatman, that one readily surrenders luggage to be secure against toppling over. Nowhere, I believe, is the ideal of a water-rat so faithfully represented as in the harbor of Tangier. The grim faces of the black and copper-colored oarsmen, the loose, white garment fluttering about them, the swiftness by which they row the boats about the newly-arrived steamer, then the dive and splash of their younger brood trying to reach the stranger, give an idea of true piracy.

But we reached the hotel Continental in safety; not without annoyance, however, from the uninterrupted quarrels of our carriers. The proprietor was absent, on a wild-boar hunt with a party of English, but his brother gave us a hearty welcome. He is a Spaniard. His name is Guillelmo Montegriffo. I give his name for the benefit of priests travelling that way. He is an exemplary Catholic, and conversant with all of interest to a priest.

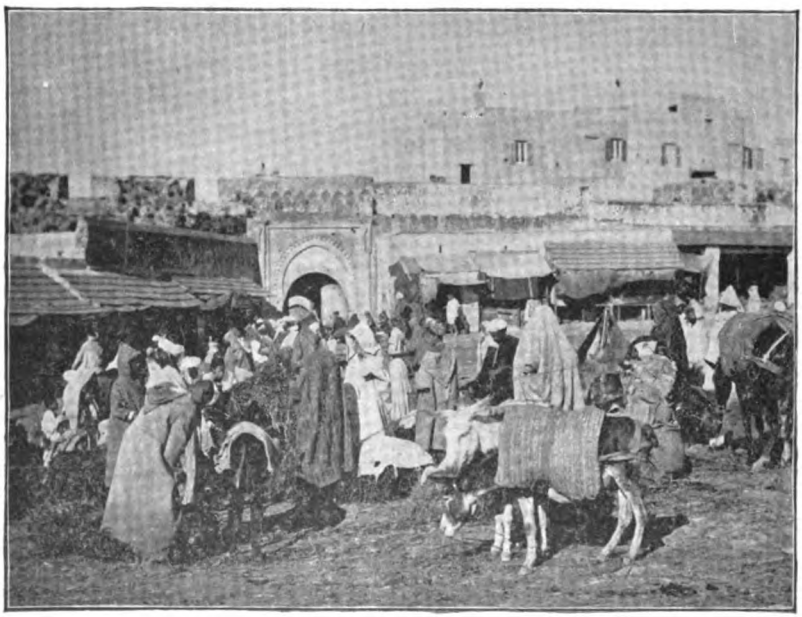
The town, Tangier, is musty and dirty. Its streets, if such, with a few exceptions, they may be called, are terraced, narrow, and very irregular. In the evening, when the citizens stretch themselves in the streets, their full length often reaching from wall to wall, one would stumble over their bodies owing to the complete absence of light if the guard with lantern in hand did not rouse them by no gentle use of his cane.

The display of oriental pageantry here on a market-day, mixed

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with a procession of Arabian caravans from the desert, is probably unrivalled. The Moor, the Arab, and the Saracen seem to differ only in appearance. The Jew, however, is distinct in type, in dress, and in language. The descendants of the ancient pirates of this country, known as Moriscos, are easily recognized by their clean-shaven head, with a short plait of hair in its centre; besides, they are despised, and in turn hate. Their children are often seen fighting unto blood with other children. That stubborn endurance, so characteristic of their forefathers, still makes them dreaded.

Many of the proprietors of the large establishments in Tangier are Europeans, but by far the majority of its dwellers are Moors. The Sheik of the province holds his court in this town. The dull, sluggish look of his councillors, as they squat around him, agrees perfectly with their lazy speech. The dungeon is an aggregate of rottenness. I was told by our host that punishment must be made thus frightful, otherwise theft and robbery, which I thought general enough, would become common occupations. The woman veiled by a coarse cloth silently stole along the walls, disappearing by



MARKET-PLACE OF TANGIER.

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small, hidden entrances into yard or hovel. The abrupt salutation, the low whisper through the half-opened door, the cry of the muezzin from the minaret, and the gentle raising of the hand to the forehead by the Hebrew, appeared to be the exterior signs of the predominant creeds. They really hide a mass of corruption. Carnal lust and filthy lucre are the mainsprings of the social and commercial life in Tangier. "It is a hot-house of immorality," a religious answered me when I inquired about the moral condition of the people. It is impossible, I was told, to correct adults; the only hope of an influence rests with the children educated to a sense of Christian justice and chastity. Even these



A VIEW OF GIBRALTAR.

are hard to influence, and harder still to defend from evil when grown up.

The country district gave evidence still sadder of immoral results of training by the Koran. Though not all immorality, yet a greater part is due to the teaching of that code.

The agricultural and pastoral arts are in a primitive—I should say degenerate—condition. The roads are poor, and unsafe for travel. As long as the tent or cave gives shelter to the roving herdsman, and grazing lasts, there is life along the hill-sides. Far into valleys and hollows, running along torrents and creeks, nature during Spring and early Summer revels in her own luxuriant growth.

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The Atlas mountains ranging from north-east to south-west divide the sultanate of Morocco into two fertile slopes; they protect it, also, from the hot-winds of the Sahara. The climate is delightful. On account of the equal temperature prevailing here at all times, Mt. Washington, to which I rode from Tangier, has become a resort for consumptives. In vain, however, would you expect to see the Barbary corsair dash by you on his steed, although this is his proper home. The subjects of Arabian Nights might have had their abode in this vicinity, but the drudgery and wretchedness of the present generation prove them to be dreams.

A few massive blocks of stone remain of ancient bridges built over ravines by the Carthagenian, and still bear some traces of art. Some of them have fallen into heaps along the currents, and stem the flow of water; they serve a resting place for poorly-clad ramblers, or a washing and drying spot for nomadic women. Over the walls and under the eaves of well-kept villas along the road peeped the banana, the date, the pomegranate; in the hammock idly swung the diva, while the aboriginal Berber stealthily plucked the fig as he crept along hedge or wall. Such is the present state of a people once famous for its schools and its art. The Arab, the Moor, the Jew, and the negro-slave now inhabit the land of Avenzoar and Averrhoes.

BLESSED HENRY SUSO, O. P.

(*March 2d.*)

A DOMINICAN TERTIARY.

ASCETIC, Mystic! Oft I gaze on thee,
And wonder at thy strange ecstatic flights
To realms that border on celestial heights;
But oh! surpassing far thy ecstasy,
And thy asceticism, seems to me
Thy marvellous and Christlike lights
That aided thee, e'en in the darkest nights
Of pain, to judge, but in sweet charity,
The deeds of man o'erwhelming thy grand soul
Till o'er thee seemed woe's deepest depths to roll!

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PIONEER STRUGGLES ON LONG ISLAND.

REV. JOHN M. KIELY, Brooklyn, N. Y.



o account that I can find, either of the discovery of Long Island or of the growth of the Church within its shores, is to me so satisfactory as that with which Father Mitchell opens his "Jubilee Souvenir" of our late Bishop. And, in dividing this paper into two parts, I shall first trace the development of the island church up to the advent of its first Bishop, and then, its growth from his coming to his death.

I.

When the Catholic navigator, Verazzano, and the Catholic Gomez, about the year 1525, entered the magnificent bay of New York, and anchored in the waters of the Saint Anthony, as they called the Hudson, it would have been a wild dream to imagine that, in less than three centuries and a half, the Church, against which Europe seemed rising in revolt, would have planted three Episcopal Sees on the surrounding shores. Yes, a dream. The English and Dutch settlers gave no quarter to Catholics. Men of the old faith fled to Canada. And when the Dutch protected the half martyred Jogue, and conducted him in safety to New Amsterdam, he found in that city only two Catholics, a Portuguese woman and a young Irishman from Maryland!

From time to time, a priest or two from Canada stole down to New Amsterdam (New York), and usually found among the shipping in the harbor some Catholics happy to avail themselves of the ministry of a priest. Such was the character of the flying visits of Fathers Le Moyne and Valliant.

A change, however, came when one day, in the mid-summer of 1664, a squadron of four English vessels, bearing the flag of the Catholic Duke of York, as Lord High Admiral, cast anchor in the Narrows. They came in the name of King Charles the Second, to claim the colony for his brother James, Duke of

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York, and the first result was that New Amsterdam assumed its present name.

Religious freedom was at last proclaimed, and for ten years the Catholics of the colony enjoyed liberty of conscience. May we not conclude that, with one Catholic Vice-Governor and one Catholic Governor—Dongan,—who had a chaplain in his home—Father Thomas Harvey,—with Long Island so near and with so many priestly visitors from Canada and Maryland, the Holy Sacrifice may not infrequently have been offered up in what is now the diocese of Brooklyn?

But things changed in old England. The Duke of York, who had become James the Second, was hurled from his throne. And what cared William, Prince of Orange, or the perfidious Anne, for Catholic subjects in the colonies? Priests and laity fled New York; and in 1696 the number of Catholics in that city was only nine! In 1700 a law was passed by which any Catholic priest entering the colony was condemned to imprisonment for life. If he escaped and was recaptured, he must expect death.

It is not unlikely that of the seven thousand Acadian Catholics driven from their home, many may have settled on the quiet shores of Long Island. But, alas! there were no priests; and many died broken-hearted. English rule was as Protestant here as in Nova Scotia. The suspicion haunts me that England will have more than Venezuelans or Boers to trouble her in the next world!

In spite of all this, the little body of Catholics that had grown up around New York one hundred and twenty years ago, received occasional visits from Philadelphia priests, chiefly Jesuits. And just before the Revolution, two or three priests lived for months at a time in and around the city. One of them, a Father Steenmeyer—anglicè Father "Farmer," under which name he was best known, a scholar and member of the Royal Society of London—frequently said Mass in the house of a German Catholic friend in Wall street, within a block or two of the Government house, where, just a hundred years before—in the days of the Duke of York—Mass was celebrated with full ceremonials.[1]

[1] Father Farmer said Mass also in Water street, and in a carpenter's shop in Barclay street.

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And this is a brief outline of the Church in this vicinity from the time of the first Catholic explorers, down through the occasional visits of missionaries ready for martyrdom,—through the period of respite spoken of, under English Catholic rule,—through the period of the penal laws, and, at last, to deliverance under a revolution which, in its outset, seemed intensely hostile to Catholic faith and practice.

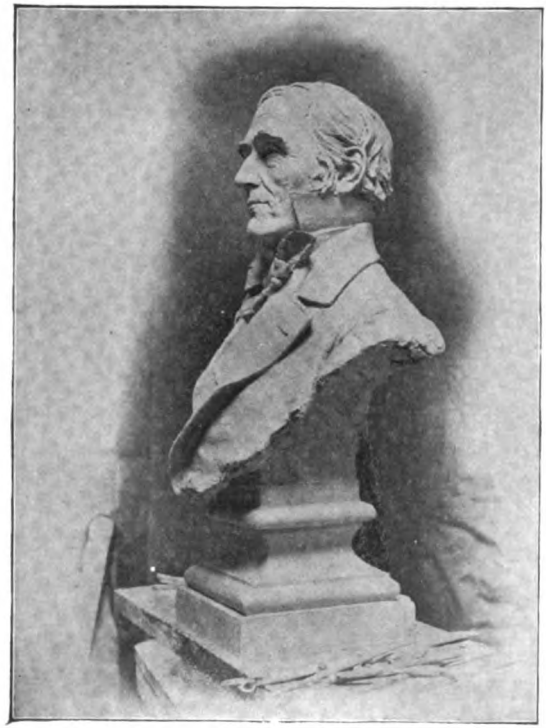
When peace came, Catholics here and in New York began, as it were, to look around for each other. They found themselves fairly numerous, confident, and free. They saw around them Catholic representatives of foreign powers, Catholic jurists and merchants. They began to breathe freely. The clouds had passed.

Then it was that, in the house of William Purcell, here at the north-east corner of York and Gold streets, the Rev. Philip Larissy offered to God the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the first that we know of in what is now the city of Brooklyn. Then it was that, seeing three or four Catholic churches already built in New York, a little group of men, representing seventy persons in all, hitherto accustomed to take a slow ferry across the river to hear Mass, now determined to erect a Catholic church on their own side of the water. All honor to their memories! And in this our day and generation, we can say of them: "They builded wiser than they knew."

Peter Turner—all honor to his name!—the father of our first Vicar-General, on the first of January, 1822, addressed a circular to the Catholics of the town. As a consequence, a meeting was held at his residence at the corner of Front and Washington streets, one week afterward, at which it was determined that ground be purchased, and a church be built. Seven hundred dollars purchased eight lots of ground at the corner of Jay and Chapel streets; and on the 25th of April the ground was blessed by Father Bulger of New York. The building committee consisted of Peter Turner, Wm. Purcell, George McCloskey, Quintin S. Sullivan, George Wise, James Rose, Darby Dawson, and James Freel. Geo. McCloskey raised three sons for the Church—John, so long President of Mt. St. Mary's, Emmettsburgh; George, once pastor of Nativity, New York; and William,

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the present Bishop of Louisville. On August 28th, 1823, the first Catholic church on Long Island was dedicated by Bishop Connolly, under the patronage of Saint James the Greater. The original structure was small—only 60 feet by 40.



BUST OF PETER TURNER.

In the grave-yard, near by, the forefathers of the congregation sleep. It was the only burial-place of the Catholics of Brooklyn for twenty years.

Bishop Connolly died in February, 1825, and it was Vicar-General Power who, in the same year, appointed Father John Farnan first resident pastor of St. James'. In 1828 the Sisters of Charity first came to Brooklyn, and taught school in the basement of St. James' church. They built a little house across the street, where they lived and sheltered some orphan children.[1] In 1832 Father John Walsh became pastor. He died long afterward, in Harlem, Father Loughlin, afterward Bishop of Brooklyn, attending him on his death-bed. Then came Father Smith, Father Bradley, as assistant, and Father James McDonough, who died just before Bishop Loughlin came, and whom some few old Jay street folks still remember. I have heard, and I believe that Bishop Loughlin intended to select St. Paul's for his pro-cathedral had not Father

[1] Jay street pastoral residence to-day.

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McDonough died just between the Bishop's appointment and his consecration.[1]

In 1836, Mr. Cornelius Heaney, who had offered ground for a church some fourteen years before on Court street, had his offer accepted; and St. Paul's church was begun under the vigilance of Mr. Heaney and Mr. Harper, with the Rev. Richard Waters as pastor, 1838. This Mr. Heaney was a very remarkable man. He was born in King's County, Ireland, about the middle of the last century, and came to this country in his thirtieth year. He had acquired a mercantile education in the business house of a relative in the city of Dublin, and gave evidence of decided business talent. In this country he became the first business partner of John Jacob Astor, in the fur trade. Their business prospered. Astor, by his marriage with Miss Todd, secured the large fortune of three hundred dollars, and soon made a voyage to England with a large lot of beaver skins, on which he slept during the voyage, submitting to steerage accommodation through motives of economy. They dissolved partnership after a few years, lived in friendship, however, and both died in the same year.

Mr. Heaney was quite a statesman, and was elected to the Assembly in 1816, and re-elected in 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820 and 1821. He remained a bachelor, grew wealthy, and retired to his Brooklyn estate about the year 1835. This property Mr. Heaney acquired, it is said, in lieu of a debt. It was situated mainly between Congress and Amity streets, fronting on the East River, and running up to Court street—seventeen acres in all. It included a mansion and gardens; and the sum estimated for the purchase was only $7,500. Think of the immense ground value of these acres to-day!

He was exceedingly fond of children; and it was his custom to take the orphan children over from New York, and march gaily at their head into his orchard and gardens. It was his delight to shake the trees for them, and enjoy their scrambie for the fruit. Those who remember him tell us that, though a shrewd business man, Mr. Heaney was simple and playful as a child, with a real love for the poor. At Christmas and other festive seasons he was particularly generous.

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[1] In the N. Y. "Weekly Register and Cath. Diary," of 1835, I find notice of a Fair for the Orphan Asylum in Jay street, held in the Common Council Room Cranberry street,—"Kindly granted by the Common Council for the occasion." Open two days, April 23 and 24,—10 a. m. to 10 p. m.

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That a man of Heaney's wealth should have many claimants and aspirants to kinship is not at all surprising. Once during his life, two men bearing the name of Heaney came from Ireland in a vessel of which they said they were owners, and which they were allowed to moor gratis at Mr. Heaney's wharf. Mr. Heaney was kind and hospitable to them; but when one morning he was told that they claimed to be his nephews, he sharpened his carving-knife, calmly walked down to the dock and cut the hawsers, sending the vessel adrift away down to Buttermilk channel. For this act the men sued Mr. Heaney in court. The venerable years and philanthropic character of Mr. Heaney attracted large crowds to the courtroom on that occasion. The old gentleman —he was nearing ninety at the time—was in his happiest mood. Being asked to inform the Court as to his precise age, he replied in words which elicited peals of laughter: "Judge, don't press that question, if you please. I am still a bachelor, and there are ladies in the gallery."

He died at the age of ninety-four. At his obsequies the church was thronged, chiefly with the poor and Sisters of Charity. They laid his body in St. Paul's church-yard, amid the wailings of a grateful people; and over the precious mound they cut in marble the features of a benign, familiar face:

"Friend of the Widow and the Orphan."

RESIDENCES OF THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN CLERGY, NOV., 1839.

NEW YORK.

Rt. Rev. John Dubois, D. D., 263 Mulberry St.
Rt. Rev. John Hughes, D. D., 263 Mulberry St.
Very Rev. John Power, D. D., 276½ Broadway.
Rev. C. C. Pise, D. D., 161 Broadway.
Rev. John D. Urquhart, 263 Mulberry St.
Rev. W. Starrs, 263 Mulberry St.
Rev. John Conroy, 263 Mulberry St.
Rev. Joseph Andrade, 40 City Hall Place.
Rev. William Quarter, 7 Ridge St.
Rev. J. W. Quarter, 7 Ridge St.
Rev. Dominick J. Teixeira, 7 Ridge St.
Rev. John McCloskey, 67 Sixth Ave.
Rev. B. Canaher, 67 Sixth Ave.
Rev. Felix Varela, 23 Reade St.
Rev. John Freitas, 23 Reade St.
Rev. John Raffeiner, St. Nicholas' Church, Second St.

BROOKLYN.

Rev. Nicholas O'Donnell, Atlantic, near Smith St.
Rev. James O'Donnell, Atlantic, near Smith St.
Rev. John Walsh, Jay St., near Concord.
Rev. P. Danaher, Jay St., near Concord.

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The second pastor of St. Paul's was the Rev. Nicholas O'Donnell, O. S. A., who came from Villanova, the Augustinian house on the suburbs of Philadelphia. He was an excellent priest; a scholar, too, who wrote a learned treatise on the perpetuity of the Church.

A Rev. James O'Donnell, of the same Order, was with him for a time at St. Paul's, and was the first pastor of St. Mary's old church, Grand street, Williamsburgh, built in 1840.[1] He, too, inaugurated the old church and graveyard on the corner of North Eighth street and Kent avenue.

Were they brothers, these two Fathers O'Donnell—Nicholas and James? Father Malone says no. Were they relatives? Father Malone says "perhaps," but he thinks *not*. And yet in the history of Villanova College I read: "Brother Ryan, a native of Tipperary, Ireland, and a kinsman of the Fathers O'Donnell"![2]

Father James resigned, and our venerable friend, the Nestor of the Brooklyn clergy, the respected Father Malone, became pastor of the whole neighborhood, and built, in 1847, the beautiful Church of Sts. Peter and Paul, dedicated by Bishop Hughes in 1848.

The other churches built before the arrival of Bishop Loughlin were the Holy Trinity, of the Germans, in Montrose Ave., the indefatigable Father Raffeiner, pastor; the Assumption, Jay and York streets, which lay so long half-built, Rev. David W. Bacon, pastor; with old St. Patrick's, a mere shed, and St. Joseph's and St. Mary's Star of the Sea, in course of erection. The late lamented Dr. Freel used to tell that he happened to be an acolyte in surplice and cassock when Archbishop Hughes preached at the corner-stone laying of the "Star of the Sea" church. Archbishop Hughes took ill in the heat of his discourse, and said to the sexton in a grandiose way—for he was preaching in a high style of language on the glories of the Church:—"Procure me a little wine in a non-transparent vessel." His weakness disappeared, and he preached most eloquently.

The Catholics *outside* the city, down through the remote parts

[1] Opened June 28, 1840, by Bishop Dubois. Father O'Donnell preached in the morning; Father Varela in the afternoon.

[2] I have since learned, on most credible authority, that they were first cousins.

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of Long Island, were few indeed, and sparsely settled. Astoria had a church, built by the Rev. Michael Curran in the year 1841, and called St. John's. The same priest was probably the first to say Mass in Flushing. His name can be traced down the north shore of the island as far as Smithtown, where he erected a little church. Jamaica had a small frame church since the year 1839; St. Patrick's church, Fort Hamilton, was erected by Rev. Peter McLoughlin, and blessed by Archbishop Hughes in 1850. Father M. McGuinness was its first resident pastor—appointed by Bishop Loughlin, 1854. The old frame church in Flatbush was erected and blessed in 1852. Some priest said Mass away down as far as Babylon, as early as 1848 or 49. Mass was celebrated at the brickyards near Cold Spring Harbor, between Huntington and Lloyd's dock, as early as 1846, by Rev. Hugh Maguire, afterward of St. Patrick's and St. John's (Gowanus). Fathers Byrne and Quarter, of New York, each afterward Bishop of Little Rock and Chicago respectively, are reported as having said Mass down on the island about this time.

The baptismal and marriage registers, however, bear the names of Fathers McGuinness and McCarthy, from the year 1850 until the coming of resident priests to Huntington and Sag Harbor, after 1860. Up to 1854 the whole island was, mainly, attended from Jamaica, where Fathers McGuinness and McCarthy lived together. In these days Father McGuinness was very popular down through the island. Every train would stop for him on the road, and he travelled free. He became the first pastor of the Star of the Sea, which charge he resigned in 1857, to be succeeded by Father Cassidy, so well remembered. That this was the precise date—Jan., 1857—I know from the inscription on Father Cassidy's watch—a Jay street gift, from St. James: "Capital watch, Sir,—capital!" Father McGuinness ended his days in the retirement of Niagara seminary.

Such was the condition of the Church on Long Island before Bishop Loughlin came, in 1853,—eight churches in the city, two in Williamsburgh, one in Astoria, one in Fort Hamilton, one in Flatbush, and one in Flushing, with mere sheds in Jamaica [1] and Smithtown (Hophange). Schools, there were none to speak of.

[1] Who built the first church in Jamaica?

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There was an Orphan Asylum in Jay street, and one, endowed by Mr. Heaney, on Congress, corner of Clinton street. The Catholic population was about 15,000.

II.

And now a few words regarding the diocese of Brooklyn, from Bishop Loughlin's arrival to the time of his death.

I feel assured that we can say of our late Bishop, without any irreverence to the name of the great Precursor: "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." Was ever anything like it seen in a life of one Bishop? Literally, he found his island diocese of brick, and he left it of marble. The city of 90,000 in 1853 had grown to nearly one million when he was called to rest and reward. And his was the task to see to it that the Church kept strides with the material growth of the city. Churches, schools, convents, hospitals, academies, asylums, nurseries, colleges, old people's homes, young men's lyceums, and ladies' reading circles, sprang up with bewildering rapidity. The growth was simply unparalleled in the United States. Much of this great growth is modern history even to the comparatively young amongst us, so that the works may not here be named in detail. Suffice to tell that each of the thirty-seven years of the Bishop's incumbency beheld the addition of at least one church; while within many a twelve-month, five churches were dedicated to God. Then came in clusters, around every church, or independently, Sisters of the Visitation, of St. Joseph, Mercy, Little Sisters of the Poor, of St. Dominic, Good Shepherd, Sisters of thePoor of St. Francis, Sacred Heart of Mary, of the Most Precious Blood, Brothers of St. Francis, Lazarists, Fathers of Mercy, and Redemptorists.

In the little villages down the island, churches sprang up as if by magic. The scholarly Farley, the zealous O'Neill, the sturdy Crowley, the saintly McKenna, the gentle Brunneman, respectively took charge of Jamaica, Bayshore, Huntington, Southold, and Sag Harbor. Succeeding Father Kelly, who built up Westbury and Glen Cove, is the amiable Father James McEnroe, now in the 38th year of his pastorate, who, in 1869, built the church at Oyster Bay. The zealous Father John McKenna resigned his pastorate of Our Lady of Mercy to purchase, in Southold, the hall which has since served as God's Christian temple. The bell in that little church at Southold was bought from the Congregationalists, who brought it from Massachusetts, and whose Puritan an-

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cestors brought it from England. From 1860 to 1868 all Suffolk County Catholics depended on the ministrations of Fathers Crowley and Brunneman.

A mere record of a few of the churches dedicated by the Bishop in the first years of his incumbency here, is eloquence itself. On the 25th of February, 1854, the Church of the Holy Trinity, Montrose avenue, was dedicated by Bishop Loughlin; Saint Malachi's, East New York, on the 9th of April, same year; the Immaculate Conception, 29th of October, same year, Rev. Peter McLoughlin, pastor. He laid the corner-stone of the present St. Patrick's on the 5th of November, 1854, and dedicated the edifice to divine worship on the 17th of August, 1856, Rev. Hugh Maguire, pastor. The "Star of the Sea" was dedicated by Bishop Bacon, out of courtesy, for it was he who built the church, and would have become its pastor had he not just then been appointed Bishop of Portland. Rev. Father McGuinness became first pastor of St. Mary's Star of the Sea, and our late Father Keegan succeeded Dr. Bacon at the Assumption. St. Monica's, Jamaica, was dedicated in 1857, and St. Patrick's, Glen Cove, one week earlier; whilst the church at Manhasset and St. Boniface's, Foster's Meadow, were dedicated in October of that same year, 1857. And so on, in the city, too. The Church of the Visitation was dedicated in 1855; St. Anne's, October, 1860; St. Peter's, November, 1860; old St. Vincent de Paul's, hitherto a Presbyterian church, November, 1860. St. Joseph's was soon enlarged; St. Stephen's old church dedicated, and the new St. Charles begun.

I shall not speak of the unfinished cathedral, which Bishop Loughlin could have completed had not his good heart turned to the orphans of his diocese.

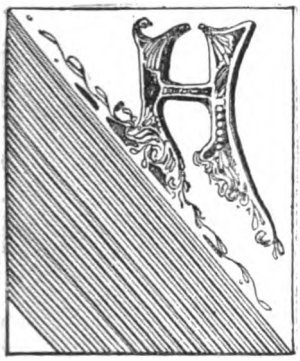
The other works of Bishop Loughlin are, as I suggested, modern history. Some future historian, when we are gone, will do it adequate justice. May his example be an inspiration to us! May God bless and assist his Right Reverend successor to continue the glorious work, already begun so wisely and so well!

Oh, may we ever love the Church which inspires such sacrifice and creates such zeal! May the undying truths she teaches be the guiding light of our lives! May this grand old Church—which alone is grand enough and noble enough for this magnificent land—be the Church of Columbia; her glory, always, as she stands in the vanguard of the Christian nations, Cross in hand and proudly pointing heavenward; her motto, "Excelsior"!

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THE READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.

I.—"CHAPTERS OF BIBLE STUDY."[1]



HOLY Scripture has such a hold on the thought and work of the world to-day, that everybody feels the necessity of knowing something about it. The difficulty for the ordinary mortal is to discover how he may supply his need, without the risk of swamping himself in the sea of articles, lectures, books, which rise up to encompass the seeker after Biblical knowledge. If one could see his way even to a fair start, if some practical plan or programme could be laid out, at once compactly comprehensive and yet sufficiently elastic to suit itself to the contingencies of a busy life, then with hopeful heart the study of Scriptural problems could be begun. For Catholics the work whose title heads this review gives just such a start, supplies just such a plan or programme.

In a well printed and attractively bound octavo volume of one hundred and forty-six pages, Fr. Heuser treats of the leading general subjects, a knowledge of which clears the way to an intelligent apprehension of the Bible and its literature. Chief among the matters dealt with are the following: the historical authenticity of the Bible as a human document; the divine authority of the sacred books; the question of Inspiration; the Bible as a treasure-house of general information and culture; as a means of knowing God, and our relations with Him; the necessity of a divinely-guided interpreter; the authority of the Church in the subjects upon which she has expressed herself, and the neglect of this principle as a source of the abuse the Bible suffers at the hands of Protestants and others; the position of the Church in the present state of scientific controversy regarding the Scriptures; sup-

[1] "Chapters of Bible Study; or, A Popular Introduction to the Study of the Sacred Scriptures." By the Rev. Herman J. Heuser, Professor of Scriptural Introduction and Exegesis, St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Pa. The Cathedral Library Assn., 123 E. 50th St. 1895.

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plementary pages on the archæological discoveries of our day. A conclusion draws attention to the fact that "the foregoing chapters are nothing more than a brief illustration of the principles laid down by the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., in his encyclical letter "On the Study of Holy Scripture," and then the authorized translation of this weighty document is given.

This outline of the contents of Fr. Heuser's book verifies the statement that the volume offers a fair start, presents a practical plan and programme of study to the ordinary Catholic who feels the need of doing something in the way of Scriptural investigation—at least, of fixing his position in presence of the flowing tides of criticism now sweeping him one way, and again another. The book is not perfect; it does not pretend to be so. Fr. Heuser says in his modest preface: "The following pages are neither an exhaustive nor a scientific exposition, but are meant as a suggestive introduction, in popular form, to the intelligent reading of the Bible." In such a work one naturally expects to find points which the regular student of Holy Scripture would like to see more definitely expressed. By way of example: a clearer line might have been drawn between the Massoretic period of Bible study (A. D. 200-600) and the earlier epoch when freer methods in Biblical matters prevailed. The researches of Kennicott and de Rossi,[1] who independently of each other compared hundreds of Hebrew manuscripts and found them exactly identical even in defects, prove indeed the extreme care of the Massorites, and that all our present copies of the Hebrew Bible have sprung from one manuscript or family of manuscripts, but those labors cannot be pressed to show that this particular Hebrew original was the only one of authority for the Jews previous to the days of the Massorah. That, in earlier days, other and different manuscripts did have weighty authority seems to be substantiated by the numerous and, in places, important discrepancies between our present Hebrew text and the Septuagint.[2]

In regard to the Septuagint, by the way, there is a curious over-

[1] Mentioned on p. 18.

[2] This version is the source from which our Lord quoted Scripture: in His day the Greek translation had become the popular Bible even among the Jews of Palestine; and this notwithstanding the fact that its canon had been established at Alexandria, not at Jerusalem.

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estimation of its value in determining the ancient pronunciation of Hebrew. Fr. Heuser maintains that the Vulgate spelling of proper names, based upon the Septuagint, more probably represents that pronunciation than the Massoretic text. He reasons thus: It was not until some six centuries after our Lord that the Massorites by their pointing undertook to express the traditional vowel sounds; now the Septuagint was written some three hundred years before our era; hence his statement: "Accordingly, we have two sources for our pronunciation of Hebrew proper names: one which dates from about the sixth or seventh century of our era, when the Hebrew had become a dead language, and another made about *nine hundred years earlier*, by Jewish rabbis, who spoke the language perfectly well, and who could *express the pronunciation of proper names accurately*, because they wrote in a language which had *written* vowels, and with which they were as conversant as with their own, the Hebrew." (p. 129). Fr. Heuser overlooks certain factors in the problem: 1. Although the language was dead, it remained the substance of the Jewish worship. The Pentateuch was repeated yearly, part by part, in the synagogue. The intonation was regulated by a musical notation, which made a change in pronunciation difficult. This musical utterance the Massorites knew, and a chief purpose of their accentual signs was to preserve the proper cantillation. 2. Supplying the vowel-points changed the syllabic nature of Hebrew writing, but it had no effect upon grammatical construction or consonantal values; and these two elements supply a certain basis for determining, within broad lines, pronunciation. 3. The laws of vocal change in all the Semitic languages are fairly well-known, and even if the pronunciation of one such language were entirely lost, its essential characteristics could be recovered by means of comparative philology. As a basis of comparison for Hebrew we have Syriac, Arabic, Assyrian, Ethiopic, etc. 4. Without insisting upon the fact that the ancient pronunciation of Alexandrian Greek is in itself a problem, it is to be borne in mind that proper names, when transferred from one language to another, are sure to undergo change, and that foreign names especially are apt to be misspelled and mispronounced. Errors in such names do not, as Fr. Heuser thinks, render less reliable the Massoretic pointing.

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Oversights and mistakes in such a work as the one we are reviewing are simply unavoidable; the wonder is, that in handling materials extending over such varied, numerous, and, in many instances, delicate subjects, the present measure of success has been achieved. Counterbalancing defects, we have the sterling excellencies of the book. The style is lucid, flowing, easy;[1] and the reverend writer has a knack of illustrating his lessons in a very apt way. Thus, for example, commenting upon the unchangeableness of Oriental civilization, he writes: "You may see it every day. Take as a ready instance Algiers. Modern life has forced itself upon this town with the captivating aggressiveness of French manners, French magnificence, French soldiery, and a system of commerce which, within the last sixty years, has caused the European population to outnumber the original Arab inhabitants by two-thirds. Yet the daily and forced contact, for two whole generations, between the Arab and the European has produced hardly any change in the habits of the former. The Mussulman passes through the splendid streets of the French portion of the town, when necessity urges him, in silence and with apparent disdain. He prefers his cavern-like habitation, with small square holes for windows, and an iron grating instead of glass, to the spacious and lightsome palaces built by the French and English colonists. The Arab woman feels no desire for the pretty vanities of modern fashion, for graceful freedom and intellectual intercourse with men; she conceals her form in the traditional wide robe of the East, with a veil over her head, a row of shining coins or beads hanging down from her forehead, and a kerchief over her face hiding all but the gazelle-like eyes. You see in that one city, open to the constant changes arising from the innumerable relations of travel and commerce, two worlds of men: one busy, fitful, gay, and splendidly modern; the other silent, immovable, and almost scornful; and in dwelling and dress, in manner and language, just the same as you might have observed them ages ago" (pp. 22–23).

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[1] The book is printed from the notes of a course of lectures delivered during the last session of the Summer School at Plattsburg; this fact no doubt accounts for the free expression "dead outs" on p. 63.

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If the style is pleasing, the spirit of the work is commendable; rightly conservative, it is nevertheless moderate. Thus upon the test question of inspiration we run across such utterances as the following: "Is Moses a mere amanuensis writing under dictation? No. He is the intelligent, free instrument, writing under the direct inspiration of God." ... "Hence the idea of inspiration does not exclude human industry, study, the use of documents and witnesses, and other aids in order to the conceiving of such truths, so long as it includes a supernatural operation and direction of God, which effects that the mind of the inspired writer should conceive all those, and those only which God would have him communicate." ... "The sacred writers themselves abundantly indicate the freedom which may be exercised or allowed in the verbal declaration of divinely inspired truths. Many of them repeat the same facts and doctrines in different words. This is the case even with regard to events of the gravest character, such as the institution of the Blessed Eucharist, in which there can be no room for a difference of interpretation as to the true sense" (pp. 42, 43, 45).

And here an incident comes to mind. In October, 1895, at Harvard College, the Third Dudleian Lecture, founded over a century since, "for the detecting and convicting and exposing the idolatry of the Romish Church," etc., was delivered by Dr. Brooke Herford, an English Unitarian clergyman. He arraigned the Church as impossibly infallible. One count in his indictment was thus supported: "The fatal mistake of Rome, which is coming every year into stronger light, was when, at the fourth session of the Council of Trent, she undertook to show that she reverenced the Bible just as much as Protestants did, by decreeing *its absolute verbal inspiration.* True, Protestants were affirming the same thing, but even then, as some of Luther's critical judgments show, with variations of emphasis and loopholes for fuller knowledge; but the Council of Trent decreed authoritatively and finally the divine authorship of every part of the Bible, even of what we call the Apocrypha, and this so absolutely as to make the writers *simply inspired amanuenses.* She thus raises up against her all the real Biblical criticism of the world; for it is every day becoming more apparent to scholars of all sects, Catholics included, that

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that older claim of absolute verbal inspiration for the whole Bible is simply contrary to fact. ... Efforts have been made to obtain from Rome some distinct permission to give up verbal inspiration, but in vain."[1] It is something of a shock to the candid mind, that Dr. Herford should consider it a duty in the interests of truth, to speak thus apodictically of Catholic teachings upon a subject, in regard to which he evidently lacks technical knowledge. Or would he wish to maintain that Fr. Heuser, a teacher of Scripture in a Catholic Seminary, is not *au courant* with the Council of Trent, nor a fair specimen of orthodoxy?

The same spirit exhibited by the reverend author in dealing with Inspiration shows itself again in the following significant passages ... "The Church has not defined every expression of truth, though she holds the key to all truth ... only when there are conflicts or threatened disturbances of the centres of attraction and repulsion she reaches out her anointed hand, informed with the magic power of her Creator and her Founder, and directs the courses of bodies that otherwise would clash into mutual destruction. ... There is a difference between *a prudent conservatism* and a timid and slavish repetition of time-honored views. Also between *an intelligent advance* of well-founded though *new* views, and an excessive temerity, which rashly replaces the tradition of ages by the suggestions of new science" (pp. 90, 91, 110).

As Fr. Heuser is moderate, naturally he is also matter-of-fact and accurate; observe his suggestions for getting at the literal sense of Scripture: "For the discovery of the literal sense we must, of course, be guided by the rules of ordinary grammatical construction. Where this proves insufficient we must have recourse to the idiomatic use of language, the habits of speech which prevailed among the Hebrews, or those with whose utterances or history we are concerned. ... Besides the usage of speech peculiar to a people or district or period of time, we must have regard to the individuality of the writer. His subjective state, his temperament, education, personal associations, and habits of thought and feeling necessarily influence the style of his writing. ... Another element which contributes to the right interpretation

[1] Report of the lecture printed in Boston Daily Herald, Oct. 17, 1895.

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of the Sacred Text is the knowledge of what may be called the historical background of a passage or book. This includes the various relations of time, place, persons addressed, and other circumstances which exercise an influence upon the material, intellectual, and moral surroundings of the writer. ... Finally, a proper understanding and appreciation of the inspired books depend largely on our realization of the proximate scope and purpose, the character and quality, of the subject treated by the sacred writer ..." (pp. 85, 86, 87, 88).

No doubt the reader of this review will agree with the writer, that the general impression the book of Fr. Heuser makes is decidedly favorable. There are some of his conclusions with which all Catholic writers will not agree; but, what of this? Thank God, in the Church there is room enough for all, and to spare; and, furthermore, all are equally orthodox and equally devoted to the Church's interests. The days are fortunately well on the wane when the handiest weapon with which to hit a disagreeing fellow-Catholic was the charge that his position was unorthodox,[1] the hitter assuming as the basis of his assertion either his own supposed superior knowledge of theology or his opponent's masked purpose to undermine sound doctrine. This state of feeling, due entirely to the reaction produced by Protestantism, was bound to be but temporary; now, we have confidence in one another, and however much our methods or our results differ, there is but one purpose animating all—to get at truth, Sacred Truth. This newer spirit brings it to pass that carping at the works of fellow-Catholics ceases: fault-finding is left to those outside us. When an honest effort in a praiseworthy line is made, our coveted privilege is to say words of congratulation; and Fr. Heuser is both to be congratulated and thanked for his useful volume, "Chapters of Bible Study."

REV. JOSEPH V. TRACY.

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[1] Cf. v. g. Brownson's attack upon Newman's Doctrine of Development.—Brownson's Review, Jan., 1847.

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II.—"STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT."[1]

THE encyclical of our Holy Father, Leo XIII., "On the Study of Sacred Scripture," has given a wonderful impetus to the study of the inspired writings. It has exerted a greater influence in determining students to devote more time and deeper study to the Bible than any other production of modern times. Biblical scholars have recognized in the encyclical an urgent invitation from the august author to give to the world the results of their labors and researches, and more especially, to furnish those who are the least provided, with treatises on the canonical writings adapted to their mental capacity. Hence the noticeable and welcome advent of books on the Sacred Scriptures which may justly be designated as popular in the best sense of that much-abused word. Notwithstanding assertions to the contrary, the Church has always held the Sacred Scriptures in profound reverence, and while for excellent reasons she cannot regard them as the supreme rule of faith and morals, she has ever insisted upon their reverent use as a potent means of nourishing spiritual life and of stimulating faith. In her ecclesiastical seminaries, those nurseries of piety and learning, she impresses upon the minds of her future priests the necessity of being thoroughly conversant with the canonical writings in order to teach with more abundant fruit the eternal truths of her Divine Founder. Volumes without number have been written by her scholarly sons, from which her priests and seminarians eagerly draw intellectual nourishment. The language of Cicero, the official language of the Church, is rich in learned tomes which the ecclesiastic reads with as much facility as his mother-tongue, while the many and splendid works in the courtly French are equally as accessible; so that the priest and the student, whose noble ambition it is to be crowned some day with the laurels of the priesthood, are abundantly provided with books on the Sacred Scriptures, and hence, strictly speaking, need none in this vernacular language. But priests and seminarians form only a comparatively small portion of the children of Holy Church. Others there are

[1] By Rev. J. H. O'Donnell, Watertown, Conn., published by the Rosary Publication Co., 871 Lexington Ave., New York.

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whose minds should be stored with a knowledge of biblical truths, whose faith must needs be strengthened in the divine teachings, and whose love for God's holy Word must be quickened and sustained.

The history of the sacred books and of their inspired authors should be placed in their hands in convenient and practical form, and shorn of technical expressions that are meaningless to all, save to the learned. Our youth should be made as familiar with the main features of the Bible, with the origin and writers of the various books, the time and place of their composition, the circumstances that led to their writing, etc., as they are with the movements of the trade winds or the intricacies of the Metric system. Moreover, to be of value, these facts should be presented, not in a dry, professorial manner, but in such a way as to attract and sustain the interest of the pupil. Too long have the pupils in our schools been deprived of suitable text-books on Holy Writ. Their education, in other branches so complete, is not unfrequently wofully limited in biblical lore; often commensurate only with that imparted by well intentioned but imperfect Bible Histories. It was, presumably, to remedy this glaring defect, and to supply a want so frequently deplored by experienced teachers, that induced the Rev. James H. O'Donnell, Rector of St. John's Church, Watertown, Conn., to publish his *Studies in the New Testament.* If such were the reverend author's intention, it is a pleasing duty to bear witness that he has succeeded admirably.

Studies in the New Testament, as unpretentious in its name as in its claims, is a veritable treasure-house of facts relating to the New Testament. Seekers after elementary knowledge in the apostolic inspired writings have no book that will keep their demands so satisfactorily as this. The *first and only work of its kind published in the English language*, it will prove a boon to teacher and student alike. Studied as it should be, it will familiarize the student with the sacred books of the New Testament with but little effort, inasmuch as the catechetical form, which the author has wisely adopted, renders it comparatively easy to retain the information imparted. Moreover, what renders the book before us of special value to our youth is the fact that the author has presented only the teachings commonly accepted by Catholic scholars. With rare skill and judgment has he avoided the introduction of

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the controversies of the schoolmen which, while necessary to perfect the knowledge and broaden the scholarship of the priest and seminarian, serve only to confuse, and even to disedify those who have not the advantages of a dialectical or theological training. Experienced educators demand books in which incontrovertible facts abound; they demand, moreover, that these facts be presented in a calm, dispassionate, clear, intelligent and interesting manner. They condemn fancies, speculations, unnecessary disputations, hairsplitting and the like. They believe, and rightly too, that the author who writes for the instruction of youth should reach at once the marrow of his subject, stating his questions or propositions intelligently, and answering them in as few words as possible, consistent with clearness and accuracy. And it is precisely in this that we distinguish one of the chief merits of Father O'Donnell's book. His questions are clearly framed, and his answers are concise, complete, and easy to retain. The mind is not confused by "buts" and "ifs." The quality of straightforwardness is one of his characteristics, and, indeed, so noticeable is this quality, rare indeed in many text-books, that the interest of the reader increases as he turns page after page.

The method employed by the reverend author leaves nothing to be desired. It is entirely original. It will have imitators, no doubt. Says Archbishop Gross: "The arrangement of the matter is admirable for its order and excellence, and for its completeness." Archbishop Riordan testifies that it is "very carefully compiled, and is within the comprehension of the pupils of our advanced classes of Catechism." Bishop Montgomery, of Los Angeles, bears witness that "the arrangement is admirable; not a word or statement is without great interest, and I believe that the method pursued in its construction will be an incentive for many to enlarge their knowledge of the New Testament on the same lines." Bishop Beaven, of Springfield, expresses his gratitude "that so simple an introduction to biblical knowledge has been placed within easy reach of all. In simple ways, it effects an interesting opening to a study which has failed of universal pursuit, because of difficulties in mastering its scientific rudiments. You have met a popular want, and in so doing you have won the rich recompense of popularizing the fountain sources of

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Christian science." Many more testimonials of similar tenor from Church dignitaries have been placed at the writer's disposal, but want of space prevents their introduction at the present time. Suffice it to say, that all bear testimony to the fact that the method of the book is unique, and eminently calculated to attain the end the author had in view.

While *Studies in the New Testament* is remarkably free from typographical and other unimportant errors, the writer has noticed a few defects to which he respectfully invites the author's attention. A second edition (and we hope many more) will undoubtedly be called for to supply the demand when the merits of the book become widely known—whatever defects are noticeable in the first edition should find no place in those that follow. On page 14, first line, we read "truths of facts." It is evident that "truths *or* facts" is meant. At foot of page 52, the phrase "Jew or Gentile Christians," should read, I think, "Jewish or Gentile Christians." These are trivial matters, no doubt, and do not in any manner detract from the general excellence of the book. Maps of Palestine showing the places rendered memorable by the journeys and deeds of our Lord and of the scenes of St. Paul's apostolic labors, would enhance the value of Father O'Donnell's book.

Studies in the New Testament should find favor in every institution wherein Catholic young men and women are fitted to fight the battles of the Church. Our diocesan school boards will find it a valuable adjunct to the course of Christian doctrine and Bible history. Studied concomitantly with these branches, or separately in a higher course, our students, whose aim is not the priesthood, will go out into the world sufficiently equipped with New Testament knowledge to maintain the position of the Church with intelligence and accuracy against those whose efforts are directed to undermining the foundations of the Christian religion. Now, more than ever, do we need scriptural scholars among the laity who will co-operate with, and serve as staunch auxiliaries to the clergy in their warfare against those doctrines whose tendency and ultimate aim is to eradicate all belief in supernatural revelation.

I shall conclude this imperfect sketch by quoting the words of *St. Anthony's Messenger* (Cincinnati, O.):

"*Studies in the New Testament* is not a dry and doctrinal treatise, but a truly historical and biographical work which *has no equal in the Catholic literature of America.*"

R. J. WILLIAMS.

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THE IRISH SOLDIERS IN KING PHILIP'S WAR, WHO SERVED UNDER THE "GREAT COMMANDERS," 1675-6.

THOMAS HAMILTON MURRAY.[1]



THE topic I have chosen may be considered in the light of a new departure. I am not aware that the subject of "Irish Soldiers in King Philip's War" has ever before been specifically treated by anyone in any place or in any manner. It is a fresh region to be explored, a new field to be harvested.

By way of prelude, I may state that the history of the Irish settlers in the thirteen original Colonies has not yet been written. Chapters have indeed appeared from time to time indicating the vast wealth of the whole, but only the surface has been touched. No shaft has been sunk, and to this day the mine holds its rich treasures undisturbed.

We are now entering a new era, however, an era which demands that this subject of the Irish element in the composition of the American people shall be lifted out of the obscurity enveloping it. More, that it shall be placed on a plane, side by side with the history of the Pilgrim, of the Puritan, of the Knickerbocker, the Cavalier, and the Huguenot.

Gladly do we accord to all these elements their just meed of praise. We would not deprive them of one jot of their honest fame and proud heritage. Each element has its place, each has contributed its glorious chapter to American history. In the

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[1] Editor of the *Daily Sun*, Lawrence, Mass. This article is based on an address by Mr. Murray, recently delivered before the Charitable Irish Society, Boston. He has enlarged and rewritten portions of it for THE ROSARY MAGAZINE. The article possesses great value and interest, from the fact that it covers entirely new ground. Mr. Murray is one of the two great authorities we have on the history of the Irish in New England, the other being Insurance Commissioner Linehan, of New Hampshire.—*Editor's Note.*

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New England states, however, especially of late years, there has been a tendency to unduly exalt the Puritan.

Now while we unreservedly admit that the latter had many strong points, many admirable qualities, we also know that he had many weak and, in our age, reprehensible ones. As Americans of Irish lineage, therefore, we object to having our part in the up-building of New England, and the nation, longer ignored or sacrificed to make a Puritan holiday.

O'Reilly went down to Plymouth and sang:

> "We slight no true devotion, steal no fame
> From other shrines to gild the Pilgrims' name."

So, I may add, we rob no race to gild the Irish name, but we know that many races have been robbed or ignored to gild the Puritan name, and none so generally as the race to which we are kin. Nor will the erection of proposed statues to Oliver Cromwell make this undue exaltation of the Puritan any the less reprehensible, but rather increase and multiply it.

The Irish, without much doubt, came to New England in large numbers as far back as 1640. Among the 900 immigrants "from all parts" who ten years earlier (1630) came in the ships with John Winthrop, are believed to have been many Irish. As early as 1634, the General Court of Massachusetts granted land on the Merrimac River, near Newburyport, to certain Irish and Scotch comers. In Winthrop's Journal mention is made, A. D. 1636, mo. 3, 15, of the arrival of "a ship called the St. Patrick, belonging to Sir Thomas Wentworth, Deputy of Ireland, one Palmer, Master."

Irish immigration to this country, therefore, is not a thing merely of to-day or of yesterday. As an element we are not a horde of recent comers, but have been here from the beginning. Irish pioneers were contemporaneous in Rhode Island with Roger Williams, in Connecticut with Eaton, in New York with Van Twiller and Stuyvesant.

They arrived in those early days, not from one, but from every province in Ireland, from every county, from every city, town,

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[1] Records of the G. C., vol. i.

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and hamlet. Ulster and Munster, Leinster and Connaught, the North and the South, the East and the West—all helped swell the stream of Irish settlers coming to these shores before King Philip's war. Ships conveying them landed at nearly every port from Nova Scotia to Florida, and down into the West Indies. In the main—almost exclusively, indeed—these early Irish immigrants were Roman Catholics. The Protestant Irish immigration of a later day had not then developed.

Thus for 250 years or more, the Irish element has been pouring into the country, and the end is yet generations away. Even *as these lines are being read*, steamships crowded with sturdy types of Irish manhood and womanhood—Catholic and Protestant—are plowing their way across the Atlantic for these shores. From these welcome arrivals will spring other and new defenders of our civil and religious liberties. Surely the history of such a noble portion of the American people deserves careful attention, earnest study, high respect.

An absurdly erroneous impression prevails in certain quarters that the early Irish settlers in this country were all from the northern Irish province, and that they were Protestants. With equal absurdity, too, certain people who have given the subject only superficial attention, or no attention, glibly apply to these the term "Scotch-Irish." Now the latter is an ignorant term, frequently a dishonest term, always a term destitute of good taste and good sense.

OF THE OLDEST AND BEST.

While Ulster, or the North, did send large numbers to these shores in the early days, they were Catholics, and of the oldest and best blood in Ireland. Indeed, their creed was a leading cause of their expatriation. Ulster was the land of the O'Neills and O'Donnells, and of scores of other septs whose Irish lineage goes back over a thousand years.

But while the North thus liberally contributed to the American colonies before King Philip's war, the three other Irish Provinces did likewise. Combined, they sent us a vastly larger number of settlers than did Ulster alone. And this proportion has always been kept up since those days. I shall not dwell upon the Prot-

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estant Irish who came at a later period, but shall reserve that for a future paper.

Soldiers of Irish birth or descent had made their mark in New England even as early as the Pequod war. Captain Daniel Patrick was one of these. Another was Darby Field. We are told that Captain Patrick's name was originally Gilpatrick (Linehan's "Sketches of Early Irish Settlers"), and that Daniel had, like many of his countrymen, gone over to Holland, where he married a Dutch wife. He and Captain Underhill came with Winthrop in the immigration to Massachusetts, their primary duty being to assist in teaching military discipline to the colonists for defence against the Indians.

Daniel Patrick, although coming with the Puritans, did not subscribe to their stern creed, and this subsequently contributed to get him into serious trouble. Field, another Irish soldier, is mentioned in Winthrop's Journal as having, in 1642, taken a party of friendly Indians, and explored the White mountains, a perilous venture for those days.

There is evidence that thousands of Irish arrived in New England between 1641 and 1675, when Philip's war broke out. Some of these came direct from Ireland, others by way of England or France, and still others through St. Christopher, Montserrat, Jamaica, and Barbadoes. Any student of Irish history is acquainted with the causes that expatriated these people from their native land. It is not necessary, therefore, that I should detail those causes at this time. Many of these comers had been soldiers in the Irish armies, and because of their military experience became very valuable in the struggles with the Indians.

THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR.

King Philip's war, as I have stated, began in 1675. Its object was the overthrow and extermination of the English. Philip was Sachem of the Wampanoags, and was allied by marriage with the Pokanokets. He was the eldest son of Massasoit, who had kept a treaty with Plymouth colony until his death. Philip sacredly continued the covenant for a dozen years. There is reason to believe, however, that the whites in that time were guilty of encroachments on his territory. Great wrongs had also, no doubt,

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been done his people in other respects. Not only were Philip's subjects thus treated, but other Indian tribes and peoples suffered in like manner.

Philip, with the sagacity of a born leader of men, realized that these constant encroachments and increasing oppression by the English could, unless checked, have but one result, the annihilation of the Red Man.

Hence, with masterly skill he planned and carried into effect a great Indian confederacy. Everything was done with the utmost secrecy. Philip's headquarters were at Mount Hope, a hill near the eastern shore of Narragansett Bay. He had as his secretary, or confidential assistant, Sassamon, who had been educated at Harvard, and who subsequently proved treacherous. For this act Sassamon was slain by the Wampanoags, three of whom were arrested by the English for the deed, and ruthlessly hanged. This act of the English aroused all the latent fury of the Red Men. The wary Philip's plans were not yet ripe for precipitating the war, but his impetuous young braves could no longer be restrained, and so the conflict broke out.

The first blow was struck at Swanzey, July 4, 1675, and before the war ended, 25,000 Indians were involved, and had swept like a scythe of death along the settlements all over New England. Acting with Philip's people were the Nipmucks, and other powerful tribes.

The whites with all possible haste mustered a colonial force for defensive and offensive purposes. In this force were many Irish, as is indicated by their names. At the outbreak of the war each county had its "trained band" of soldiers. In Suffolk and Middlesex, Mass., each regiment, when brought together, consisted of fifteen companies of foot and one of cavalry. The Essex county regiment comprised thirteen foot companies, and one of cavalry. In the other counties the regiments were smaller. The total Massachusetts force at the outbreak of the war consisted of 73 companies, besides an independent cavalry company. Major-Gen. Daniel Denison of Ipswich, was the highest officer. The troops were, of course, not regulars, but rather militia, and remained in service only so long as the occasion required. Among the officers who participated in the war were Henchman, Moseley,

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Prentice. Paige, Savage, Wheeler, Willard, Beers, Lathrop, Appleton, and many others.

I have, by research in the archives, by examining the company rolls and consulting other authorities, been able to compile a list of 114 soldiers, the majority of whom were, I think, beyond all question, of Irish birth or lineage. All these served in the war we are now considering. In this compilation the names are reproduced as they appear in the records, the probably correct spelling being given in brackets.

The recording clerks of those days frequently made sad work of Irish names, as they did of other names. Bodge, an historian of the war, says that "the names at first were entered on the company's rolls as each man was understood to pronounce his own name, and unless the clerk was acquainted with the name, he spelled it by the easiest method; hence many strange variations appear." To different clerks the same name, sometimes, sounded differently, which also accounts for certain names being spelled in many different ways.

I do not claim that this is a complete list of the Irish soldiers who served in the war. At this late day it would be impossible to compile a list that would be absolutely complete. I merely submit it as one sufficiently large to convey a good idea of the subject. If by accident any names have crept into the list that should not be there, I am convinced they are more than counterbalanced by other names that might be included, but which are not by reason of want of distinctiveness. Thus, without doubt, there were many Irish soldiers in Philip's war whose names do not indicate their Irish origin. There were probably scores of such which, if added to the list here presented, would double or treble it.

As mention of authorities greatly strengthens any paper, I desire to say, that in addition to the Massachusetts archives, I have consulted Bodge's writings on King Philip's war; the publications of the New England Historic, Genealogical society; the collections of the Rhode Island Historical society; the Narragansett Historical Register; the published histories of Rhode Island; historical sketches of Rehoboth, Swanzey, and many other towns in Massachusetts, and of Providence, Newport, Bristol, Warren, and numerous other places in Rhode Island. The list, now presented for the first time, is as follows:

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IRISH SOLDIERS IN KING PHILIP'S WAR.

Benjamin Barrett,
James Barrett,
John Barrett,
Peter Bennett,
William Blake,
John Bolen,
John Boyd,
Alexander Boyle,
John Brandon,
James Briarly,
Richard Brine, Brian [O'Brien],
Robert Bryan,
William Buckley,
Richard Burk,
Joseph Butler,
Philip Butler,
Steven [Stephen] Butler,
James Callan,
Daniel Canada [Kennedy],
John Cann, [McCann (?)],
James Carr,
John Cary,
Peter Cary,
John Casey,
John Clary,
Lawrence Clinton,
Joseph Collins,
Robert Corbett,
Richard Coy,
Timothy Cunnell [Connell, O'Connell],
John Davis,
Thomas Davis,
John Day,
William Day,
Hugh Drury,
John Drury,
James Ford,
Samuel Gary,
Thomas Gery,
John Gleeson,
Philip Gleson,
John Good,
Daniel Gowen,
Matthew Griffin,
Richard Griffin,
John Hand,
James Harrington,
Lawrence Hart,
John Harvey,
William Harvey,
Sylvester Hayes,
John Heale [Healey],
Nathaniel Healy,
William Healy,
Daniel Herrington [Harrington],
Joseph Holland,
James Hughes,
Mautho [Matthew] Hurley
John Jackson,
Philip Keane,
Lawrence Kellon [Callen, Cullen],
Michael Kelly,
John Kenedye [Kennedy],
Henry Kenny,
Thomas Kenny,
Peter King,
John Laine [Lane],
Peter Lane,
John Largin [Larkin],
Edward Larkin,
Timothy Laskin [Larkin],
Philip Long,
John Lyon,
Thomas Lyon,
Charles Macarty [MacCarthy],
Daniel Magennis,
John Maloney,
John Maloone [Malone, Maloney],
William Manley,
Nicholas Manning,
Thomas Manning,
John Martin,
David Mead,
Peter Mellardy,
Daniel Moore,
Edmund Moore,
Joseph Moore,
Patrick Moraine, Morrene, [Moran],
Darby Morris,
Bryan Murphy,
James Murphy,
Arthur Neale,
Jeremiah Neale,
Richard Nevill,
John Norton,
David O'Killia [O'Kelly],
James Read,
John Read,
Edward Reade,
John Rily [Riley],
James Ross,
Joseph Sexton,
Dennis Sihy, Syhy [Sheehy (?)]
Thomas Tally,
Hugh Taylor,
Jeremiah Toye,
Daniel Tracy,
Daniel Warren,
Thomas Warren,
James Welch,
Philip Welch,
Thomas Welsh,
Lawrence White,
Joseph Winn.

I presume it has never occurred to a large part of the American people that there were any Irish soldiers in Philip's war. When, however, we glance over the foregoing list and find such names as John Maloney, Bryan Murphy, John Casey, Patrick Moran, John Riley, Matthew Hurley, and the like, we realize that Ireland was well represented in that struggle of the long ago. Why have American historians treating of the New England colonial period been silent on this point? For various reasons. In the first place, because of almost invincible ignorance regarding Ireland and early Irish immigration. In the next place, because of a disposition, intentional or otherwise, to classify every settler of worth as "English," and to brush aside or ignore all who could not be so classified. Some American genealogists, too,

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have committed the fatal error of putting down as English many who had, perhaps, only for a time resided in England, and who had come here from English ports. In this manner, without much question, Ireland has been robbed of many able sons who arrived in this country by way of England. In this way, too, a great many ridiculous heraldic and genealogical mistakes have been made on this side the water which essentially affect many a boasted pedigree.

The greater part of the soldiers here named were from Plymouth and the Bay. A few were from Connecticut. Rhode Island was not admitted to the united colonies of New England although, during the war, the latter's forces repeatedly overran her territory. It is more than likely, however, that many Rhode Islanders volunteered into the service, particularly in the campaign against the Narragansetts. I have not had an opportunity, save in a limited way, to examine the Connecticut archives relating to that period, but I am convinced that they would serve to greatly extend this roll of Irish soldiers.

MATCHLOCKS AND FLINTLOCKS.

At the outset, the troops were armed with ponderous matchlock muskets. This was the regulation weapon at that time. Subsequently, these were discarded in favor of flintlocks. The matchlocks had no bayonets, and were so heavy and cumbersome that each soldier had to carry a rest in the shape of a crotched stick. This, generally, had an iron point at the bottom, so that it could be stuck into the ground. When on the march it was attached to the wrist by a string. Each soldier likewise carried about six feet of match, a bag of bullets, and a horn of priming powder. He also wore a bandoleer, or leather belt, in which were small boxes, each containing a charge of powder. At first there were a few pikemen with each foot company, but this feature was soon abandoned. The flintlock was a great improvement over the matchlock, and was also largely used by the Indians. The pay of a soldier of the Bay was about six shillings per week, and five shillings for diet. Plymouth colony is said to have paid her privates at the rate of two shillings per day.

Early in Philip's war the English had effected a treaty with

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Canonchet, the chief sachem of the Narragansetts. But later the Narragansetts gave Philip shelter, and were also believed to have made a secret alliance with him against the English. The latter at once raised a cry that the treaty had been violated, and determined on the extermination of the Narragansetts. This led up to the Great Swamp fight in southern Rhode Island, where the power of the Narragansetts was shattered forever. But this did not happen until several months after the beginning of the war.

At the opening of hostilities Philip consigned his women and children to the Narragansetts for protection. After the first blow had been struck at Swanzey in July, 1675, a force from Boston, under Major Savage joined one from Plymouth, and marched on Mount Hope, Philip's centre, in the present town of Bristol, R. I. Philip and his braves, however, had fled to a swamp in Tiverton, where they were besieged. They escaped, however, to the Nipmucks.

Henchman was among the captains in this campaign against Mount Hope. Among the soldiers in his command, at various times during the war, were Joseph Ford, John Barrett, Daniel Magennis, John Good, John Cann, Joseph Lyon, William Healy, Daniel Kennedy, John Moore, and Patrick Moran. Magennis became a corporal, and seems to have been an exceedingly useful soldier, his name appearing very frequently. William Manley was another of Henchman's soldiers. Manley is believed to have settled in Rhode Island. Henchman's company marched to Dedham with Capt. Prentice's cavalry troop, and from thence to Attleboro and Swanzey, where they joined Capt. Moseley's command. All then proceeded in search of King Philip at Mount Hope.

AMONG MOSELEY'S MEN.

Among Moseley's men during the war were Richard Nevill, Joseph Sexton, Edward Reade, Samuel Lane, Richard Brine, Thomas Welch, Peter Lane, Philip Keane, and others, whose names strongly indicate their Irish origin. Richard Brine's name, above mentioned, also appears as Brian and Bryan. I am inclined to think that it was really O'Brien.

After joining the Nipmucks, Philip at the head of 1,500 warriors, swept down upon the Connecticut settlements. Hostilities like-

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wise raged all through Massachusetts, savage blows being struck at Springfield, Brookfield, Hadley, Deerfield, and in a large number of other places.

We again meet Patrick Moran serving under Capt. Brattle, who "with a troop of horse," is heard from at Seekonk in 1676. In the same troop with Patrick was Samuel Gary.

Captain Wadsworth took part in several engagements with the Indians, including the fight at Sudbury, where he was killed. Several Irish soldiers are accredited to his company. Among them were: Matthew Hurley, James Ford, Robert Corbett, James Stuart, and William Lyon. Some time after Wadsworth was killed, a petition was sent (October 11, 1676) to the General Court of Massachusetts by divers inhabitants of Sudbury, among whom were Joseph Moore, James Ross, and Richard Burk.

A soldier who served during Philip's war in different companies was Dennis Sihy, or Syhy. I am disposed to think this name should read Sheehy. Dennis became a corporal, and was at one time company clerk. Like Corporal Magennis, already mentioned, he was in many of the most dangerous conflicts of the war.

Captain Samuel Brocklebank was another commander killed by the Indians. In his company were Philip Butler, John Jackson, James Ford, and Richard Bryan, the two latter of whom we have already met elsewhere.

Under Capt. Lathrop, who fell into ambush and was slain at Deerfield, served at various times William Buckley, Edward Moore, and Steven [Stephen] Butler. Capt. Lathrop's death took place in Sept., 1675. His force comprised 80 men, including 18 teamsters. The Indians were 700 strong. In addition to Lathrop, 76 of his men perished,—a frightful slaughter.

The chief military officer of Middlesex county, Mass., at the opening of the war, was Major Simon Willard, then 70 years of age. He was present at the defence of Brookfield, as was Henchman, above mentioned. On the roll of Willard's command several Irish names are found. They include Thomas Tally, Philip Read, John Barrett, John Heale [Healey], Daniel Gowen, and John Gleeson. During the war Willard looked after the defences of many towns, and it is probable that numerous Irish soldiers were with him throughout.

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Capt. Wheeler was slain by falling into ambush, some miles from Brookfield, in July, 1675. Eight of his men were killed, and five were wounded. Daniel Magennis, or Maginnis, already mentioned, was at one time a member of his company, as was also Joseph Winn.

John Rily served under Captain Appleton, and probably at various times, under other commanders. In Appleton's company were also Thomas Davis, Sylvester Hayes, and Arthur Neale.

John Laine [Lane], and John and William Day are found during the war in Captain Poole's company. Poole took part, among other operations, in the defence of Hatfield.

HIS GUN OR SWORD.

In those days, every able-bodied man, especially in the out settlements, was practically a soldier. He went armed or kept his gun or sword within easy reach. If he did not take the field in active warfare against the Indian, he remained at home and did garrison duty. John Cary, James Carr, and John Maloone [Malone or Maloney] are credited with garrison duty at Dunstable; John Largin [Larkin] and Daniel Canada [Kennedy] at Groton; Thomas Owen and Timothy Larkin at Marlboro; John Boyd and Thomas Welch at Billerica; Joseph Griffin and Brian [or Bryan] Murphy at Mendon; James Harrington, and Daniel Maginnis at Medfield.

Capt. John Cutter's force included Matthew Griffin, John Martin, and David Mead—three good Irish names.

Timothy Cunnell is at one time found serving under Capt. Scotlow. This name, I think, was, when correctly written, Connell, or, possibly, O'Connell.

In Major Waldene's expedition to the eastward, (New Hampshire and Maine) figured Lawrence Clinton, James Ford, and Richard Neale—all typical Irish names.

John Clary, Joseph Holland, Richard Griffin, and Philip Gleson served under Capt. Sill, and at times, no doubt, under other captains.

James Murphy was a soldier from Connecticut, and served in the campaign against the Narragansetts. He was, in all probability, a participant in the Great Swamp fight. After the war he was

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awarded a tract of land for his services, as were numerous other soldiers. Murphy appears in the list of "Connecticut Pensioners."

Daniel Tracy, Edward Larkin, and James Welch are likewise mentioned as from Connecticut. They, too, were awarded land for military services. Like James Murphy, they are included in the list of "Connecticut Pensioners" (Narragansett Historical Register).

King Philip and his allies had been relentlessly pursued. Canonchet, of the Narragansetts, having been deemed guilty of a breach of faith in espousing Philip's cause, it was resolved to severely chastise him. A council of war was accordingly held, and it was determined to march all the available forces into the Narragansett country. One of the objects also was, as then stated, to "starve Philip out." The Massachusetts forces for this Narragansett campaign rendezvoused on Dedham plain. General Winslow, Governor of Plymouth colony, was invested with the chief command. This was late in 1675. Jeremiah Neal of Boston was sergeant in the Sixth company. He likewise appears as an ensign. In December, the army entered Rhode Island, and proceeded down into the country of the Narragansetts. The combined force from Plymouth, Connecticut, and the Bay numbered about 1,500 men.

THE GREAT SWAMP FIGHT.

The Indians, 3,000 strong, had gathered in a strongly constructed fort in the Great Swamp at what is now South Kingstown, R. I. Here they had collected their winter stores, and on the approach of the hostile whites determined on a stout resistance. The Colonial army, without loss of time, made preparations to attack them. Wading some fifteen miles through snow two or three feet deep, the army reached the scene at 1 P. M. on Dec. 19, 1675.

The attack was at once begun, and raged for several hours. The Indian wigwams and other structures were soon ablaze, and hundreds of both sexes and all ages perished in the flames.

It is estimated that 1,000 warriors were slain after a brave defence, among them being the great Canonchet. The loss to the attacking whites was 88 killed and 150 wounded. Six of the English

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captains were among the slain. It is a disputed point as to whether or not King Philip was present. But if he was, he escaped, and was soon again heard from among the Nipmucks. The Great Swamp fight ended the power of the Narragansetts. The army, after the battle, marched back fifteen miles through the snow to their base of operations, carrying their wounded with them.

Many Irish soldiers are believed to have participated in this battle. Some of the captains, whom we know had several such in their companies at different times, were there. Capt. Moseley was in the fight; so was Captain Prentice. In the latter's command were Henry Kenny, Joseph Moore, John Barrett, and Thomas Geery. On the back of the document containing these names is written: "Capt. Prentice's 73 Troopers."

Capt. Davenport was among the slain, receiving three bullet wounds. Nathaniel Healy, John Drury, Daniel Harrington, and Jeremiah Toy [or Toye] were members of his company. Harrington and Toy had been impressed, the former from Sudbury and the latter from Medford.

I have already referred to Patrick Moran, which I believe to be the correct form of what variously appears in the records as Moraine, Morrene, etc. I also find a Patrick Moroone, who was at one time in Captain James Oliver's company. Now, Patrick Moroone may have been identical with Patrick Moran, or there may have been two distinct individuals. Patrick Moroone, correctly rendered, may possibly have been Patrick Moroney, a well-known Irish name, and one frequently met.

Cornelius Davis served in Moseley's company, while James Briarly, or Brearly, and John Ford are found under Capt. Appleton. That typical Irish name, John Casey, occurs in the rolls of Capt. Oliver's company, as do Alexander Boyle and John Cann.

JOHN CASEY AND HIS CAREER.

John Casey, just mentioned, elsewhere appears as "servant to Thomas Gardiner of Muddy River." Muddy River was the name applied to the present town of Brookline, Mass., which is said to be the wealthiest of its size in the world. Casey may, therefore, be regarded as one of the earliest Irish settlers in that place. From a "servant" he became a soldier, and was wounded in the

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attack on the Narragansett fort during the Great Swamp fight. With other wounded soldiers he was taken to the island of Rhode Island, after the battle, for treatment. He seems to have been a man of great courage and remarkable activity, and it is to be regretted that so few facts concerning him have come down to us.

Lawrence Hart and Nicholas Manning served under Capt. Paige, whose troop was in the Narragansett campaign. Matthew Griffin was a trooper under Lieut. Oakes. James Hughes and John Hand served under Major Savage at various points in the war. John Kenedye, or Kennedye's, name is also met. He is thought to have been attached to an armed vessel.

THE DEATH OF ROBERT BEERS.

The defeat of the Narragansetts did not end the war, many conflicts subsequently taking place. Captain Michael Peirse had an engagement with the Indians in March, 1676, and his force was practically annihilated. The battle took place near Pawtucket, R. I. Two days later, the Indians, emboldened by success, pushed on and committed many depredations. They crossed the Seekonk river, and fell on a settlement near Rumford, then a part of Rehoboth. Among the whites slain here was an Irishman named Robert Beers [see histories of Rehoboth, East Providence, etc.]. He was a brickmaker, and one of the first Irishmen heard of in the present town of East Providence, R. I. An extract from the records reads: "Robert Beers slain ye 28 March, 1676." Tradition has it that Beers, on the approach of the Indians, was with several companions on the outside of their strong house. Beers was reading a bible. His companions immediately rushed to cover, but he tarried awhile, remarking that he would not be killed while engaged in perusing the sacred volume. The delay was fatal, however, and cost him his life. Such is the tradition. It is possible, however, that having more courage than the others, he was more deliberate in his actions, and in less of a hurry to rush for shelter.

INDIANS CAPTURE AN IRISHMAN.

Early in the war, another Irishman is specifically mentioned. He was a settler near Durham, N. H. In September, 1675, a

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party of Indians made a descent upon the place, burned some houses, killed two men, and captured an aged Irishman and a young man. The Irishman and his companion, however, escaped from their captors in a few weeks by the aid of a friendly Indian. (N. E. Historic Genealogical Society Collections, vol. 42.)

DAVID O'KILLIA OF YARMOUTH.

Another settler, who must have been an active participant in many scenes of Philip's war, was David O'Killia [or, perhaps, O'Kelly], of Yarmouth, Mass. David is mentioned in the town records as "the Irishman," and was a resident of Yarmouth as early as 1657. A descendant of his, Hon. Henry G. Crowell, of South Yarmouth, writes me that he thinks David, previous to coming to New England, had been an officer in the Irish army. The date of his arrival on these shores is unknown. He was a resident of Yarmouth, however, as stated, as far back as 1657, when he was admitted a freeman, and took the oath of fidelity. It is probable that he participated in the first town meeting. At the close of Philip's war, O'Killia was assessed £2, 6s, 9d, as his share toward defraying the expenses of that struggle. In his will is mentioned his "gun and sword," which goes to show that he possessed a military training. Many of David's descendants are still living, and include, in addition to Henry G. Crowell, of South Yarmouth, Mr. Osborn Howes, secretary of the Boston Board of Fire Underwriters, Mr. F. H. Monks of Boston, and a large number of others.

Some of David's descendants have borne different forms of the name, such as O'Killey, Killey, Kelley, etc. Many of these descendants are still found in the towns on Cape Cod, where the name, although frequently spelled Kelley, is generally pronounced Killey. This leads me to think that the original immigrant, David O'Killia, pronounced his name David O'Killey—a form, no doubt, of O'Kelly.

MICHAEL KELLY, OF CONANICUT.

A resident of Rhode Island at the period of which I am treating was Michael Kelly, who had settled on the Island of Conanicut. He was a freeman of the colony in 1667, and became a man

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of prominence in local affairs. About six years before the outbreak of King Philip's war, Kelly and two others were commissioned by the "Councill" to prepare the inhabitants against possible surprises by the Indians. The order for this action bears the date of Aug. 26, 1669, and two days later the following entry appears in the records:

"The persons appointed to execute the Councill's order of the 26th inst., for the island of Quononicut, are John Homes, John Remington, and Michael Kelly."

The fact that Kelly was one of those selected indicates that he must have been a man of considerable influence at the time, possessing a military training, and well versed in a knowledge of the Indian mode of warfare. Without much doubt he was a participant in Philip's war, and was engaged in duty either on Conanicut or on the mainland. In the will of Ex-Governor Brenton, Michael Kelly, who occupied one of the latter's farms on Conanicut, was bequeathed 100 acres of land on the Merrimac. In 1680 Kelly was taxed, in Rhode Island, where he probably still resided, £5, 18s, 7 1-2d. He died that year. It is not known that he left any descendants.

AN IRISH FOUNDER OF EAST GREENWICH, R. I.

Down in Kent county, Rhode Island, is the town of East Greenwich, incorporated in 1677. Comparatively few know that one of the founders of this old town was Charles MacCarthy, an Irishman. The name appears in the records spelled in different places as Macarte, Mecarta, Macarty, and Mecarty. In his will it appears as "Macarte." The same name applied to other settlers is also recorded as Maccartee and McCartie. There is no uniformity. For the sake of such, therefore, I here use the form MacCarthy, which is that of the MacCarthys Mor representatives of the elder branch of this widely scattered Irish sept. A gentleman once told me that he thought Charles MacCarthy was English. But when asked his reason for so thinking, he was unable to give any worthy of notice, or to furnish any proof in support of his opinion.

I, thereupon, offered strong evidence to show that MacCarthy was an Irishman, quoting from accepted authorities, and conclud-

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ing by introducing MacCarthy's own will. My friend admitted the force of my argument and the convincing nature of my evidence. Had he been acquainted with Irish history of the period when Charles MacCarthy flourished, he would never have formed the opinion that he was other than Irish. But he frankly acknowledged that he knew little or nothing of Ireland's history at that or any other period. Consequently, MacCarthy's will, which to me was a precious find, and explained much, was to my friend a sealed book. What to me meant a great deal, to him meant nothing.

Charles MacCarthy was one of the founders of East Greenwich. The exact date of his coming to Rhode Island is not known, but it was some years prior to the outbreak of King Philip's war. He resided for a period on the island of St. Christopher (perhaps coming through England) before arriving here, a fact alluded to in his will. He had a brother who went from Ireland to Spain. This brother, like Charles, had been exiled, and was probably a soldier. He may have been among the 10,000 Irish who in 1652, being compelled by the fortune of war to capitulate to Cromwell and Ireton, were allowed to depart and enlist in the Spanish service.

These troops embarked for Spain at Kinsale, Waterford, Galway, Limerick, and Bantry. With them also went many of the Irish nobility and gentry, who had been dispossessed of their estates. In more propitious time some of these exiles returned from Spain. Charles MacCarthy's brother did so, and is next heard of in Kinsale, where he probably landed. From there he wrote to Charles, whom he supposed to be still in St. Christopher, inviting him to return to Ireland. But Charles had left on account of religious persecution, and was probably then located in Rhode Island. Though long delayed, the letter, however, finally reached its destination. But Charles never went back to Ireland, nor did he and his brother ever meet again. I believe that this Rhode Island pioneer, who became a soldier in King Philip's war, was an officer of note in the Irish armies previous to or at the time of Cromwell's advent in Ireland. And I will tell why.

Charles II. in his famous Declaration mentions a large number of Irish "restorees," who were to be given back their former es-

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tates in Ireland for having "Continued with Us or served faithfully under Our ensigns beyond the Seas." Among these Irish restorees are mentioned Col. Charles MacCarthy of Kilbretan, county Cork, and Capt. Charles MacCarthy, also of Cork. In another place Charles II. mentions Charles James MacCarthy, viscount Muscry. Whatever good, however, Charles II. did in this respect, was speedily undone by him and by the advent of Cromwell. Banishment, oppression, confiscation of estates, even murder was the fate visited upon thousands of prominent Irish under Cromwell's blighting career. A fourth Charles MacCarthy is mentioned during the Cromwellian settlement as a "Papist," whose property was confiscated. These four Charles MacCarthys were all Irish officers or leading gentlemen, and I am inclined to think the Rhode Island settler was one of them. He may have been either the Colonel or the Captain MacCarthy who are spoken of by King Charles II.

I consider this subject of so much importance that I am preparing a paper specially devoted to it. Charles MacCarthy of Rhode Island was one of a party of forty-eight settlers to whom a grant of 5,000 acres was made by the General Assembly for services in King Philip's war. This tract was named East Greenwich. These settlers no doubt included people "from all parts." If their names may be taken as a criterion, several of them were from Ireland. Facing a great bay, the founders of the town hoped that in time it might become an important commercial centre, and perhaps surpass Newport or Providence. Charles MacCarthy does not appear to have left any children. His will was the first to be recorded in the probate record book of East Greenwich, and is dated the "18th day of February, 1682."

THE DEATH OF PHILIP.

The war ended in 1676 in the death of King Philip, who was shot by a "faithless Indian" at Mount Hope. It was said that Philip had killed this Indian's brother. Lossing declares that the barbarous law of England, that a traitor should be quartered, was carried out on the body of Philip, by the Indian who slew him.

The war had caused great disaster throughout New England. Twelve towns in Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Rhode Island

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were utterly wiped out. At least 600 whites fell in battle, and probably 300 more lost their lives by massacre during the savage onslaughts. It has been estimated that this loss, based on the population, would equal 20,000 lives at the present day. And all this happened in a twelvemonth. Of the population capable of bearing arms, one man in eleven was killed. The progress of the colonies, especially of Plymouth, against which the Indian outbreak had at first been directed, received a set-back of a very serious nature. There was much destitution and suffering.

But right at this critical juncture we find Ireland's sons again coming to the rescue. We have already seen how Irish soldiers had served the colonies in the profession of arms; we now see generous hearts in the Old Land promptly sending over the good ship Katherine of Dublin, with supplies for the suffering colonists. This gift is variously termed "the Irish donation," "the Irish charity," etc., sent by "divers Christians in Ireland." It came in good time, and was sincerely appreciated.

A REMARKABLE FACT.

Freeman in mentioning this Irish assistance, says: "It is somewhat remarkable that from 'divers Christians' in England and Wales no word of cheer greeted the struggling colonists, and no contribution [save the Irish] is recorded * * * * in this dark and perilous period."

Francis Bailies in his "History of New Plymouth," says: "Ireland was the only place in the British European dominions which bestowed any relief on this suffering colony."

Freeman again declares: "It is worthy of particular notice to the honor of humanity, that in the time of the distress of the Plymouth and Massachusetts colonies by reason of the wars, when few families remained that were not in mourning for the loss of some relative, and whose pecuniary embarrassments pressed upon them, the donation from Ireland to which we referred, 'for the relief of the impoverished, distressed, and in necessity by the war,' was received. We record with pleasure this noble instance of benevolent sympathy."

In war and in peace, therefore, Ireland, through her sons, was the friend of New England; and these six states to-day have

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no more devoted citizens than those of Irish birth or lineage.

I have endeavored to fill this paper with facts rather than devote it to mere rhetorical effort. There is material here, I think, on which to base a dozen papers. I hope that others will come after me who will utilize the material, ideas, and suggestions herein contained, so that our knowledge of the "Irish Soldiers in King Philip's War" may be greately extended.

Comfortress of the Afflicted.

EUGENE DAVIS.

SORROW may rend the features with its plough,
And scar the heart with gashes keen and deep,
And Grief its long and weary vigils keep,
And Anguish wring the wan and stricken brow;
Yet calm will fall like to a balm divine
Upon the soul, and bright-eyed Hope will come
To close our reign of pain and martyrdom,
If we but kneel at the Madonna's shrine.

For her dear eyes have pity, and her heart
Goes out to the afflicted, far and wide,
Embracing all in flames of heavenly love:
A mother fond, she acts a mother's part,
And heals our wounds and aches—whate'er betide,
Lifting our souls to the glad Heav'n above!

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THE SORROWS OF MARY.[1]

REV. C. H. MCKENNA, O. P.

ST. Philip Benizi was in his twenty-first year when he entered the Order of Servites. All Florence was surprised when his action became known, for no young gentleman of the city had merited for himself a higher reputation. Crowned by the celebrated Universities of Paris and Padua, with enviable laurels; of a respectable family; wonderfully gifted; fine of form and feature, he was courted by the best society, and could easily have obtained the willing hand of many a fair daughter of his native city. His father, too, was anxious that Philip should marry, but the heart of the young man was already captivated by the fairest of women. Her he loved next to God, and at Her altar he willingly sacrificed all his worldly prospects.

In entering the Servite Order, Philip, like all true religious, sought principally his own perfection. In the state of celibacy he saw the means of attaining a place in the ranks of the favored few who were permitted to follow the Lamb, and sing that song, which, according to the Apocalypse, only virgins can sing. But he became a Servite for another reason.

In selecting a religious life, each religious has some special attraction inclining him to one Order rather than to another. It may be the rigor of the rule, the form of the habit, or the special work to which the Order is devoted. Philip had no selection to make. Mary had especially chosen him to propagate devotion to her seven sorrows. He felt that our Lady wished him to enter her newly-founded Order; but still he was determined to hide his noble gifts under the garb of an humble lay-brother. In his lowly opinion of himself, he felt absolutely unworthy of the sublime

[1] For the other papers in this series by Father McKenna, see THE ROSARY MAGAZINE for September and December, 1893; January, March, July, September and November, 1894; February and August, 1895.

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dignity of the priesthood. Hence, when he presented himself before the superiors of the Order for admission, he begged, with tears in his eyes, the habit of the lay-brothers.

The superiors granted his request, and it was edifying to all the religious to see how cheerfully the brilliant young doctor performed the most menial offices of the Community. But Mary's designs had to be accomplished. The hidden treasure was one day to be revealed, and the revelation came through two Dominicans.

A few years after his profession, Philip was sent as companion of a priest of his Order to found a new convent in Siena. On their journey they were joined by two Dominican Friars, who eagerly enquired about the origin, rule, constitutions, object, and studies of the Servites. After being modestly answered by the Servite priest, the Dominicans next began to question their companions on matters of Faith, to propose difficulties in morals, dogma, scripture, and mystical theology. Philip was forced to answer for his companion, and so profoundly did he appear versed in scripture and mystical theology, that his companion and the Dominicans were filled with admiration. The question of the Dominicans naturally followed: "Why does your Order keep such a brilliant light under a bushel?"

The Dominicans made known, wherever they went, the wonderful treasure that was hidden among the Servites. Soon his own superiors, and the ecclesiastical authorities of Siena, compelled Philip to prepare for Holy Orders. He was ordained, and then commenced the Apostolic life of our Lady's devoted servant. Within a comparatively short time he was elected to the first office in his Order. He commenced his labor by endeavoring to increase the fire of love for our Blessed Mother in the hearts of his spiritual sons, and to inspire them with the ardor with which he was consumed. He reminded them that their special work was to propagate devotion to her Sorrows.

Very often he would break forth in language savoring more of Heaven than of earth, in describing the agonizing Mother standing at the foot of the Cross, watching the last convulsive pangs of her adorable Son, whilst she remained unable to wipe the sweat and blood that were blinding His eyes, or give Him even a drink

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of water to cool His burning lips. Having increased the ardor of his brethren in devotion to their sorrowful Queen, he went forth, like St. Francis, to spread abroad the fire with which his own heart was consumed. As the saint of Assisi was transported with the desire to make all love his Crucified Master, so Philip sought to inflame all hearts with love for his sorrowful Mother.

Dear St. Philip! loving son of Mary, we are about to bid you farewell; but before parting from you, let us implore your blessing and your powerful intercession with her whom you loved so much. Oh, lift for us the veil that we too may be allowed to gaze on that transpierced, immaculate heart as you saw it, that our eyes, like yours, may become fountains of tears in compassion for her who, after her Divine Son, suffered most for our salvation!

O Blessed Mother! it was our sins that put your Son to death; we are the murderers. We have a right to sorrow and sympathize with you. We placed the cause of His sufferings, and we reap the benefit of His crucifixion.

Alas! the ingratitude of those who never reflect on the sufferings of the Son or the sorrows of the Mother, notwithstanding that both were entailed by the sins of those ingrates! Alas! for the killing frost of error and heresy, which would refuse the tribute of a tear to her who consented to become the Sorrowful Mother in order that man might be redeemed!

Before leaving the venerated Servites, we shall place before the readers of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE a dialogue, quaint in its simplicity, in which the salient features of the Order are represented. It is taken from the "Lives of the Seven Holy Founders." The conversation is held between a Servite named Benedict, and a layman named Peter:

Peter.—Pray, Brother, tell me of yourself.

Benedict.—If you want to know my name and my country, I am called Benedict, and Florence is my birthplace.

Peter.—If you had told me that you were not a Florentine, I should have answered that you were saying that which is not, for your accent is easily to be recognized. But, I pray you, tell me, to what Order do you belong, and what is this habit which you wear?

Benedict.—Since you desire to be told of the Order to which I,

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who wear this habit, belong, know then that we are called the Servants of the Most Glorious Virgin, that we wear her mourning garb, and that her sorrows are the food of our meditations.

Peter.—Truly, I like your habit much; and, since you nurture your souls by meditation, I suppose you must be hermits. I, poor worldling that I am, cannot refrain from envying you your blest solitude.

Benedict.—May our dear Lord and our Blessed Lady be praised, therefore, good sir! According as our Rule prescribes and our leisure permits, we make to ourselves an interior solitude for the purpose of meditation; but it is not given to us to enjoy the holy and blessed peace which a hermitage offers, for the life which we lead is like to that of the holy apostles, as our blessed father St. Philip said to the Dominican Fathers.

Peter.—Then, do you go through the country, preaching the name of Christ Jesus, our Lord?

Benedict.—Certainly we do, good sir, and some of our brethren have gone, with the Pope's blessing to preach to the Tartars ... and tidings have come to us of their martyrdom. They have given their blood for the love of Christ.

Peter.—Then, do you mean to say that your mission is to preach the Faith to the Turks and Tartars?

Benedict.—No; that is not what I mean. Our mission is to be the apostles of our Lady of Sorrows. It was for this that our glorious Queen, the Sorrowful Mother of our sweet Lord Jesus Christ, called us out of the world. Consequently it is her desire that the thought of her Son's Passion should be stamped deeply in our hearts, and that we should moreover steep our souls in the flood of grief which overwhelmed her, when by her piercing sorrow she co-operated in the work of our Redemption. Then, also she requires us to preach everywhere as much by holy and mortified lives, as by word of mouth or writing, hatred for sin, since it was sin that caused the cruel martyrdom of her Divine Son. This she willed us to do throughout the whole world.

Though the sublime mission of preaching her Dolors was confided by our Mother in a special manner to the Order of Servites, even as she confided her Rosary to St. Dominic and his children, yet, it is not her will, nor the will of Heaven, that these Or-

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ders should claim the exclusive right of propagating these devotions. They were intended to be as universal as the Church—for all who would preach and practise them. And even as the faithful counted beads before the days of St. Dominic, though not in the same way, or connected in the same manner with the life, Passion, and death of our Lord, so, the Dolors of Mary, her bitter grief at the death of her Son, were the subjects of Christian compassion and sympathy long before the Order of Servites existed.

Marchese, quoted by Father Faber, tells us, and it is also Catholic Tradition, that our Lady, after the death of our Lord, daily visited, whilst she lived in Jerusalem, the sacred places sanctified by His Blood.

Some years after her death, while St. John the Evangelist was grieving over her loss, and longing to see her face again, it pleased our Lord to appear to him in a vision, accompanied by His Blessed Mother.

The Sorrows of Mary, together with her frequent visits to the holy places of the Passion, were naturally a constant subject of devout contemplation to the Evangelist, who had watched over the last fifteen years of her life; and, as if it were in response to these continual meditations, he heard her ask Jesus to grant some special favor to those who should keep her Dolors in remembrance. Our Lord replied that He would grant four particular graces to all those who would practise this devotion. The first was a perfect contrition for all their sins, some time before death; the second was a particular protection in the hour of death; the third was to have the mysteries of the Passion deeply imprinted in their minds; and the fourth, a particular power of impetration granted to Mary's prayers on their behalf. We have the tradition of the Church, that from the days of our Blessed Mother to the present time, her faithful children have ever kept her sorrows in remembrance.

We saw in a former article[1] how the Seven Holy Founders were accustomed to visit, in their youth, the celebrated Church of our Lady of the Swoon, which was built in honor of her sorrows.

[1] THE ROSARY MAGAZINE for February, 1895.

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This Florentine church was patterned after a church erected in Jerusalem by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, to commemorate the desolation of our Lady at the foot of the cross.

Among the Fathers of the desert, devotion to the Sorrowful Mother was in common practice. A young Egyptian, having consulted St. Anthony about the affairs of his soul, left the world, and became well-known after as Abbot Pœmon. Pœmon was given to the meditation of Mary's Dolors. One day he was found by Abbot Isaac prostrate on the ground in profound contemplation.

"On what is your mind absorbed, on what is your soul occupied during your ecstasy?" asked Abbot Isaac.

"I have seen the Mother of Sorrows standing beneath the dead body of her Son," said Abbot Pœmon; "I wept with compassion, and desire to weep still more."

According to the revelations of St. Bridget, Heaven sets an immense price on the Dolors of Mary. And to the Blessed Veronica of Binasco, whose revelations are given by the Bollandists, our Lord said that tears shed over His Mother's sorrows are more acceptable to Him than those that are shed over His own Passion.

Before beginning to consider each of Mary's Seven Dolors separately, it may be well to remind our readers that "the shortest way to Jesus is through devotion to Mary." Devotion to Mary, in the words of the Fathers, especially of St. Bernard, is a sure sign of predestination. "When I say Mary, she says Jesus." When I appeal to Mary, she immediately appeals to her Son in my behalf. Yea, it is the will of God that we should seek the all-powerful intercession of our great Mother in all our necessities, even as the child should seek the aid of its mother in its wants. For as she by nature is supplied with the means of nourishing her little one at her heart, so God has enriched our heavenly Mother with all graces for her spiritual children. And as in nature the mother is full of love for her little one, and desires to bestow favors on it, so much more, in the order of grace, Mary's heart overflows with unbounded affection for all her children, who have been confided to her by her Son after He had redeemed them by the very blood He had received from her veins.

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Duty and gratitude and interest call upon us to love and honor and venerate our Blessed Mother, to sympathize with her in all her sufferings and sorrows. But, according to Father Ledoux the Servite, "the most pleasing devotion to Mary is sympathy for her sorrows." In the "Cultus of Mary," he says: "There is, as it were, an inner garden, a choice flower, a more towering height. It is devotion to her sorrows which includes every stage of her transfixion. And as the love, which is shown to a fellow-creature in the time of trial and suffering, is of a higher kind than that which is displayed in a season of gladness and prosperity, so the commemoration of the Sorrows of our Blessed Lady implies greater perfection than the celebration of her Glories and Joys, and likewise abounds more in the fruits of sanctity. Our Lady, too, is more touched by this devotion, and shows herself more and more bountiful to those who practise it. It is easy to conceive that those who draw nigh to the Queen of Sorrows derive from her an influence which strengthens them for any sacrifice, and enables them to reach that degree of perfection which sacrifice alone enables them to attain."

Faber says: "This devotion has a remarkable connection with great interior holiness. For it is a devotion which makes us unworldly, because we live and breathe in an atmosphere of sorrow. It brings out the unreality of worldly joys. It sobers our thoughts; it keeps them close to Jesus and Him crucified; it communicates to our souls the spirit of the Cross; and the enviable gift of love for suffering full often begins in a prayerful familiarity with the Sorrows of Mary." . . . "It is all stained with the Precious Blood, and thus it puts us in the very depths of our Lord's Sacred Heart." "It is sufficient," says M. Olier, "to stay at the feet of Mary to gather great wealth."

* * * * * *

The life of our Immaculate Mother was one of ecstatic joy from the visit of the Angel to the Presentation in the temple. She possessed the secrets of Heaven. She saw the designs of God for the salvation of man; she saw herself the living tabernacle of the Most High. Heaven had given to her care its richest treasure; and, oh! with what love and humility and adoration did she carry this treasure, her all, to visit St. Elizabeth! How her soul

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went forth in that sublime canticle, the *Magnificat*, when she saw the effects of her Jesus' sacred presence in the house of her cousin! She returns to her home in Nazareth to await the birth of her Son.

But her days are nearly accomplished. In obedience to the Decree, she hastens to Bethlehem, with her devoted spouse St. Joseph, there to await the glorious birth of our Redeemer.

Though the heart of our Mother was saddened at the reception given by a heartless world to its God, though she lamented the poor accommodation that she was able to afford Him, and, like many a devout communicant since, bewailed the poverty and wretchedness of the abode to which He came, and that she had no better for Him, yet, her joy overflowed in the contemplation of that Divine Treasure now pressed to her heart.

O Blessed Mother, this is your hour of joy! Drink deeply of that pure fountain of life, for soon He Who is your comfort, your pleasure, and your delight, will be to you a source of life-long grief and bitter sorrow, for soon will holy Simeon take your Son in his arms, and tell you of the sword that will pierce your loving heart, and unveil the future, showing to you, in your lovely Child, the Man of Sorrow, and sounding the first dolor of your own blessed life.

THE SCOURGING OF OUR LORD.

MARY IRWIN.

JESUS the Saviour, to a pillar bound,
His tender flesh exposed before the rude,
The unrestrained, the heartless multitude.
The executioners press close around
The gentle Lord whom prophets would have crowned,
And raising their strong arms, brawned, sinewous, nude,
They strike, with glaring eyes and hate imbued,
And scourge the Christ, till all the trembling ground
Is crimsoned with His blood—which they but ban.
There is at first a stifled groan that dies—
For Christ is human—in low, piteous cries,
And angels weep in Heaven. But oh, for man,
Still fiercer fall the furious, gashing blows,
And the quick blood in swift atonement flows.

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STORY OF A BRIDAL VEIL.

L. M. POWER.

CHAPTER IX.

THE dream of Ethel Carlton's life had been realized, and the desire of her heart fulfilled. All opposition had been finally overruled, her mother's reluctant consent had been obtained, and now in the spring-time of her youth and beauty she found herself the wife of Sir Edward Dayrell. The wedding was a quiet one, and the ceremony performed in the little oratory at Norwood had been witnessed only by the immediate family of the bride and bridegroom.

Mrs. Carlton wept secretly as she looked on the touching scene, and saw her daughter given away from her care, into the keeping of another. Then, as on many another occasion, she recognized the truth of George Eliot's words: "In every parting there is an image of death."

It often happens that a marriage is not a joyful sight, except to the two parties closely concerned in the great drama. Sometimes, even to them it is nothing more than the "union of the shark with its prey," or a civil contract of sale and barter, in view of some expected mutual advantages.

But even when there is promise of conjugal love in store for the young couple, a wedding is not a pleasant occasion to their near relations and friends; the coming separation leaves perhaps a blank in the home circle, and a void in the parents' hearts that can only be assuaged by the belief that the happiness of their child is secured.

Ethel Carlton was an ideal bride as she knelt before the altar in a dress of dazzling white satin, a wreath of natural orange blossoms crowning the bright hair, and a cloud of costly Mechlin lace enveloping her figure.

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Lily Neville's veil was worn for the second time on that sunny April morning, and it had been Mrs. Carlton's last and most valued gift to her daughter on her nuptial day. The girl felt a pang of remorse as she recalled its history, and the purpose for which it had once been designed.

"How different I am from Aunt Lily!" she thought, "and how cowardly I seem in comparison!" but just then she heard her lover's voice in the hall below, and that sound served to banish all other reflections, and fill her heart with a new gladness.

After a few delightful weeks on the Continent, together with a short tour in Scotland, Sir Edward Dayrell and his wife returned to Hampshire, and commenced their rule at Dayrell Court.

They were both eminently fitted for a country life, and Ethel entered heartily into her husband's interests and pursuits. Many an hour was spent in discussing plans for improving the property, building new cottages for the laborers on the estate, or in some charitable scheme for the benefit of the neighboring poor.

The happiness of those early days of marriage was as perfect as Ethel had ever anticipated, and each hour seemed to bring some new revelation of Sir Edward's nobility of character, and his idolizing affection for herself.

Now, as in the time of their courtship, the closest sympathy existed between them, and in the strength of their union the cares of existence were divided, and its joys were doubled. In their case the poet's description was verified, as he sings of the wedding of "Two True Lovers":

> "'Twas theirs in spite of the Serpent's hiss,
> To enjoy the pure primeval kiss,
> With as much of the old original bliss
> As mortality ever recovers."

The proximity to Norwood was highly agreeable to the young bride, whose daily visit was so eagerly welcomed by the fond mother. Sometimes, while Mrs. Carlton and the children were still at breakfast, the sound of horse's hoofs might be heard on the gravelled sweep, and the next moment Ethel's beaming face would appear in the dining room, filling the old home with the brightness of her presence.

Sir Edward's mother thoroughly approved of her son's choice,

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but nothing could induce her to remain with the young people; and in spite of their entreaties, she decided on taking up her residence with her unmarried son Charles, who lived in Oxford, surrounded by his books, which were the solitary pleasure of his bachelorhood. At times anxious thoughts of the future that awaited her, when these flowery ways stopped suddenly at the portals of eternity, would startle Ethel from her dream of happiness, but these were quickly put aside, and gradually she drifted further from her religion and its practices, becoming more and more absorbed in the enjoyment of the present.

How well she remembered Father Vincent's parting words, before she left St. Dominic's. "I implore you, my child, not to go back to the world," the old man had said, "for the wrong path once chosen, and the wrong step once taken, then doubly perilous is the road, and doubly uncertain is the end."

But she had proudly resisted, and the downward course once begun is not easily checked, so by degrees the restraints of her faith and its teachings were disregarded, while the enervating influence of her surroundings lulled to rest the occasional stings of her conscience.

Full of energetic schemes, Sir Edward devoted himself to the improvement of the ancestral estate, and his wife's artistic tastes helped him in the task of beautifying the old castle and demesne, as together they labored to make Dayrell Court an ideal English home.

So far, no cloud had come to darken the horizon, and at the recollection of Sister Agnes' warning words, Lady Dayrell almost laughed as she reflected how untrue they had proved, and how blessed her life had been, notwithstanding the nun's evil forebodings.

"Ethel, love, I have just received a letter from Mr. Brabazon," her husband said one morning, "and he wants us to go up to London and spend a month or so with them. What answer shall I give?"

"I should like it very much, Edward, but not unless you accompany me," his wife returned, and the wistful eyes filled with tears at the very idea of a possible separation.

"What a silly child you are not to go without me! Surely you could not feel lonely with your aunt, and last year I remember you enjoyed the season in town very much."

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Ethel blushed brightly at the allusion, and running towards the speaker, put her arm round his neck and whispered:

"I will never go to London or anywhere else without you, darling, so don't urge me any more. Besides, what would you do all alone here, while I was away? Would you miss me even a little, I wonder?"

"Now you are fishing for compliments," he replied, laughing. "Of course I should miss you every hour of the day, but it would make me content to know you were amusing yourself, and I really think you ought to accept the chance of getting some variety in the great metropolis."

"Don't tease me, Edward, please. If you want me to be happy, let me stay with you."

"Very good, my dear," he rejoined. I will not mortify myself at the cost of making you unhappy, so like a foolish old 'Darby and Joan,' let us remain together. I shall write to your uncle, to say we are too busy to go up to town at present, but may pay them a visit in the autumn."

Six months later, and Dayrell Court was all astir with joyful excitement. Ethel had become a mother, and she and her baby son were the centre of the tenderest care and solicitude.

The birth of Sir Edward's little heir gave universal satisfaction. The event was celebrated by public rejoicing among the tenantry, and from her chamber window Ethel could see the flaming bonfires on the hillside opposite, giving welcome to the unconscious stranger.

The child was pronounced beautiful, a wonderful likeness of his parents, with his mother's dark eyes, and Sir Edward's fair hair and complexion; while eager discussions took place around the cradle, relative to the length of baby's lashes, the size of baby's pink hands, and the advent of baby's first tooth.

The baptism was duly solemnized in the small Catholic church at Hurley, for Sir Edward was faithful to his pledge that all his children should be brought up in his wife's religion. This resolution cost him a hard struggle, but it was the price he had paid for her love, and having gained the desired object, he was too honorable to break the contract.

The months passed by, and each hour seemed to bring fresh

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gladness to the young mother's life as she watched the gradual development of her child's intellect, and the varying charms of babyhood.

Every day there was something new to be noticed and recounted to her husband, regarding baby's precocity, or his extraordinary growth.

He was a subject of ever-increasing interest to his parents, and none but themselves knew the anxious fears and loving hopes that were centred in that frail piece of humanity.

Ethel's needle was never idle now, making dainty dresses and elaborate pinafores, but all shared the same fate when worn by Master Freddy, who showed a complete disregard of the quality of his clothing, treating it with the indifference recommended by saints and religious writers.

What an event it was when the boy made his first attempt at speaking! The babyish lisping was translated by the fond listeners into conversation full of deep wisdom and premature judgment.

"Edward, I wonder was there ever such a darling child as ours?" Ethel asked rapturously, as she stood one morning in the sunny breakfast room looking out on the lawn, where the nurse was walking, while her little charge toddled by her side, now and then making a feeble rush after a butterfly, or falling in an effort to mount the great St. Bernard dog Como, that moved so slowly, and yet eluded the soft hands that tried to grasp his bushy tail.

Freddy was now three years old, and quite able to enjoy the usual pastimes of persons of that age.

Many a time the white frocks that left the nursery spotless, returned in a few hours covered with mud and clay, and the marks of frequent tumbles; but if the nurse remonstrated, Ethel only laughed, and catching up the culprit, would cover his face with kisses, assuring him that "Muddie" only wished to see him happy.

Sir Edward, too, idolized the boy, and would carry him in his arms over the park, enjoying his companionship, and gently answering the childish questions.

"What a terribly stupid existence those Dayrells lead down in the country!" Mrs. Brabazon remarked to her husband, on re-

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ceiving a letter from her niece, again declining to go to London on the plea of having too much occupation at home.

"I wonder Ethel can be so content, for I remember she was once very fond of society, and loved a ball above everything. I expect such a thing is unknown almost in that part of the world."

"They certainly lead a quiet life," Mr. Brabazon replied without looking up from his paper; "but I would not call it stupid. For my opinion, it must be far preferable to the perpetual excitement and so-called pleasure of us Londoners. Edward was always somewhat Utopian in his ideas, but he is singularly fortunate in being able to carry them out. He wants us to stay with them for some time next month, so we shall have an opportunity of observing this model pair, that, like "The Miller of the Dee," seem perfectly satisfied with their condition.

Chapter X.

The young mistress of Dayrell Court was a general favorite among the poor of the vicinity. Her charity was considerate as well as abundant, and she took a personal interest in each humble family, entering into the special wants of the individuals.

She distributed her alms with her own hands, thus enhancing their value tenfold, and many an invalid felt a thrill of relief on hearing Ethel's footsteps enter the cottage, and her soft voice inquiring how the patient progressed.

Often she would sit for hours together cheering the loneliness of some bed-ridden sufferer, or reading aloud from a book or newspaper, and it was her delight to observe, and then, like "Santa Claus," to supply the gifts most needed.

To old Martin, the former gamekeeper at Norwood, she brought packages of snuff and tobacco, and rejoiced his crippled wife with skeins of fleecy wool of every imaginable color, which the deft fingers transformed into socks and stockings and jackets of wonderful comfort.

Many were the blessings invoked on Lady Dayrell's head by her humble friends, for the gratitude of the poor is easily earned and highly valued by those who have learnt what a rare commodity it is among their wealthy brethren.

The presents that poured in each Christmas, proved how much

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Ethel's kindness was appreciated, and Sir Edward smiled as he saw the offerings of her "protégés," and remarked to his wife that her generosity was returned with interest.

She was particularly tender towards children, pitying their sufferings more than those of adults, because, as she explained to her mother, "it seemed so hard to have their youth darkened by trouble, as they at least are innocent, and have no sins to atone for." With her own hands she tended their ailments, and soothed their cries with gentle caresses.

As a special treat, little Freddy was allowed to accompany his mother on her round of visits, and it was his great delight to run in and out of the cottages, meeting playmates of his own age, and exploring the gardens and fowl yards with never-flagging interest.

At times these raids were particularly mischievous, and a sudden flight of pigeons, or the cackling of distracted geese, or the alarmed cry of hunted hens and chickens, warned the inmates that the "young master," as they called him, was on the premises, spreading terror among the domestic animals.

The cats alone were able to avoid pursuit, and once they learned the character of the intruder, they fled at his approach, and from the top of a wall or tree calmly surveyed the baffled enemy.

"Why does the cat run away from me, Mrs. Griffin?" the child said one day to one of the cottagers. "I only want to pet him," he continued, "and rub down his hair; but he gets up on that high branch, and won't come near me."

The old woman smiled, and replied that the cat was afraid of being pushed into the table drawer a second time. "I found him there, Master Freddy, after you were gone the other evening, and he was almost dead from squeezing. So now Jack takes care to keep out of your way."

"But I did not mean to hurt him, Mrs. Griffin," the little fellow answered earnestly. "It was very cold, and I found Jack out in the yard, so I just caught him, and put him into that cosy drawer, to make him warm. I'm sorry he thinks that I was so cruel."

The subject of these remarks was perfectly indifferent to the explanation given, and remained in his place of safety, blinking in the sun, with his velvet paws folded snugly, evidently determined to wait there till the foe had disappeared.

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"Where did you drive to this afternoon, dearest?" Sir Edward enquired, as his wife joined him in the dining room one evening towards the end of May.

"I first went to Norwood to see mother; she wanted to congratulate Freddy on his sixth birthday, and as usual she loaded him with sweets and taffy, and gave him a large box of toys as well. After that we drove round by Weston to enquire for Harry Dickson, who is very ill. His mother came over yesterday to tell me he was confined to bed, and was longing to see me, so I stopped there to-day, and was shocked to find the poor fellow sadly changed. I warned Freddy not to follow me into the cottage, but when I turned round he was standing by the bedside, kissing Harry's face, and pressing an apple into his hand. I was quite startled to find him there, as it occurred to me that the boy might have some infectious complaint, and I felt anxious at having Freddy in the room.

"I told him to leave at once," the mother continued, "but as I came out he ran back a second time, saying he should bid goodbye to Harry, fearing he might die before he came again.

"I really felt nervous, and I'm afraid I spoke crossly to my darling, for he began to cry, and begged me not to be angry any more."

"But what is the matter with young Dickson?" Sir Edward asked quickly.

"They told me Dr. Hayes was sent for this morning, and he thinks it is the beginning of scarlet fever, and warned them to be very careful of the patient. He promised to see him to-morrow, when he could give a more decided opinion."

"Ethel, it was very imprudent to take the child to a house where there was sickness of any kind. It was only natural he should follow you wherever you went, and I beg you will be more cautious in the future. Pray, remember he is our only child."

The tears rushed to Ethel's eyes at her husband's rebuke, and the stern expression of his features showed he was annoyed as well as anxious. For the rest of dinner he scarcely addressed her, but looked grave and pre-occupied. She felt miserable, and bitterly reproached herself for her thoughtlessness in such a matter. Then Sir Edward's manner had hurt her deeply, and she remem-

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bered that never since their marriage had he spoken even a severe word.

Leaving the dining room, she hurried to the nursery to take a peep at Freddy, and to assure herself that there was nothing amiss. Opening the door gently, she went in, and by the firelight she could see that the little fellow was sleeping soundly in his cot, with one chubby hand half concealed in his hair, while the other lay on the coverlet, grasping a miniature boat.

Lovingly the mother gazed on the rosy face, that looked so calmly happy; then stooping down, she kissed his forehead, and breathing a prayer of thanksgiving, stole from the room. Outside she met the nurse, who was just returning to her own quarters.

"I hope Master Freddy is as well as usual to-night, Parker," she began.

"Oh, yes, my Lady! Have you noticed anything wrong with him?"

Lady Dayrell then explained the reason of her enquiry, adding that her husband had been uneasy through fear of infection. The woman listened respectfully, and assured her mistress that the boy had seemed in perfect health, and was in high spirits at the prospect of sailing the new boat his uncle had given him as a birthday gift.

"He intends trying it on the lake early to-morrow," the nurse went on, "and he wants your ladyship and Sir Edward to be there to see it launched."

Ethel smiled, and feeling quite comforted, went down stairs, and found her husband in the library, absorbed in a book of travels.

Going up to him, she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Are you vexed with me, Edward?" she asked timidly. A fond caress answered her question, and so the breach was healed, while he begged forgiveness for his hasty reproof.

"I felt so uneasy, dearest, that I was unjust towards you, who are the best and most devoted of mothers. But now I am convinced there is no cause for alarm."

Before retiring, the parents went together to take a last look at the idol of their hearts, as he lay in the sleep of innocent childhood.

All through that night her husband's words, "Remember he is

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our only child," haunted Ethel with a foreboding of coming evil, and her short snatches of rest were disturbed by dreams of Freddy being ill, and the doctor bending over him saying, " He has taken scarlet fever."

At the first dawn of morning she rose, and slipping on her dressing gown, hurried direct to the nursery. At the door she met the nurse, whose scared face did not re-assure the anxious mother.

" Is anything the matter with the child? " she enquired breathlessly.

" He does not seem well to-day, my lady," Mrs. Parker began. " He slept nicely till about two o'clock, but then I heard him moan, and turn about restlessly. I spoke to him, and asked him if he felt sick, but he made no answer.

" A short time after, he woke up again, with a scream, and said his head was paining him: so I bathed his temple, and held him in my arms for an hour or more, and then I laid him down on his bed."

Lady Dayrell listened in silence, but just then the child's voice was heard calling " Muddie," and rushing past the speaker, she stooped over the cot, whispering, " I am here, darling."

The heavy eyes opened with an effort, and slowly the little figure raised itself from the pillow, while the soft arms clasped her neck, and she felt his lips against her cheek.

" I'm very bad to-day, Muddie," he wailed. " My head is very hot, and still I sometimes feel cold. I think I am worse than poor Harry. I wonder why did I get sick so quickly, and just when I wanted to go out early to sail my yacht on the lake? Shall I get well to-morrow, Muddie? "

" I hope so, my pet," Ethel returned, as her tears fell on his hand. " But now you must try to keep very quiet, and take everything I give you; I shall send for nice, kind Dr. Hayes, who cured you the last time."

Freddy's eyes closed, and he fell into a deep slumber, but frequently he cried out as if in pain, and the flushed face and throbbing brow warned Lady Dayrell that the illness was of no passing nature, but required prompt remedies.

A few hours later the doctor from Weston had come and gone, having pronounced the case to be one of scarlet fever of the

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worst type, adding that the infection probably came from the the visit to his other young patient, Harry Dickson. What a cloud of sadness fell on the happy household of Dayrell Court that bright May morning, when Ethel and her husband became aware that their child's life was in danger, and that they stood in the shadow of a crushing grief! But so it was, and every moment seemed to confirm their darkest fears.

"I have wired to London for Dr. Lloyd, of Cavendish Square," Sir Edward announced some days after, as he entered the silent nursery, and found the mother watching still by the invalid's bedside.

"You must keep up your courage, my poor love," he said gently. "And now come out with me for a short walk in the garden; the fresh air will revive you somewhat."

(*To be continued.*)

SAINT JOSEPH.

SISTER MARY ALPHONSUS, O. P.

When Mary on the dark earth trod,
With feet unsullied by its sod,
Who guarded her young life for God?
Saint Joseph.

When Mary heard her cousin's need,
And crossed the mountain land with speed,
Who shared her generous thought and deed?
Saint Joseph.

When Bethlehem had no room to spare,
For Jesus or for Mary there,
Who cherished with a father's care?
Saint Joseph.

When Jesus on the Virgin's breast
Lay in His infant slumbers pressed,
Who worked in joy that they might rest?
Saint Joseph.

When Mary, from her home exiled,
Fled gladly with her royal Child,
Who guided through the trackless wild?
Saint Joseph.

When Mary's Infant older grew,
And took His share of labor too,
Who set the tasks He longed to do?
Saint Joseph.

When Mary sought her Son in vain
With agonizing heart and brain,
Who felt and shared her wordless pain?
Saint Joseph.

When his own parting hour drew nigh,
Who laid him down in peace to die
With Jesus and with Mary by?
Saint Joseph.

And who can love the Virgin blest,
The God who slumbered on her breast,
Nor dearly love who loved them best?
Saint Joseph.

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THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS IN IRELAND.

MAGDALEN ROCK.



IT is an evening in late March. One would know that by the strong, fresh wind that sweeps along, laden with the scent of newly upturned earth, never to speak of the lingering light in the West that is reflected from the glassy pool where the reeds are whispering and the tasselled willows sway, or the eddies of March dust that farmers tell are worth their bulk in gold.

You, my readers, who have ever spent a March in the country, can easily recall such an evening, when the flaunting daffodils were nodding their yellow heads spasmodically to one another on breezy slopes, and the crocuses were in full bloom in sheltered farmhouse gardens.

This particular evening there are many tints in the sky, and one imagines that a mermaiden's hair must be of the pale amber hue that is above the long line of crimson that tells where the sun has gone down. The toilers are hastening homewards, and from half-ploughed fields comes the sound of clanging chains as the plough-boy urges his tired horses to a brisk trot, for the bell of the village church is announcing to all whom it may concern—and, happily, that is almost everybody—that thirty minutes later the devotions of the Stations of the Cross will begin, and he must see to the needs of the poor animals ere he makes his hurried toilet, which consists in washing his hands in the stone trough outside the door, and drawing on a coat instead of the "sleeved waistcoat" he has worn during the day. He bounds over the haggard fence without pausing for one look at the splendor of the "long, gold billowy sweep of sky" or the swaying sycamore boughs heavy with their pendulous clusters of pale pink buds. This is all very common to him. So, too, is the view he sees, a few moments later, of a gray church with a square tower

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rising from amid yet naked trees, and of a quiet graveyard with its simple crosses and moss-grown stones. The many yew trees look ghostly in the fading light, and the shivering aspens make responses to the plaintive requiem the river sings. He bounds over the low fence where the sloes are blossoming, and where thrushes build into the county road, whistling the "Makes of Mallow" as only an Irish lad can whistle. Here his music ceases, for there are many others on their way to the chapel as well as he, and various queries anent the progress of the spring work have to be made and answered. As they near the end of their journey, their walk becomes a run, for there are no loiterers outside the church door, from which they conclude the devotions are already commenced. So it turns out. When they enter, the priest attended by a chubby, bright-eyed country lad, is kneeling before the second Station.

The chapel is fairly well filled, the women having the advantage in point of numbers. Not a hat or bonnet do they wear. Even little maidens have their shawls, country-fashion, over their heads. Many of the elder women wear the heavy blue cloaks, now, alas! so rarely seen, and the white muslin caps, whose carefully crimpled frills must have cost them an infinity of trouble. The fading light falls through the diamond paned windows on the white altar, on the statues of the Sacred Heart and our Lady on either side, on the kneeling crowd that repeat their Paters and Aves audibly; and the priest's voice rises and falls in that perfect prayer, "Grant, O Jesus, that I may love Thee always, and then do with me as Thou wilt."

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.

ALL praise to Saint Patrick, who brought to our mountains
The gift of God's faith, the sweet light of His love!
All praise to the shepherd who showed us the fountains
That rise in the Heart of the Saviour above!

There is not a saint in the bright courts of Heaven
More faithful than he to the land of his choice;
Oh, well may the nation to whom he was given,
In the feast of their sire and apostle rejoice!—*Father Faber.*

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CHILDREN OF THE ROSARY.

A March Jingle.

AQUINAS.

Blow, blow, blow!
Naughty March wind, blow!
Does it make you happy
To bother people so?

Twirl, twirl, twirl!
Funny March wind, twirl!
Do you think it funny
To see the people whirl

Round about like windmills,
Just the way you will?
Fussy, giddy March wind,
Never, never still!

Do you know you'll never
Win a race, indeed?
For "the more the hurry,
Always less the speed!"

Blow, whirl, blow!
March wind, while you may!
Ere you catch sly April
You'll be blown away.

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ANTS.

FOURTH EVENING OF THE SOCIAL CLUB.

HENRY COYLE.



THE following Wednesday evening was very stormy, and Mrs. Stevens had some hot lemonade prepared. When the members were all assembled in the club room, she brought in a large punch-bowl filled with the steaming beverage.

"Here is something to take the chill out of your bones," she said with a smile.

The members decided to play the game of "A Stormy Sea." Each of the players selected a corner or alcove, and one person was left standing alone in the centre of the room. Suddenly all the players changed places with a wild rush, and the one in the middle then secured a place, taking that of some one else. The game was a lively one, and the children were soon thoroughly warmed.

At the usual time, the president came in, and after the calling of the roll, he took his chair, and Mrs. Stevens sat at his side.

"Our next topic will be about a very common, very numerous, and highly interesting insect. Its scientific name is long, and hard to pronounce, and as George has a sensitive jaw, I will call it by the common name in three letters—the ant. The history of this insect presents examples of an industry which has become proverbial, and indeed, they give evidence of many of the higher virtues of human nature, such as love, courage, patience, and perseverance. A naturalist saw three ants trying to haul a young snake, not dead, which was about the size of a lead pencil."

"In our history at school," said James, "there is a story of an ancient king who was once forced to take shelter from his enemies in a ruined temple; he sat alone for many hours, discouraged and hopeless, when he observed an ant trying to carry a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. The grain fell

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sixty-nine times to the ground, but at the seventieth attempt the ant succeeded in reaching the top of the wall with its prize. This sight gave fresh courage to the king, and he never forgot the lesson it conveyed."

"Thank you, James. There are three kinds of ants in every community; males, females, which have wings, and neuters, or the small workers. The young are reared with great care. The females do not labor, except to spin a cocoon, in which they deposit their eggs. The rearing and feeding of the young is done by the workers until they escape from their cocoons, after which they are able to take care of themselves. The males seem to be formed for pairing only; they have no weapons of self-defense; they have scarcely the means of finding their own food, and they take no share whatever in the labors of the community.

"The males are easily distinguished from the females, being much smaller. When the latter get rid of their wings, they immediately begin to deposit their eggs in the nest underground. The workers superintend the degrees of heat, moisture, and all other circumstances necessary for the hatching of the eggs. In a short time the eggs gradually swell until they become transparent, until finally the larvæ come out as grubs, when they are nursed and fed by the workers.

"When the grubs are full grown, they enclose themselves in cocoons, in which they reach their perfect form. The workers take the cocoons out in the early morning, and take them in when the light and heat are too strong. If the nest is attacked or injured, these cocoons are the first objects of care; and although they are double the size of the workers, they take them quickly to a place of safety. Ants are also wonderful little architects, being excellent masons, carpenters, and carvers of wood."

"Do these occupy one nest?" enquired George.

"Oh, no; the mason ant builds its nest in the ground; the carpenter in trees, and the carvers in the boards of old houses."

"They sometimes fight great battles," said the secretary. "I was reading Thoreau's 'Life in the Woods,' the other day, and it contains an interesting account of a battle which he witnessed."

"Who was Thoreau?" asked George.

"He was a young writer, who, many years ago in Concord,

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built a small hut in the woods near Lake Walden, and lived there alone for several months."

Mrs. Stevens quietly left the room during this digression, and returned with a small book in her hand.

"This is the book, George," she said; "will you read the selection, if the president is willing?"

"Certainly," he said; "as Thoreau was an eye-witness, his account will be valuable."

George took the book, and when he found the passage, read it aloud:

"One day, when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather to my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold, they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black.

"It was the only battlefield which I have ever witnessed, the only battlefield I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vise to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field, never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members.

"They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither

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manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was 'conquer or die.' In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield, or upon it. Or perhaps he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus.

"He saw this unequal combat from afar,—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the reds; he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching the opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants.

"I was myself excited somewhat, even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord fight! Two killed on the patriots' side and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why, here every ant was a Buttrick: 'Fire! for God's sake, fire!' and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill at least.

"I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it

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under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast-plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite.

"They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again, the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and their still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them, which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished.

"I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hotel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war, but I felt for the rest of the day as if I had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity, and carnage of a human battle before my door."

"I am sorry to interrupt you," said Mrs. Stevens; "it is ten minutes to ten."

The members were very much interested in Thoreau's account, and they resolved to read some of his books. There were no forfeits to be paid that session for whispering, and the members retired, well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

THE JOLLY SNOWBALL.

TOBY TWINKLE.

There was a jolly snowball,
Very round and white,
Who thought it was his bus'ness
To serve the boys in fight.

But the Sun had diff'rent notions,
So he shone with all his might,
Till he sent the jolly snowball
A-melting out of sight.

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BED-TIME.

GEORGE HUNTER.

COME, my baby, put your playthings
All away;
At mamma's knee your sweet "Hail Mary"
Softly say,
Raise your wond'ring eyes to Heaven
While you pray.

Round your golden head, my darling,
Blessings shine,
And your innocence, like halo
Half divine,
Fills your tiny face with glory,
Babe of mine!

Murmur low the dear "Our Father,"
He will hear
Every whisper of your child lips;
Have no fear
Of that God who watches o'er you,
Oh, so near!

By your side a shining angel
Holds your hand;
With a love that you can never
Understand,
He will lead you to your Father's
Promised Land.

Now, dear, close your eyes of azure,
Day has fled;
Sweetly slumber while all fondly
Round your bed
Angels watch, and their soft pinions
O'er you spread.

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THE STUDENTS' FEAST.

M. M. O'KANE, O. P.

THE children of the Rosary and the Angelic Warfare, who are doing so much to honor their beloved patron, the great St. Aquinas, will, I am sure, be glad to read an account of how his feast is celebrated in Rome. To strangers nothing is of more interest in the Eternal City than the crowds of students which they meet everywhere. Each college has its own particular dress, and those visitors who are able to distinguish and name the different colleges, consider themselves pretty well informed on ecclesiastical matters.

Since St. Thomas was chosen as universal Patron of Catholic Schools, the seventh of March is specially set aside as the students' feast. No feast during the year is more interesting, nor has any so many learned devotees. How many petitions, on that day, are presented for light to the Angel of the Schools, by minds involved in difficulties! The celebration begins on the fourth with a solemn triduum. A cardinal gives Benediction every evening, and the students of different colleges take their turn at the altar. Some interesting part of the saint's life is discussed by a distinguished preacher, every evening of the triduum; and the great Dominican church of the Minerva is thronged with students, all of whom seem eager to catch every word that is said of their great master. A writer once remarked, that the history of St. Thomas has not yet been written. His is a varied character. Considered as a theologian he towers far above all those that preceded him, and, that are likely to follow. As a philosopher, he unites the acuteness of the ancients with the more sublime inspirations of Christianity. His doctrine bears the seal and approbation of Christ Himself, and his works are the weapons which the Church employs in defence of the Divine truths intrusted to her keeping.

"He was the most learned of the saints, and the most saintly of the learned." On the feast itself the nave of the church is reserved for the students, those of his own college of the Minerva taking the first place: next come the students of the German college, and so, in order, the students of the other colleges. The high Mass is sung by a bishop, assisted by the students of the Collegio Pio, who guard their privilege with the utmost jealousy. The music is always first-class, and no effort is spared to make the feast worthy of the Angelic Patron of Catholic Schools.

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THE PEARL ROSARY.

MARY HANCOCK ALLEN.

CHAPTER VI.

A SETTLEMENT.



RS. Field came to the door when Georgie rang the bell.

"Aunt Isabelle," began Georgie, before her aunt could say a word, "this is my sister Florence."

Mrs. Field's usually pale face grew a shade paler. Nothing more than this indicated the surprise she felt.

"Oh," she merely said; "come in."

Florence passed into the parlor. Georgie followed, not without receiving a scathing glance from Mrs. Field.

"Mrs. Field," said Florence, with a slight hesitation, "you are surprised to see me, I know; but I could not resist coming to see my sister, when I found out where she was. I hope that you do not object to my presence here?"

"No, certainly not," replied Mrs. Field; which was quite the reverse of the truth, but Mrs. Field was accustomed to telling these polite little fibs.

"I am so glad," replied Miss Channing, with a smile of relief. "You cannot imagine how I have longed to see my sister."

"Yes? She has changed considerably since you last saw her."

"Yes, indeed; she was only four years old then."

"Yes, I know," replied Mrs. Field, rather hastily. She did not wish to pursue the subject further.

There was a pause. Georgie looked anxiously from her aunt to her sister, wondering what would happen next.

It was Florence who broke the silence. She stated briefly her object in coming there. It was to take Georgie home with her.

Georgie listened eagerly. She felt that her fate was about to be decided.

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Mrs. Field evinced no surprise at Miss Channing's errand. She suspected it as soon as she saw her. She reminded Miss Channing of the fact that she was Georgie's lawful guardian.

"You were not appointed her guardian until after her father's death, you know."

"Certainly not; but what of that?"

"His wishes were not consulted in the matter, were they?"

"No; but he certainly would have wished me,—as his eldest sister, to have charge of his child. He could not possibly have wished anything else. Who else would he have had?"

"Yes, I see; it came very naturally that you should have been her sole guardian, but I feel that I ought to have some claim upon her."

"You?" Mrs. Field smiled ironically. "You must remember the barrier there was between the two families—what the conditions were."

"Yes, I know. Still I think there is something else to be said about the matter. I have here a letter, from which I will read an extract. You may not have known, but Mr. Hewitt, whom I addressed as father, had an affection for me, and wrote to me occasionally. In one of his last letters, this is what he wrote:

"'I have had something on my mind for a long time, of which I must relieve myself, and can only do so to you. I have been on the point several times of telling Georgie of your existence (now that my father is dead). She has so often expressed a wish that she had a sister, but I have refrained from telling her about her, thinking that she was too young to know all her sad history. When she grows older, I shall tell her all; or if I do not live till then—as I sometimes doubt,—I wish her to know all. It pains me more than I can tell you, that you and Georgie, daughters of the same mother, should be as strangers to each other. I earnestly hope and pray that this may not always be. If it were not for the solemn vow I made to my father, I would forfeit fortune and friends to have us all three united. But as that cannot be, I can only do this much. I have often thought that in the event of my death, Georgie, who is constantly with me, and seems to care for almost no one but me, would feel inconsolable. Perhaps it is foolish for me to think this, as I may live to see Georgie grown up and

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happily settled in life; but, nevertheless, the thought comes to me, and drives me nearly wild. If I thought that you two would come together, I should be happy. If, in the event of my death, you make known your existence to Georgie, and she is willing to give up her fortune, and share yours, of which half originally belonged to her, I give my full and willing consent. I do not know what religious tendencies Georgie has, but I have reasons for thinking that she has taken something of a fancy to the Catholic Church. Should this be true, I should wish, for her dear mother's sake, that she should adopt that religion.' "

Florence handed the letter to Mrs. Field. She looked at the signature carelessly, and gave it back.

"I am not surprised that my brother should write such a letter. He was a very erratic man; but I do not see that this letter alters the case particularly, at present. Georgie is not of age, and cannot decide for herself. As to her wishing to be a Romanist, that is all nonsense."

"Aunt Isabelle," broke in Georgie, who had been an eager listener, "You are mistaken; I still wish to be a Catholic."

Mrs. Field shrugged her shoulders. "You are too young to know what you wish."

At this moment there was a noise outside the door.

"I hear my brother coming; he manages all my affairs for me, and can take this matter into his own hands."

"Oh, has Uncle Arthur come?" exclaimed Georgie.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Field shortly, leaving the room. She was gone for several minutes. Evidently, she was conferring with her brother in the hall. Finally they came in together.

He was a handsome young man, dressed in faultless style. His manners were decidedly *debonair*. Although wearing a very serious expression on his face as he entered the room, he smiled charmingly when introduced to Miss Channing, and was exceedingly cordial to her.

She showed him the letter, which he read carefully. He repeated a few things that his sister had already said; but he added that he had respect for his brother's wishes, even if he had caused so much trouble to the family; that his brother was Georgie's father, and if Georgie wanted to carry out his wishes, he thought that it would be better to let her do so.

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Then he turned to Georgie: "Are these your wishes, Georgie?"

She murmured an indistinct "yes," and flinging herself down on the lounge, on which she was seated, burst into a passion of tears.

Her uncle went over to her, and laying his hand caressingly upon her head, said, not unkindly, "Georgie, you are a very foolish child."

Georgie only sobbed the more.

"Remember, Georgie, that you could be very rich some day. You will lose all."

Georgie did not attempt to reply, and Mr. Hewitt left Georgie's side, and addressing Miss Channing, said, "I think that it would be well to let the matter rest for a few days. We shall then have time to think it over, and Georgie can decide which she wishes to do."

"Yes, certainly," replied Florence, rising to go. She went and knelt by Georgie's side. She was quiet now, but her face was hidden in the sofa cushions.

"It is all right, Georgie," she whispered. "Keep up a brave little heart, and all will be well. I shall see you to-morrow." She kissed her, and rose to go.

Mr. Hewitt, always gallant, insisted upon escorting Florence to the hotel; and Georgie was left alone in the room.

She did not move from her place on the sofa. Her mind was in a strange state of mingled emotions of joy and grief. It seemed a long time before she heard her uncle come back. She heard her aunt say to him in the hall, as soon as he opened the door, "I ought never to have let that woman into the house." She did not hear his reply, or anything further that was said, although they talked a long time in the back-parlor.

Finally the folding doors between the two parlors were opened, and the two entered.

"You had better go to bed, Georgiana," said Mrs. Field, passing through into the hall, on her way up-stairs.

Mr. Hewitt lingered. "Are you determined to become a Catholic?"

"Yes, Uncle Arthur, I am," said Georgie, sitting up.

"I did not know that you were such a wilful little piece."

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"Oh, Uncle Arthur! you will not be angry with me, will you?"

The ringing of the front door bell, announcing the return of Miss Lilian Hewitt from a party, prevented his reply.

Miss Lilian was told everything, and was duly horrified; still she was more inclined to feel as her brother did in the matter, than as her sister.

Florence sent for her sister on Sunday, and they took a long walk together, which Georgie enjoyed greatly.

On Monday everything was settled. Mr. Hewitt and his two sisters held a long consultation together. Although they could dispute the claim Florence had upon Georgie until she was of age, Mr. Hewitt preferred not to do so; and on thinking the matter over, Mrs. Field agreed perfectly with her brother, for she reasoned she would gain, rather than lose, by the transaction, as Georgie's inheritance would be divided among the family.

So Georgie was allowed to do as she wished. As soon as the decision was reached, she went over to Agnes' and told her the good news.

Agnes was pleased, of course, but was not as jubilant as Georgie expected.

"Why, you don't seem a bit glad!" said Georgie, crestfallen.

"Yes, indeed, I am," replied Agnes. "But I cannot help thinking of your going away from the city."

"That's so," said Georgie. "I'm awfully sorry about that. I wish that you were going too. Promise me that you will come and visit me very soon."

"I can't promise that, but I will try to go. But when you get at home with your relatives and sister, you will forget all about me."

"The idea! I shall do no such thing. I shall write very often to you, and you must do the same to me. I shall be a Catholic then. Won't that be lovely!"

Just then Tom rushed unceremoniously into the room.

"Hullo Georgie!" he said familiarly. "Are you going away? Really, now?"

Georgie nodded her head.

"What for?"

"My sister came to take me home with her."

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"Oh, say now, why don't you stay here?" blurted out Tom in his blunt way. This was Tom's way of expressing his regret at Georgie's going away.

Both of the girls laughed; which quite abashed Tom.

It took several days to get the legal matters settled; then Georgie bade farewell to her aunts and the Barnetts. It was something of a struggle for Georgie, but she was brave, and did not flinch. She found that she cared more for her aunts than she thought, especially her Aunt Lilian.

She was quite heartbroken when she bade her uncle good-bye; but she was somewhat consoled when he said that he was not at all angry with her, and should always think of her affectionately. He asked her to write to him occasionally, and said that he would answer her letters. Georgie was indeed grateful to him. She never forgot his kindness to her, for she felt that she owed much of her present happiness to him.

Mrs. Barnett, Agnes, and Tom went to the train with Georgie and her sister; and bade them farewell with many entreaties from Georgie for Agnes, and indeed the whole family, to visit them.

During the following year, Georgie was very happy with her sister, and became a devout little Catholic. She wrote frequent letters to Agnes, and before long was delighted to learn that Mr. Barnett had received an appointment in the city in which Georgie and her sister lived.

So the two girls met again, and always remained warmest friends.

It may be added that shortly after this event, Georgie had another unexpected pleasure from a visit her Uncle Arthur made her and her sister. The visit proved to be a long one, and ended very happily in a wedding; and Georgie rejoiced in being able to call her Uncle Arthur by a nearer term than that of uncle—that of brother.

THE END.

"WEST VIRGINIA ought to be called the Bicycle State," said Dick.

"Why?" asked his sister.

"One of its cities is always Wheeling."

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A PUZZLE OF HIDDEN NUMBERS.

ONE day before Christmas, a kind landlord sent the following articles, in a basket, to one of his tenants: Two tenderloin steaks, six rolls, some cakes done up in ribbon, one tender chicken, three oranges, even. Some candy also was put into the basket, with raisins and nuts on top. He tried to make everything as even as he could before sending the gift to the poor tenant, who upon receiving it, offered up his thanks to God before he ate a single mouthful of the tempting things.

In this puzzle I give you,
Some numbers are hid;
Now, look for them carefully;
Do as you're bid.

And when you have found them,
Look sharp as you go;
Place one 'neath the other,
Sum-fashion, you know.

Then add them together,
Be sure of your count;
And when you have finished,
Mark down the amount.

The amount is the answer
To this puzzle so queer;
And for the first solver
There's a prize waiting here.

CONDITIONS FOR BECOMING SOLDIERS IN THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

1. Send your full names to be enrolled.

2. Wear around the waist under the clothing, the little white linen girdle that must be blessed by a Dominican priest, or by a priest who has permission from the Dominicans.

3. Strive in every way to be pure in soul and body.

4. If you cannot buy the girdles in your neighborhood AQUINAS will buy them for you. When you write enclose ten cents to cover the expense of the girdle, leaflet, and postage. You may send stamps. But let no child hold back from becoming a Soldier in the Angelic Warfare on account of poverty. To those who cannot pay we shall send all free.

5. Address your letters to AQUINAS, ROSARY OFFICE, 871 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

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Other Juveniles.

St. Nicholas, conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge, is brilliant in its issue for February. "The Gibson Boy," by Christine Terhune Herrick, is an interesting, well-illustrated sketch of the efforts of Charles Dana Gibson, the artist, in early boyhood. Robert Louis Stevenson's "Letters to a Boy" are completed. Besides a host of other attractions, four serials run through the number, from the respective pens of J. T. Trowbridge, Albert Stearns, James Otis, William O. Stoddard.

The Ave Maria's department for young people is no small feature of that magazine, as its weekly contents show.

Our Young People, of Milwaukee, has an excellent feature in "Glimpses of Foreign Travel," by F. P. Reilly. "Ethelred Preston," by Francis J. Finn, S. J., seems to be the principal attraction.

Harper's Round Table is always replete with a variety of well-chosen stories and illustrations. "The Middle Daughter," by Margaret E. Sangster, is a serial of home life. It has a gentle, affectionate tone that wins the reader from the beginning.

The Orphan's Bouquet, edited by James Riley, shows much improvement of late. The issue at hand contains fiction, poetry, and puzzles of a kind to interest persons of all ages.

The Brooklyn Eagle has a special juvenile page every Sunday. Its puzzles are very popular with our young friends across the Bridge.

The Young Catholic has three cheery corners in "The Chit-Chat Club," "Uncle Ned's Letter," and "The Little Folks' Nook." In fact, it is a bright magazine all through.

The Youth's Companion comes now and then with a very artistic cover. Its stories of adventure treat of exciting situations, but they are always quietly narrated.

Notes.

March is the month devoted to St. Joseph. Let every boy and girl say at least a short prayer to him daily. St. Joseph is everybody's friend and intercessor, and can obtain wonderful favors from God. Send ten cents to AQUINAS, this office, and receive in return a copy of our NOVENA IN HONOR OF ST. JOSEPH.

"The Social Club" papers, by Henry Coyle, make an instructive entertainment. The *First Evening* was published in our issue of July, 1895. The *Second Evening* appeared in August, 1895. The *Third Evening* was given in January, 1896. The *Fourth Evening* appears in our present number. Read them all.

Be sure to send for a ROSARY CARD. Filling them at a cent a bead should prove interesting work to all young people. Then, too, think of the pleasure you will be giving to the poor!

We shall soon begin a new serial by Edwin Angeloe, who wrote the story of "Tony Redpath's Educated Pig."

The juvenile department of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE will continue, as usual, to be a special feature. New serials, sketches, poems, puzzles, and rhymes will appear from time to time. We feel that it is not saying too much to claim that our department for young people is a magazine in itself.

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This month falling entirely within the Lenten season, is a peculiarly opportune time for the study of the mysteries of sorrow in the lives of Jesus and Mary. The devout Rosarian will find, in the second part of the Beads, pictures of intensest reality showing forth the stages of our Lord's dolorous way, and the share which was our Lady's lot in the bitter woe of her beloved Son. By consulting the Calendar the various days will be seen designated, in special commemoration of the Passion of our Saviour and of the Sorrows of Mary. And as the month draws to its close the shadows fall in deepening gloom, for we enter on the sad days of Holy Week. It is meet, therefore, that the lovers of our Lord, who are also the lovers of our Lady, should follow, in penitential meditation, the bleeding way which led our Redeemer to the height of Calvary, where His Blessed Mother was also pierced with sorrow's sharpest sword. Assuredly, the contemplation of the mysteries of the second part of the Rosary is the most appropriate spiritual exercise for the earnest Christian, during these dreary March days. From such contemplation light will come to show the way, and strength to enable us to follow. And our Mother of Sorrows will bear in tender memory all who weep over her beloved Son, while the Man of Sorrows will specially reward those who offer to His afflicted Mother the consolation of their repentant tears.

In the present number we offer to our readers several papers of historic interest and value. The story of the Irish soldiers who served during King Philip's war has never before been published. Mr. Murray is a competent authority, and in this new field he has worked diligently and well. We trust that we shall be able to favor our friends with other contributions from Mr. Murray's good pen.

The sketch by Father Kiely of Brooklyn, is a very agreeable chapter of American Church history. The Reverend author is well qualified to deal with his subject in a thorough and interesting manner. We are confident that his work will attract deserved attention far beyond the borders of the Diocese of whose clergy Father Kiely is so distinguished a member. This paper was read by the author before the Brooklyn Catholic Historical Society. We regret that we could not procure photographs of all the pioneers whose names are commemorated in Father Kiely's article.

Mr. Lamson's brief study of the Boers is a timely article, and valuable as a portion of current history on lines engaging, at present, the attention of the world. We are indebted to the courtesy of *The Review of Reviews* for the use of the cuts illustrating this paper.

On a former occasion we appealed to our Rosarians in behalf of the worthy charity known as St. Peter's Mission, Montana. We believe that some gave generous ear, and we are satisfied that their kindness has been rewarded. In a letter recently received from the devoted Mother Superior who heads the band of brave Ursulines who have sacrificed themselves in behalf of the Indians, the following sentence moved us deeply: "We have come to that dark hour when all human courage fails." This is very sad. Therefore do we again lift up our voice, and to all our readers, clients of our Lady of the Rosary, who is the sweet Mother of compassion, we appeal, and we urge them to remember the noble women whose lives are going out in such dreary ways, for the sake of the poor Indian. The national crime of the United Sates, committed against the poor Indians, will yet invoke God's justice. In the meantime the faithful Priests and Sisters whose

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beautiful lives of sacrifice avert the anger of God, have a right to our help,—our prayers, our alms, our earnest co-operation, so far as our worldly possessions may warrant. We remind our Rosarians of the rigors of the Montana climate, and of the hardships through which the uncomplaining Sisters must pass, especially during the Winter season. They will gladly and gratefully receive help in the form of money, clothing, staple groceries; and their acknowledgments will be sent directly to each benefactor. We ask all our readers to bear in mind this noble charity. It was well said, "he who gives quickly gives twice." We urge our friends to act on this motto. Communicate directly with the Reverend Mother Superior, Ursuline Convent, St. Peter's Mission, near Cascade, Montana. In THE ROSARY MAGAZINE for September and October, 1895, an edifying and instructive account of this work was published.

The next paper on Columbus, by Mr. John A. Mooney, will appear in our April issue. While regretting the necessity of deferring the publication of this installment of Mr. Mooney's valuable series, we assure our friends that the treat in store is well worth their patient waiting.

The Annunciation to our Blessed Mother by the Archangel Gabriel of the sublime mystery of the Incarnation, is the chief feast commemorated during this month. Rosarians may dwell with profit on this revelation of God's exceeding mercy and compassion and love. The Father, in His tender mercy, sends His beloved Son, Whose compassion is crowned by the love of the Divine Spirit, and the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us. To such a cry from the Heart of God there can be only one answer—a high resolve to love God, and Him alone Who hath so loved us. And as we dwell on the infinite humiliations of Jesus Christ, the annihilation, as St. Paul puts it, of the Son of God, will not pride die in our hearts, and shall we not long for that life which is hidden with Christ in God?

We have deferred the publication of Mr. Bryan J. Clinch's paper on the Hawaiian Islands, to make place for Father Selinger's sketch of travel. This paper is the opening of a series, the other numbers of which will appear in due season. Mr. Clinch's article is of standing interest, but we shall present it to our readers at an early date. We also promise a contribution on Christianity in Corea, by Father Gleason, of California, the author of an admirable history of the Church on the Pacific coast, and a scholar who is eminently qualified to tell the story of Christianity in the Orient.

The festivals of special devotion during the month include the day of the dear St. Joseph, that of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Doctor and Patron of our soldiers of the Angelic Warfare, and the commemorations of our Mother of Sorrows and of the Precious Blood and Sacred Wounds of our Lord—all beautiful feasts teeming with blessings for devout souls.

During a recent visit to the Dominican Convent, Albany, N. Y., the home of the Nuns whose lives are dedicated to the work of Adoration, Thanksgiving, and Reparation, we met a non-Catholic lady who devoutly joined in the exercises of a public Retreat held in the convent chapel. Hearing from her the story of her heavy sorrow, in the loss of her only son, and learning that the beginning of her consolation had come from a strange impression of the presence and help in her bruised heart, of the Mother of Sorrows, we requested, for our Lady's honor and for the edification of our Rosarians, the favor of an account in her own words, which we are pleased to present to our readers. To no other cause than divine grace could we ascribe the change that we witnessed in this heart-broken widow, as peace and calm and holy resignation and a high purpose of life and labor for God and our Lady supplanted, with marvellous quickness, the bitter woe that had filled her soul. Without further comment we shall allow Mrs. B—— to tell her own story:

HOW SHE CAME TO ME.

(OUR BLESSED LADY.)

On Thanksgiving eve we buried him—buried my dear, true, brave, sunny-hearted lad; and when the last shovelful of earth was laid upon his coffin, the light of my life went out. The world held no such utterly desolate, forsaken, grief-stricken woman as was I. Father, mother, brothers, sister, friends had gone before; hence heartache was not unknown to me, but not such grief as this. My son had been a boon from God, a blessing to me from his earliest infancy,

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and each added year but brought him closer to my heart, until we were like one living but for each other. When vacation days came, his first thought was for the comfort of "Mother Mine" (the pet name he always called me, except on some occasions, "Heart's Ease"), and when we were together, the walls of a room, however small, held for both of us all this world knows of perfect happiness. We were sublimely happy; never a rift in our sunny sky; never one note of discord between us. So his boyhood passed, and when his art studies were nearly completed, we were both in a seventh heaven of delight over the thought that we were to be constantly together. No more school days, which meant partings; no, we were to spend long years together. He was suddenly stricken down with typhoid fever (the first and only illness of his whole life), and his death was as beautiful as his life.

During the last twelve hours, he scarcely removed his arms from my neck. I held him close to my mother heart, his honest brown eyes looking lovingly into mine, even as they grew glassy in death; his last smile seemed never to fade; his lips closed forever as they framed the word 'mother'; his arms stiffened, and I knew that he was gone. Silently, kindly, tearfully, the nurses unclasped his fingers, growing icy cold, from about my neck, and then in mercy left me alone with my dead.

How I endured the details of the next three days I cannot tell, but I know the last nail seemed driven into my own coffin when I drove out of the cemetery gate, and, looking back, caught a last glimpse of the spot where, in the early twilight, I left my darling lying alone.

On Thanksgiving morning I began to wonder what I had to be thankful for, and I could think of nothing—not one solitary blessing,—neither health nor hope, relatives nor friends, ambition nor duty,—nothing to live for; life but an intolerable burden and pain. In the afternoon I wandered (half unconsciously) toward the church of the Paulist Fathers, but a few blocks from my home, with no other thought or impulse than that my dear lad and I had once been there together, not as worshippers, but merely as sightseers, and any thing he admired was in a measure sacred to me. I entered, and sat down; there was no service and no human being in sight. How long I remained I do not know, but I found myself upon my knees, praying aloud, and the sound of my own voice seemed to bring back consciousness, and with it a strange feeling of rest or comfort unknown to me all my life. Aloud I asked, what is this edifice to me, and why am I here? And an answer floated in upon my *heart* (not my head), how or whence it came I know not, whether born in my own soul, or carried to me through some external impression, but like living fire burning into every fibre of my being came the thought, nay, I may say truthfully, the assurance, the conviction, that this church stands here to-day because thousands of other hearts have ached like mine. I have not all the pain and sorrow of the universe to bear; others have borne the same agony of grief, and others will again. Each stone in this edifice represents a prayer some sorrowing heart has offered. In that brief instant, all the beauty of what the Catholic religion might mean came to me: how Mary had suffered at the foot of the cross, and borne all the world can hold of sorrow.

No sermon, no service of any description could have thus affected me, for I could not bear the sound of a human voice. The chirping of a bird, the rustling of a leaf pained me; I needed all nature to grieve with me. Then the Blessed Lady came and comforted me; her heart spoke to mine, her sorrowful heart mourned for my sorrowing heart, and therefore to her I shall render thanks for evermore,—I, who never bowed my knee at any shrine save that of nature.

Now I shall study the Catholic Religion, endeavor to learn all it teaches. But had I the learning, the knowledge of earth's wisest and greatest (I am but a woman), it could not bring me joy equal to that which came to me in that sad, lonely hour, the saddest of all my life, when I found I was not alone, but that a loving, gentle Mother was ever at my side to lighten my heavy burden.

M. K. B.

Though we had previously given editorial notice to the works of Father Heuser and Father O'Donnell, on the Scriptures, we gladly offer space to two reviews in this number of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE, which, we trust, will be helpful to the cause which these Reverend authors so worthily serve—the more general and more intelligent reading of Holy Writ by our people. Cordially, we approve the sentiments expressed in Father Tracy's paper on Father Heuser's book, and in Mr. Williams' review of Father O'Donnell's STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

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As earnestly do we commend both works to our readers.

Sacred to St. Joseph in the devotion of the Church is the month of March. Tenderly is he presented to us, a just man, the model of every virtue, the example for every state in life, of purity, humility, obedience, silence, love of God —all winning the crown of a happy death. It is impossible to separate Joseph from Jesus and Mary, on earth or in Heaven. And as his name is so linked with theirs, in loving union, it is his peculiar prerogative, as St. Alphonsus tells us, to obtain for us, in an eminent degree, the knowledge and love of Jesus and Mary. It is our growth in this spirit that will justify our hopes of St. Joseph's powerful aid in our dying hour. Thus, devotion to him, like devotion to our Blessed Lady, has one supreme object, our fuller coming to Jesus in life and in death.

On two Fridays of Lent (at choice), a plenary indulgence may be gained by Rosarians. Conditions: C. C.; visit to any church or public oratory, and prayers for the Holy Father's intention.

The frontispiece of this number deserves a word of explanation. The plate is from a rare old lithograph by Carles, of Paris. The original pen-work was from the hand of a Brother of the Christian Schools of France. Father John Francis Farrell, afterwards Bishop of Hamilton, Ontario, gave it to Mr. Joseph Norris, the father of our contributor, Mr. Joseph W. S. Norris, more than fifty years ago.

MAGAZINES.

The Seminary for February contains an accurate report of a fine discourse by His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, on the indissolubility of marriage. It is exhaustive, learned, and most agreeably presented. In the same number we find the conclusion of Bishop Farley's study of Mexico, full of valuable information; and Mr. John A. Mooney's sketch of Cardinal Satolli, with an incidental view of Perugia —done in Mr. Mooney's admirable style. Altogether, we congratulate our good friend, Mr. Mullaly, the editor of *The Seminary*, on the February number.

The Nineteenth Century and *The Fortnightly* for February contain valuable articles on what may be called the African question, especially touching the position of Germany.

Probably the most interesting article, (at least for Catholics) in *The Fortnightly* for January, is Mrs. Virginia Crawford's "An Object Lesson in Christian Democracy," a beautiful description of a magnificent work in France, the Catholic industrial colony established and directed by Leon Harmel, who well deserves the name of "A Nineteenth Century Apostle of the Workingman." This truly Christian man offers a solution of the labor problem that embodies the spirit of Christian justice and charity. The paper must be read to be appreciated. Extracts would be of little use.

Other notable articles in the January *Fortnightly* are: "The Sultan and His Priests"; "Boer, Briton, and Africander in the Transvaal," and "The Climate of South Africa and Its Curative Influence."

Harper's Magazine for February gives a sketch of "The New Baltimore," with pictures, including a good one of His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons. The third paper of the "snow-shoes and barren ground" series, is entitled, "Twenty-Six Hundred Miles After Musk-Oxen and Wood Bison." During the course of his graphic description, the author, Caspar W. Whitney, pays merited tribute to the Catholic missions whose noble work he witnessed. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, whose name is so closely identified with police matters in New York, has evidently not forgotten his pen. "St. Clair's Defeat," a bit of history well written and instructive, is the work of Mr. Roosevelt, in the February *Harper's*. Other contributions of value are, "The German Struggle for Liberty," the eighth part; "The Passing of the Fur-Seal"; and "Premonitions of Insanity."

The February *Scribner's Magazine* is largely a "travel number," including, as it does, the following: "Life in the Altitudes—the Colorado Health Plateau"; "The Ascent of Mount Ararat," and "Hunting Musk-Ox with the Dog Ribs," all copiously illustrated. "A History of the Last Quarter Century in the United States," by President Andrews of Brown University, comes down to the administration of Benjamin Harrison. Without

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judging the motive of the author of the opening poem, "The Hermit and the Pilgrim," by Clifford Carroll, found in the February *Scribner's*, we cannot refrain from condemning the hidden and yet rather patent sneer contained in the closing stanzas. We give the verses as they appeared in *Scribner's*, adding our comment subsequently:

Within, the holy hermit knelt and prayed.
With arms upraised above his bended form,
He called aloud amid the beating storm,
Invoking, for the homeless, Heaven's aid.

"O God," he cried, "if in this bitter night
There be but one who seeks a shelt'ring rest—
E'en as Thou givest to the birds a nest—
Lead Thou, O Lord, his falt'ring steps aright."

Without, a lonely pilgrim, faint and sore,
Drawn thither by the laura's flick'ring light—
A star amid the tempest-ridden night—
Stood knocking at the hermit's welcome door.

"O man of God, take pity ere I die,
And grant me the refuge of thy care!"
But to the anchorite, absorbed in prayer,
There came no sound of knock nor pleading cry.

When darkness with its stormful wrath had sped,
His duty done, the weary hermit slept;
While he for whom that night he'd prayed and wept
Lay at the door, unrecognized, and dead.

Whether the sneer is intended for the hermit, or for the efficacy of prayer, or for God's providence, we know not. But the sneer is there, and perhaps for all, too thinly veiled to escape the notice of any one sufficiently intelligent to read the verses. Against such an exhibition of irreligious feeling we protest, as we consider it highly unbecoming in a magazine that seeks the patronage of religious minded people, and that finds entrance into many Christian homes.

We are much pleased to find, by the February issue (No. 21) of *The Globe Quarterly Review*, that Mr. W. H. Thorne is still in charge. On the announcement, several months since, that he contemplated retiring from the ownership and direction of *The Globe*, we felt a sense of coming loss; we felt that if Mr. Thorne severed his connection with *The Globe*, the latter would cease to exist. *The Globe* without Mr. Thorne would not be *The Globe*. We congratulate the editor on his restored health, and we trust that he will long continue to do good work. From time to time we have dissented from some of Mr. Thorne's views and conclusions, though we always feel how honest and sincere he is at heart. In the present number, he "stands by his guns" on the negro question, though he gives a hearing to several worthy contributors who oppose him. Caroline D. Swan gives an estimate of "England's Young Poets," with extracts from their writings. Mr. Thorne is in evidence with five vigorous papers besides his breezy notes. Heading the number, "For Catholic Truth Without Reserve," Mr. Thorne opens his *Review* with a beautiful resumé of the reasons why he became a Catholic. It is a touching revelation, warm from the heart of the man who knows the meaning, most painfully, of *per crucem ad lucem*, "by the cross to the light." We make one extract: "Gradually, also, I had grown to see the perfect reasonableness of the veneration paid to the Blessed Virgin, and the wisdom of offering prayers for her intercession and blessing; and one day as I was entering the little Dominican chapel (of St. Clara's, Sinsinawa Mound, Wis., where he was baptized), it came to me as a new thought, why these words: 'Hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb,' were the words the angel used to the Blessed Virgin in homage and in recognition of her Divine Motherhood; and why should not I use them with my whole heart? For if anything grew clearer and clearer to me in those days, it was this: that the sanctified motherhood of the human race had been exalted in this Maiden of Bethlehem, that her Motherhood had been the seed-field of eternal redemption and glory for our race, and in sheer love and honor, I henceforth used the angel's words, and of course, I use them still, every night and morning, and sometimes many times each day." In the December (1894) number of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE, Mr. Thorne's exquisite tribute to the Mother of God may be found. We remind our old readers of it, and commend it to our recent subscribers.

Other contributions to the February *Globe* are: "The Outcome of Agnosticism"; "German Opera in America"; a political view of Speaker Reed as a candidate for the Presidency, and some good verses. *The Globe* deserves a wider recognition and a heartier encouragement than it seems to receive.

The most interesting paper (to Catholics) in the February *Century* is Mr. Marion Crawford's "Pope Leo XIII. and His Household." The opening words are so fine in their perception of character that we quote them for the benefit of those of our readers who have not seen Mr. Crawford's paper: "It is not always true that a man's character is indicated by his daily habits, nor that his intellect-

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ual tendency is definable by the qualities of his temper, or by his personal tastes. All men who direct, control, or influence the many have a right to be judged by the world according to their main deeds, to the total exclusion of their private lives. There are some whose public actions are better than their private ones, out of all proportion; and there are others who try to redeem the patent sins of their political necessities, by the honest practise of their private virtues. In some rare, high types, head, heart and hand are balanced to one expression of power, and every deed is a function of all three. Leo XIII. probably approaches as nearly to such superiority as any great man now living." Mr. Crawford then touches upon the Holy Father's birthplace, family, private and public life, his statesmanship, Latinity, ability as a financier, and numerous other facts, interesting in themselves, and made more so by Mr. Crawford's skilful pen. Accompanying the article are a number of illustrations of the Pope's private apartments after photographs by Mr. Thomas Hamilton Wood, a private chamberlain, and a personal friend of Mr. Crawford. Drawings have never before been made of the inner rooms shown in the present article, and the negatives of these, its author says, "are in safe keeping." The paper is one which all Catholics should read, showing, as it does, not only the Holy Father's greatness, of which we know, but his lovableness. "Certain Worthies and Dames of Old Maryland," by John Williamson Palmer, is a pretty bit of Chesapeake colony history which reads like a romance. "Three Letters from James Russell Lowell" to Mary A. Clarke are interesting reading. "Puvis De Chavennes," a sketch of the great decorative artist, with numerous illustrations, (principally details) is from the pen of Mr. Kenyon Cox. "Nelson at Cape St. Vincent" is by Alfred T. Mahan, while "Tom Grogan" is one of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's most catching novels. The February *Century* is a good number.

McClure's Magazine for February continues the story of Abraham Lincoln, with many pictures. Murat Halstead tells of "The Tragedy of Garfield's Administration," being personal recollections and records of conversations which this journalist had with the murdered President. Reading of this kind is generally interesting; after Mr. Halstead, it is particularly attractive.

The Eclectic Magazine for February draws from ten of the leading English reviews. Sixteen articles are furnished, besides the foreign literary notes and the miscellany. *The Eclectic* is an excellent magazine for busy people, and for those who cannot afford to subscribe for many periodicals.

The Pall Mall Magazine for January opens a series of illustrated articles on "Secrets in Cipher," the second part of which appears in the February issue. These papers afford to the curious reader and student an insight into the ways and doings of other days, of peculiar interest, if not great value. The January number contains a richly illustrated description of "The Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris," while the February number presents a similar paper on "The Reading-Room and Iron Library of the British Museum."

The January and February numbers of *The Catholic World* are the best issued by the Paulist Fathers for a long time. In the former we mention as worthy of special note: "A Century of Catholicity," The Simian Anthropoid," by Father Hewitt; the Reverend Doctor McSweeny's pleasant paper on "Old-Time Temperance Societies;" and "A Nun and—a Litterateur?" by Miss Annie A. McGinley, who presents her plea for nun workers in the cause of Catholic literature in a very agreeable, if round-about, way. We sympathize with Miss McGinley's excellent purpose, and we trust that she will continue to agitate the question that she proposes in her bright sketch.

The February *Catholic World* gives the Reverend Doctor Brann's "How the Church Honors the Medical Profession," and Doctor Cornelius M. O'Leary's "Euthanasia," an easy death, in which he sets forth the true Catholic doctrine on the subject of ending life. Other agreeable papers are: "Personal Reminiscences of Washington Irving," by John Morris, M. D., and "Catholic Schools and Charities Under the New Constitution" of the State of New York, by a John T. McDonough, a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1894. "A Homeless City," by John J. O'Shea, is sympathetic, well-intentioned, but somewhat unpractical, and likely to provoke discontent in a manner not intended by the author. He deplores evils that all honest men deplore; but he fails, as a great many honest people fail, to point out a

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practical remedy. In the meantime such a discussion will do good, we trust, in bringing attention to the abuses that ought to be removed, but great caution is necessary lest intemperate condemnation and mere exposure of wrongs lead to other evils. Austin O'Malley's "Ave, Gratia Plena," is a combination of words, some unusual, others distorted, that for obscurity and absurdity might take high rank with some "poetry." Browning, in his foggiest lines, is sunlight compared to Mr. O'Malley in this "poem."

The Menorah Monthly, the magazine devoted exclusively to Jewish interests, publishes in the January number a touching incident of "The Archduke Charles in Switzerland," after the campaign of 1797, when the French suffered defeat at the battle of Stockack. The article on the Jews in politics is also full of interest. The leading paper of the number is an attempt to prove that this is not a Christian country. The writer makes a good showing from his standpoint. But when he states that "Rhode Island, under the liberal leadership of Roger Williams, afforded a refreshingexception in favor of toleration," he forgets or ignores the previous example of Catholic Maryland. In either supposition he must be ruled out as a competent teacher; he must join the vast army of magazine "historians,"—a distinction not to be envied.

In the January number of *Donahoe's Magazine*, M. D. Harter, formerly a representative in Congress, from Ohio, attempts to answer the question: "Should Cleveland Have a Third Term?" We care little whether Mr. Cleveland is renominated, nor do Mr. Harter's views in favor of a third term for the President interest us, nor do we see much "literature" in such effusions as the one under discussion, and many more like it that are thrust upon magazine readers to catch the passing throng; but we feel justified in saying that Mr. Harter's eulogy of Mr. Cleveland (and the implied approval of the editor of *Donahoe's*) in the following bombastic statement: "He can retire on March 4th, 1897, the most universally honored man living in the world," is not only an absurd prophecy, but a piece of stupid ignorance in defiance of facts that ought not to be admitted into any reputable publication. Catholic periodicals ought not to be found in the ranks of those whose chief characteristics are neither artistic nor literary, but sensational to a degree that presses closely "on the heels" of the "modern newspaper." The latter claims a field, undisputed possession of which ought to be conceded by those who value meritorious writing on worthy subjects. To quote from a contributor to *The Nineteenth Century* for January ("The Advantage of Fiction") "The rank, ever-increasing crop of newspapers and magazines, partly the result of literary decadence, is rapidly extinguishing literature," at least for many who seem to be otherwise helpless dependents on such publications. "Demos," continues the writer, "wants periodicals, but he does not want them good. Base curiosity, vulgar craving for personalities, morbid love of the ugly, the revolting and the commonplace are rapidly driving art as well as literature from the magazines." We understand that this sharp and almost sweeping charge does not come home, in its fulness, to Catholic periodicals, but it strikes many a sore spot. And assuredly, if there be love of literature in the hearts of those who stand forth as Catholic leaders and teachers, there will be no descent to the low level of certain newspapers, for the purpose of winning either patronage or notoriety, by "playing to the groundlings." The task of fostering taste and encouraging appreciation is sufficiently laborious; it ought not to be handicapped by any who are supposed to work "for the cause."

"The Philosophy of the Mexican Revolutions," is the title of an article in the January *North American Review*, by M. Romero, Mexican Minister to the United States. We presume that this gentleman was invited to write this paper because he represents his Government at Washington. His English is crude, and his philosophy is after the manner of a Freemason. He contradicts himself when he touches on the clergy, and tells in a blunt and brutal fashion, and without seeming shame, the story of his country's shame in her treatment of the Church. The article is without value; it can serve only the purpose of encouraging ignorance and bigotry. The subject of war, now likely to be averted from our country, is discussed in the January and February *North American Review* from various standpoints, by army and navy officers, by college professors, and by Bishop Doane, whose idea of American spirit is shown in his opposition to the attitude of the President on the Monroe doctrine. "Is the Human Race Deteriorating?" is

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the question which the distinguished Irish statistician, Michael G. Muhall, answers learnedly in the February *Review*.

The Review of Reviews for February, lays bare the character of Joseph Chamberlain, in a sketch that is worthy, in a measure, of Junius. The picture is not one likely to flatter him who has been called a Judas Iscariot, with an apology for the apostate apostle.

Readers seeking what might be called Venezuelan literature will find two papers in the February *North American Review*, by Andrew Carnegie and James Bryce; three in the February *Forum*, by Professor Woolsey of Yale, Isaac L. Rice, and Oscar H. Strauss, ex-U. S. Minister to Turkey; two in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, by Henry M. Stanley and Edward Dicey; one in the *Chautauquan* for February, by Professor James A. Woodburn; one in *The Cosmopolitan* for February, by Thomas Dawley; one in the January *American Magazine of Civics*, by W. F. Burrough; two in the February *Gunton's Magazine*, formerly *The Social Economist*; two in the February *Fortnightly*; one in the February *Nineteenth Century*; and one in the February *Westminster*, the last-named, "An American View."

The Atlantic for February is a very attractive number. Speaker Reed will not feel grateful for the estimate placed upon his value as a presidential candidate, in the opening of "a presidential candidate series." "Unclaimed Estates"; "Some Tennessee Bird Notes"; "Some Memories of Hawthorne," by his daughter, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop; and "The Bibliotaph," are notable among the contributions. "The Contributors' Club" vigorously scores the Decameron, and in a commentary on the "new woman," pointedly says: "If the new woman will only, instead of wearing his outer garments and smoking his cigarettes, and playing his athletic games, "be a man in honor," not alone this, but also every coming generation "will rise up and call her blessed." To which we say "Amen." The Contributor also pays his respect to the new hand-shake, the abominable crooking of the arm that the veriest clowns now ape. Give us back the good old hand-shake, and deliver us from this latest craze that has neither grace nor sincerity to recommend it.

In *The Westminster Review* for January we find a rarity, a poetical piece with scientific pretensions. The "Fall of Man" is the title, and the author, J. H. L., seems to aim at originality in putting in verses some conclusions of "Higher Criticism." And what conclusions! Take the first verses:

"These births of Heaven and earth did Yahuwh form
When from the watery Heaven he first did cleave
The arid earth."

It was necessary to give a note at the foot of the page to explain to the intelligent reader what is Yahuwh. Yahuwh is the Hebrew name of God, it is Jehovah. We know that the true pronunciation of the name is not Jehovah, but we think also that the poet J. H. L. is wrong when he writes Yahuwh (compare an article on this question in the *Revue Biblique*, July, 1893). Despite the good intention of the author, Yahuwh does not preserve the "Oriental aroma." Under the word "*cleave*" we find another note: "not create. The Hebrew verb has for its primary meaning, 'to cut,' or 'carve.' Only in a secondary sense does it mean to produce." This is delightful. So according to the example of J. H. L. we have to take the primary meaning of the word when we desire to obtain a correct translation. In the beginning God cut the Heaven and the earth"; what a clear-cut expression! With this method, every word in the Bible should be accompanied by a special commentary. These few examples are sufficient to give a bird's-eye-view of the poetical and scientific landscape in which J. H. L. ranges. This writer and would-be poet judges, himself, the value of his science, and the exactness of his translation of the Bible, when he tells us in a foot-note what had better been placed at the head of the page as a title: "Here, and elsewhere, I take the prophetic license of expansion." This author is not a prophet, and his expansions go beyond all reasonable limits.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, discusses in a frank and vigorous manner, "Some Aspects of Civilization in America," in *The Forum* for February. He tells some wholesome truths, and speaks a word of warning against some of the tendencies of our boasted education and independence. In the same number Sir Edwin Arnold gives an extremely unnecessary and highly flattering view of "Victoria, Queen and Empress." This paper ought to secure him a peerage; we fail to see how it has any other mean-

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ing or value. Henry Houssaye, a member of the French academy, writes entertainingly, as well as instructively, on the famous Institute founded by Cardinal Richelieu.

The Chautauquan for February opens a series of articles on "The Footprints of Washington," with illustrations. The first paper gives promise of good work. "How Will the Czar Wear His Crown?" will be a revelation to many, of the character of the young Russian ruler. The other contributions cover the usual ground of *The Chautauquan*, and are of general interest.

Lippincott's Magazine for January and February are good numbers. "Some Women in Doublet and Hose" tells the story of actresses who have essayed masculine rôles. "What Men Drink," is a sketch of beverages. "The Aerial Monasteries of Greece," by Charles Robinson, presents the strange picture of the religious men whose homes deserve the name aerial. The other articles are after *Lippincott's* usual style—brief, pleasant, varied.

In *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, for January, there is a valuable article on "A Codex of the Gospels Lately Found in Sinai." "Lately" means four years ago—February, 1892. But the author, the Reverend Doctor O'Riordan, is not too late in his study of the many questions raised by the precious discovery, and he is well qualified to advance an opinion in the matter. During his stay in Jerusalem, the present Professor of Scripture in the Dominican Convent, Sherman Park, New York, Father Perier, spent several days at Mount Sinai, in the month of February, 1893. He tells us that in the convent of St. Catherine, which belongs to the schismatic Greeks, and in the famous library, he saw at work, transcribing the Syriac manuscript, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson, together with Professors Bensly and Rendel Harris. Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson first went to Sinai in 1892. These two learned ladies photographed each page of the manuscript. But it was a palimpsest, that is to say, the old writing of the Syriac Gospels had been erased, and something new written on the vellum. It was, therefore, a difficult task to decipher the under writing. Encouraged by a few results, the patient scholars returned to their work on the manuscript in 1893. When they found that words had been erased beyond the power of deciphering, hydrosulphide of ammonia was applied to restore them, and by this means they succeeded in deciphering a sixth more of the manuscript than they could otherwise have done. It took them forty days to transcribe all, and the printed edition was issued from the Cambridge University Press at the close of the year 1894.

Critics, in all parts of the world, began at once the careful study of this new version of the Gospels, and gave their opinions concerning the age and the value of the manuscript. Until now the conclusions have been conflicting, and the results in great part unsatisfactory. Doctor O'Riordan justly remarks that "there is a disposition amongst critics to put back the date of a newly-found manuscript as far as possible." So it was with the Greek manuscript discovered by Tischendorf in the same convent of Mount Sinai. Nevertheless the title of the Syriac Gospels is helpful in determining, approximatively, the date of their writing. It runs "Separated Gospels," and this designation seems to allude to the "Gospels of the Mixed," viz., the Diatessarôn of Tatian. Hence the Syriac manuscript was probably written when the Diatessarôn of Tatian had run its course of popularity, or had come to be regarded with disapproval by ecclesiastical authority. Concerning the family or revision of manuscripts to which the Lewis codex belongs, Doctor O'Riordan refers to an article in the *Revue Biblique Internationale* (July, 1895), which is the fullest he has seen. The great importance of the newly-found manuscript consists in the peculiar readings which may concern our faith. We mention only the fact that some verses seem to make the conception of our Divine Lord merely natural and human, Joseph being his father according to the flesh. Doctor O'Riordan following an article in *The Tablet*, shows that there would be some startling contradictions in the Syriac copies, who says, for instance, that Mary was "Virgin and conceived from the Holy Ghost"; and taking the text as it stands, he tries to reconcile with the virginal birth of Christ, those verses which contain the fatherhood of Joseph. "The readings, in St. Matthew, of the Lewis Gospels may be due to a desire of propitiating the Jews, or those Christians of Jewish tendencies, by tracing the genealogy of Christ through Joseph." Jesus would be designated only as the *legal* son of Joseph, his

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virginal birth being recognized by the context.

Another article of great interest and value in this number deals with the work of Catholic organization in Germany. It is a page most creditable to the faithful German Catholics, laity and clergy.

Two out-of-the-way bits of travel sketch that bring before the reader strange scenes in a very attractive way, are "Biskra, the Desert Queen," a glimpse into Africa, by R. W. W. Cryan, in *The Westminster Review* for January, and "In the Wild West of China," by Mrs. Archibald Little, in the January *Nineteenth Century*.

To the same number of this latter periodical Ouida contributes a paper on "The Ugliness of Modern Life." It is in her best style, full of spirit and dash, carrying even the unwilling reader, in the sweep of its alluring forcefulness. We make a few extracts expressing sentiments with which we are in partial agreement.

The following is clear-cut:

"Beauty daily is more and more withdrawn from the general life of the people. Fidgety and repressive by-laws tend to suppress that element of the picturesque which popular life, by its liberties and by its open-air pastimes and peddlings, created for itself. The police are everywhere, and street-life is joyless and colorless. Even within doors, in the houses of poor people, the things of daily usage have lost their old-world charm; the ugly sewing machine has replaced the spinning wheel, the cooking range the spacious open hearth, the veneered machine-made furniture the solid home-made oaken chests and presses, a halfpenny newspaper the old family Bible; whilst out of doors the lads and lassies must not sing, the dog must not play, the chair must not stand out on the pavement, only the cyclist, lord of all, may tear along and leave broken limbs and bruised flesh of others behind him at his pleasure."

What experienced traveller has not met some members of this tribe?

"Zermatt, so late a virgin stronghold of the Higher Alps, is now a mere cockney excursion, and sixty thousand trippers invade its solitude every summer, plodding like camels in a string, vexing the air with inane noises, offending the mountain stillness with songs to which the bray of mules were music, insulting the crystal clearness of the heavens with the intrusion of their own ludicrous blatant and imbecile personalities, incapable even of being silent and ashamed."

And this is to the point:

"The smoke fiend has entered Jerusalem, and the shriek of the engines has scared the wild dove from her nest in the palm and pomegranate. The Mount of Olives is 'a thing to be done,' and the 'scorcher,' sweating and grinning, drives his wheel through the rose-thickets of Damascus."

There is painful truth in this thought:

"The modern world is at this moment ruled by two enemies of all beauty: these are commerce and militarism. What the one does not destroy, the other tramples under foot. In earlier times, war, terrible always, was beautiful, like its goddess, Bellona, in its savage splendor. Its camps, its troops, its standards, its panoply, were all full of color and of pomp. Even so late as the Napoleonic wars its awfulness was blended with beauty. Now the passage of an army is like the course of so many dirty luggage trains filled with bales of wool or hampers of fish. Its monstrous maw licks up all loveliness as all life which it finds in its way. Its frightful steel cylinders belch death on every gracious and happy thing. It is unenlivened by pageantry, as it is unredeemed by courtesy. Bellona is no more a goddess, but a hag."

Modern "progress" is sharply rebuked:

"But the human race will be indifferent; it will be occupied with schemes to tap the water in Mars and transfer it to the thirsty moon, whose mountains will have become the property of a colonizing syndicate, and will nightly blaze with illuminated advertisements."

Some may consider the closing extract extremely harsh, but we give it for its worth:

"Man has created for himself in the iron beast a greater tyrant than any Nero or Caligula. And what is the human child of the iron beast, what is the typical, notable, most conspicuous creation of the iron beast's epoch?

It is the cad, vomited forth from every city and town in hundreds, thousands, millions, with every holiday and holy-day. The chief creation of modern life is the cad; he is an exclusively modern manufacture, and it may safely be said that the poorest slave in Helias, the meanest fellah in Egypt, the humblest pariah in Asia, was a gentleman beside him. The cad is the entire epitome, the complete blossom and fruit in one, of what we are told is an age of culture. Behold him in the *velodrome* as he yells insanely after his kind as they tear along on their tandem machines in a match against Cody's poor battered broncbos, and then ask yourself candidly, O my reader, if any age before this in all the centuries of earth ever produced any creature so utterly low and loathsome, so physically, mentally, individually and collectively hideous? The helot of Greece, the gladiator of Rome, the swashbuckler of Mediæval Europe, nay, the mere pimp and pander of Elizabethan England, of the France of the Valois, of the Spain of Velasquez, were dignity, purity, courage in person beside the cad of these last years of the nineteenth, this breaking down of the twentieth century; the cad rushing on with his shrill scream of laughter as he knocks down the feeble woman or the yearling child, and making life and death and all eternity seem ridiculous by the mere existence of his own intolerable fatuity and bestiality."

The Nineteenth Century for February contains an effective review of "The Life of Cardinal Manning," which has recently given so much pain and offence. This notice is by Cardinal Vaughan, a competent man, and a friend for more than forty years of the eminent prelate to whose see he succeeded. In the same number of *The Nineteenth Century* Mr. Wilfrid Meynell touches upon this "Life," especially as Cardinal Newman is involved. Other readable papers in this number are "The Relations of France and England," by the foreign editor of *Le Temps*; "Reasonable Patriotism," by the Earl of Meath; "Irish Education," by Viscount Powerscourt, and a study of "Shakespeare, Falstaff, and Queen Elizabeth," by H. A. Kennedy.

The New England Magazine for February publishes an historical sketch of Lord Amherst, who was conspicuous in the war which resulted in the transfer of Canada from France to England. Another agreeably written paper is the story of "John Rogers, the People's Sculptor," —"who has led the American people to a point where they can turn from familiar

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art to that art which lifts up the soul and stimulates in man the divine inspiration. He has done for us a work for which we cannot be too grateful; he has served the people conscientiously," along lines previously not travelled in this country. His work has become familiar in many homes to which otherwise art would have found no open door. The article is well illustrated from some of the best specimens of Mr. Rogers' works.

The February *Peterson's* Magazine closes the life of George Washington that has run through nine numbers. We make an extract of the author's words, recording an incident in the domestic career of Washington that has a serious and a humorous side in its suggestiveness:

"His gardener was a braw and canny Scot, who had long been a too ardent disciple of

'Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn,'

but through the moral influence of Washington was induced to limit his indulgence in what his countrymen call 'gude drink,' as will appear by the following agreement, which was strictly adhered to by 'the high contracting parties':

"'I, Philip Barter, gardener, do agree to keep sober for one year from the date hereof, if allowed, in addition to my monthly wages, four dollars at Christmas with which to be drunk four days and four nights; two dollars at Easter to effect the same purpose; two dollars at Whitsuntide to be drunk for two days; a dram in the morning and a drink of grog at dinner at noon.

"'For the true and faithful performance of all these things the parties do hereunto set their hands, this twenty-third day of [illegible] Anno Domini 1787.

his
"'Philip Barter, X
mark.

"'GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"'Witness,
"'GEORGE A. WASHINGTON
"'TOBIAS LEAR.'

"I have been informed by a citizen of Alexandria, who knew Barter well, that he lived to the age of one hundred years, having died in that town in 1850, and that he attributed his great longevity to the regular habits imposed upon him by that agreement, although at the time he thought that Washington, in exacting it of him, showed himself as no better than one of the 'Unco Gude,' as Burns terms the over-righteous."

The Providence Visitor announces the advent to the editorial chair of Father Austin Dowling, for some years Professor in St. John's Seminary, Brighton. While extending to the Reverend Editor the right hand of fellowship in fraternal and friendly greeting, we hope that his new work will be blessed and fruitful. He succeeds those who have done well, for *The Providence Visitor* has been favored with the special help, on editorial lines, of the clergy of the diocese of Providence, whose pens and purses have been generously placed at its service. On other occasions we have commended *The Visitor*, and we are pleased to repeat our word of appreciation. Earnestly do we commend to the Catholics of the diocese of Providence, and to New England Catholics in general, this excellent paper, and we mean no play on words when we express the strong hope that it will be a welcome visitor in their homes. The new editor announces his determination to follow in the footsteps of his predecessors, and to leave no effort unspared that will promise to make *The Visitor* a still more efficient champion for the cause of wholesome reading in the Catholic home. Cordially we wish *The Providence Visitor* all good things.

"Something New Under the Sun," opens in the February *Godey's Magazine*. If the first chapter may be taken as a sample, we can look forward to a lurid rival of the old-time dime novel, without the dime novel's redeeming features. We shall not prematurely judge; we shall await the coming installments of Lucy Cleveland's efforts to "centralize the soul," somewhere near the "bubble" of Rome and Christendom, as she elegantly terms the dome of St. Peter's.

Since writing the previous lines we have read the March *Godey's*, and to our surprise we find that the brilliant Lucy Cleveland, after playing with red lights and low fiddles, suddenly drops the curtain on her own exploded bubble. "Something New Under the Sun" rejoices only in two chapters, but they are brimful of "scenes," ravings, absurdities. The readers who may have been urged to read with whetted expectancy of savory scandals are cut short, while intelligent readers seeking a motive for such a wretched piece of bungling are disgusted with Lucy Cleveland and *Godey's* editor, because of the infliction of such abominably stupid, and villainous stuff.

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How to Become a Rosarian.

1. *Have your name enrolled by a priest authorized to receive you.*—If the Confraternity be not established where you reside, you may send your name to some church where it is established. It is not necessary to reside in the parish where the Confraternity is established. Our readers may send their names to the Director of the Rosary Confraternity, in care of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE, and he will enroll them. Be sure to give the baptismal name and the family name. No abbreviations of baptismal names may be used.

2. *Have your Beads blessed with the Dominican blessing.*—To accommodate those who may not have an opportunity of receiving this blessing otherwise, the Director of the Rosary Confraternity, 871 Lexington Ave., New York, will bless all rosaries sent to him, and will return them. Postage for this must be enclosed.

3. *The fifteen decades must be said during the course of the week—from Sunday to Sunday.*—These decades may be divided in any way found convenient, provided that at least one decade at a time be said. It is a pious practice of Rosarians to say five decades each day.

In the usual "make up" of rosaries we find one large bead and three smaller beads immediately following the crucifix or cross. It is a practice of some to recite on the cross or crucifix the *Apostles' Creed;* on the large bead, an *Our Father;* and on the small beads, three *Hail Marys.* In reality they do not belong to the Rosary. They are merely a custom, but are not required by the Church. The method of saying the Rosary practised by the Dominicans is as follows:

In the name of the Father, etc.

V. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

R. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus.

V. Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips.

R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God;

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, etc. Alleluia.

(*From Septuagesima to Easter, instead of* Alleluia, *say* Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory.)

Then announce either "the first part of the holy Rosary, the five joyful mysteries," or "the second part of the holy Rosary, the five sorrowful mysteries," or "the third part of the holy Rosary, the five glorious mysteries." Then the first mystery, "the Annunciation," etc., and "*Our Father*" once, "*Hail Mary*" ten times, "*Glory be to the Father*" once; in the mean time meditating on the mystery. After reciting five decades, the *Hail, holy Queen* is said, followed by

V. Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us Pray.

O God, whose only begotten Son, by His life, death and resurrection, has purchased for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that meditating on these mysteries of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

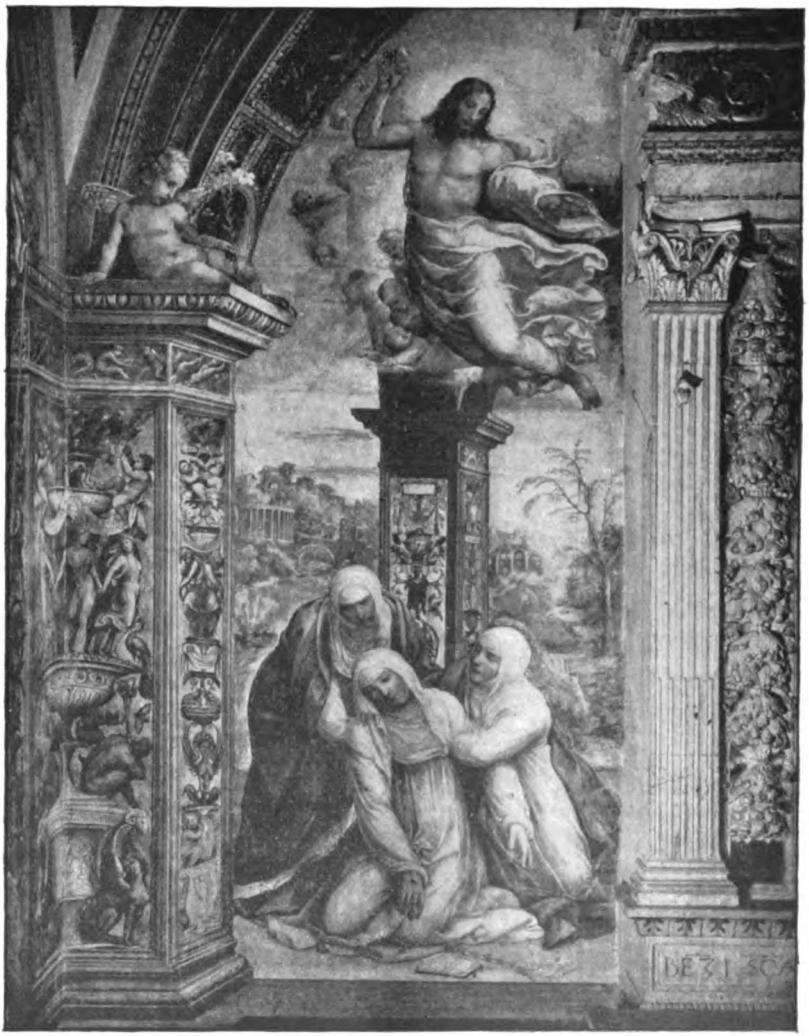
POINTS WORTH REMEMBERING.

1. The joyful mysteries are honored on Mondays and Thursdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from the first of Advent to the first of Lent.
2. The sorrowful mysteries are honored on Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year, and on the Sundays of Lent.
3. The glorious mysteries are honored on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from Easter to Advent.
4. In the monthly Calendar, C. C. mean Confession and Communion.
5. Prayer: for intentions of the Holy Father, viz., the welfare of the Holy See; the spread of the Catholic Faith; the extirpation of heresy; peace among nations. It is not necessary to mention these intentions in detail. Five *Our Fathers* and *Hail Marys* will suffice for the prayers.
6. On second Sunday of each month, a Plenary Indulgence may be gained by members of the Holy Name Society.
7. On any day chosen by members of the Angelic Warfare, a Plenary Indulgence may be gained each month for the daily recital of the prayer "Chosen Lily." Conditions: C., C., prayer, visit to their chapel.
8. On each of two days chosen at will, a Plenary Indulgence may be gained each month by Rosarians:
(*a*) By those who daily spend at least a quarter of an hour of meditation. C., C., prayer.
(*b*) By those who are accustomed to celebrate or to hear the privileged Rosary Mass, "Salve Radix." Conditions: C., C., prayer. A Plenary also each time this Mass is said or heard.
9. The same conditions and the same indulgence as in (*a*) hold for members of the Holy Name Society.
10. On the last Sunday of each month a Plenary Indulgence may be gained by all the faithful who have been accustomed to say five decades of the Beads three times a week in common. Conditions: C., C., visit to church, prayers.
11. Many partial indulgences may be gained every day, for the recitation of the Rosary and for carrying a blessed rosary through devotion. It is not necessary to think of them in detail. A general intention suffices.
12. The usual conditions for gaining indulgences are Confession, Communion, and prayers for the Pope's intentions, with special work enjoined, such as a visit. One Confession and Communion suffice for all indulgences appointed for one day, even though Confession and Communion are named for each; and for those who are accustomed to weekly Confession this pious custom satisfies for all indulgences during the week for which Confession is required as a condition.
13. All the indulgences of the Rosary are applicable to the souls of the faithful departed.
14. For simple-minded people who cannot meditate, a devout recitation of the Rosary is all that is asked.

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ST. CATHARINE RECEIVING THE STIGMATA.

(From the painting in the Church of St. Dominic, Siena.)

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THE AVE MARIA

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REMINISCENCES OF ST. CATHARINE OF SIENA.

GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

THERE is a quaint old city in fair Tuscany where one can stand aside, as it were, from the roar and tumult of the nineteenth century as it rushes by, and imagine one's self in those far-off mediæval days when Catharine, the saintly daughter of Benincasa, worked such wonders in Siena, and received so many divine favors from her Heavenly Spouse.

There is perhaps no other town in Italy which has retained so exclusively its ancient aspect. Its churches and palaces stand almost as they stood in the fourteenth century; its walls are still unlevelled, and over its gates may be seen to-day the very pictures of our Lady, placed there hundreds of years ago in thanksgiving for her protection of Siena, which has since borne the proud title of the "City of the Virgin." Each winding street, and every red brick tower teems with historic memories of the past. Here, lifting its lofty head to the unclouded blue of the Italian sky, stands the Palazzo Publico, which witnessed such stormy scenes in the days of Guelph and Ghibelline. Below, in

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that picturesque Piazza, were celebrated the festivals of the ancient republic, and from the windows of yonder frowning Tolomei palace the Emperor Charles IV. saw the streets piled high with dead bodies, and watched the struggles of the dying in the attack of 1369.



A VIEW OF SIENA.

It is not, however, with recollections of this kind that we are concerned at present. Fair Siena, with her feuds, her battles, her heroes, her palaces, and her countless treasures of art and sculpture, forms but a background for our heroine, and it is to the house of the dyer Giacomo Benincasa that we will now wend our steps.



HOME OF ST. CATHARINE.

On the left-hand side of the steep ascent of the Strador dell'Oca, and not far from the celebrated fountain of "Fontebranda," mentioned by Dante in his "Inferno," stands a house usually known as the "Fullonica," over the door of which the words "Sponsæ Christi Katherinæ Domus" are inscribed in golden letters. This, five hundred years ago, was the home of St. Catharine's parents; now, it is one of the holy places of Siena, and held in the greatest reverence by the Sienese, whose devotion has preserved every apartment once consecrated by the presence of their saintly countrywoman. The house has been preserved unaltered in all its principal features, and the visitor may still see her father's

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workshop, the cellar where the wine was miraculously multiplied; the staircase which she so often ascended on her knees, reciting a Hail Mary on each step; the kitchen where, when commanded by our Lord to leave her solitude, she so zealously discharged the humblest household duties; the little room she was permitted to use as a chapel, and the cell where she slept, and which was the scene of her never-ending prayers and penances. The various rooms are now converted into small chapels, which belong to the Confraternity of St. Catharine, and above the altar, in what was once the kitchen, hangs a portrait of the saint, painted by Fungai. Frescoes by Salimbeni and Francesco Vanni adorn the walls, the ceiling is beautifully painted, and the pavement is composed of glazed tiles in the renaissance style of the fifteenth century. In the room St. Catharine used as a chapel, the altar still remains, and on it are reliquaries containing various objects belonging to her in her lifetime, such as the lantern she carried at night on her visits to the sick, a phial of scent, probably given to her at the time of the plague, and the stick she leant upon when she became infirm. The walls are decorated with paintings representing episodes in the life of our saint. We see her healing Mattos di Cenui when he was afflicted by the plague, then, rescuing Dominicans from their would-be murderers, while on the opposite wall the dead body of St. Agnes of Montepulciano stretches out its foot to be kissed by St. Catharine as she passes by. Over the altar stands a statue of the saint, by Wersecio; and immediately above it is a group of smiling angels, painted in Sodoma's own inimitable style. Perhaps, however, the most interesting room of all is her own little cell, lighted by one small window, beneath which are to be seen the remains of the brick steps where she was wont to rest her head during her brief hours of repose. The walls and floor of this hallowed place are entirely unaltered, and we stand upon the very ground where St. Catharine's feet once trod. The pretty little courtyard outside is attributed to Peruzzi, and over the door of the house is a bust of the saint, the work of Wersecio.

As we linger in these rooms, sanctified by her memory, the centuries roll backwards, and we see the golden-haired child rapt in fervent prayer while a snowy dove hovers above her

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head, or lacerating her tender flesh with sharply-pointed instruments for the love of Him to whom she had vowed herself—a spotless bride. Then the scene changes; and now it is the woman in the habit of Penance whom we see before us, the crown of thorns upon her brow, and the mysterious ineffaceable impress of her Divine Bridegroom's passion stamped upon her hands, and feet, and side. We picture her with her lips pressed to the Sacred Wound, and her heart breaking through excess of love, and her pathetic cry, "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that now I have no will and no heart but Thine," echoes through the stillness, as, with a sigh, we return to everyday life, and realize that we have still to struggle on, while Catharine's visions have become glorious realities.

There is yet another spot in Siena which is, if possible, more intimately connected with the life of our saint than even the house of Benincasa, and that is the church of San Domenico, where, in the "Cappella della Volte," she beheld some of the most marvellous of her visions, and received from our Lord such signal proofs of His love. San Domenico, a lofty brick edifice in the Gothic style, stands in a commanding position on one of the three hills upon which the city is built, and dates from the year 1220. It can lay claim to the proud distinction of being the third foundation of St. Dominic, and it was within its walls that the holy Founder bestowed the habit of his Order upon Tancred Tancredi. The ashes of Blessed Ambrose Sansedoni repose underneath one of its altars, and for thirty years—as we are told by one of the saint's biographers—its pavement was daily trodden by the footsteps of St. Catharine of Siena. In 1784, San Domenico passed into the hands of the Benedictines of Monte Cassino, but now, alas! under a tyrannical government, both



CHURCH OF ST. DOMINIC, SIENA.

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monks and friars are banished from its precincts, and it is served by secular priests.

Before entering the Cappella della Volte, let us venerate the head of our sweet saint, which is preserved in a silver reliquary, and inclosed in a magnificent shrine, in the Chapel of St. Catharine. Exquisite frescoes adorn the walls of this chapel, and amongst them, conspicuous by the rare beauty of its coloring, stands out the celebrated "Swoon of the Saint," by Sodoma. With regard to this fresco, however, lovely as it is, it has frequently been remarked that the artist's conception has here somewhat failed as a representation of the actual fact, as the picture by no means corresponds with her biographer's descriptions of St. Catharine in ecstasy. The painted ceiling is also the work of Sodoma, and the pavement is most richly decorated.

Let us now pass on to the Cappella della Volte, to that hallowed spot in which St. Catharine held such intimate commuuion with her Lord, and received His Heart in exchange for her own. A tablet fixed to the pilaster that supports the chapel, marks the place where this mysterious exchangê was effected, and another shows where she was accustomed to kneel when engaged in prayer and meditation. The very pavement has been protected by a flooring, through an opening in which are to be seen the selfsame bricks so often trodden by her saintly feet. Many of these, however, have been bestowed as relics upon various convents, notably, that of St. Catharine in Rome.

Over the door hangs the painted crucifix attributed to Giotto on which, if really as ancient as tradition affirms, the eyes of our saint must frequently have rested as she passed to and fro from her devotions. The walls are covered with beautiful frescoes from the brush of Salimbeni, Sodoma, and Andrea Vanui, representing the numerous visions with which she was favored, and the whole chapel is a gem of beauty and coloring, never to be forgotten by those who here behold it. On the pavement appear various inscriptions. Here we read of St. Catharine giving her mantle to Christ, who appeared to her under the form of a poor pilgrim; there she bestowed the silver cross upon the beggar, and in that holy spot yonder, she and her Divine Spouse were wont to recite the office together. It would be but a superfluous task in these

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pages, to enter into particulars concerning the events in our saint's life, for doubtless to all readers of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE, her graces, her visions, her penances, her spirit of sublime self-sacrifice, and her burning zeal and love for sinners are familiar as household words. It may not be out of place, however, to quote



ALTAR IN THE CHURCH OF ST. DOMINIC.

one anecdote regarding her horror of even the smallest imperfection, for which, as for many other facts in this brief sketch, we are indebted to Mother Drane's History of St. Catharine of Siena and Her Companions. "As Catharine was declaring these things to her confessor, it chanced that her brother Barbolo, who was in the church, passed by, and the shadow, or the noise he made in passing, attracted Catharine's attention, so that for a moment she glanced aside to look at him. Recovering herself, she began to weep in silence. Fr. Bartholemew waited for a time till she should speak again, but finding that she remained silent, he bade her continue. 'Ah, wretch that I am!' she said, 'who will punish me for my fault?' 'What fault?' he asked. 'How,' she replied, 'did you

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not see that even while our Lord was showing me His great mysteries I turned my eyes to behold a creature?' 'Nevertheless,' said the confessor, 'I assure you the glance of your eye, of which you speak, endured so short a time I did not perceive it.' 'Ah, Father,' she said, 'if you knew how sharply our Blessed Lady rebuked me for my fault, you would surely weep and lament with me.' And so saying, she retired to her chamber, sorrowing and doing penance for her sin; and she declared afterwards that St. Paul had also appeared to her, and reproved her so roughly for that little loss of time, that she would rather suffer all the shame of the world than abide such another rebuke at the Apostle's hands."

Co-existing with St. Catharine's love for her neighbor, and her amiability to all with whom she came in contact, was her spirit of detachment from creatures, and no more effective sermon on this subject could be preached than the following words, which we read in one of her letters to Father Jerome of Siena, dictated while she was in ecstasy: "I know you love the creature only spiritually in God. But sometimes, from one cause or another, we love spiritually, but find in this affection a pleasure and a joy, so that our less spiritual nature finds its part also. If you ask me how you can detect when this is, I reply, 'If you see that the person beloved fails you in anything, is no longer on the same terms with you, or seems to love another better than you, and if then you are chagrined and disturbed, and your own love grows less in consequence, then be sure your affection is imperfect. The Eternal Truth once said: 'Daughter, act not as those who draw a vessel full of water out of a fountain, and drink from it when they have taken it out; the vessel is soon emptied, and they do not see it. But you, when you fill the vessel of your soul, making of your affection only one thing with the love with which you love Me, you will preserve in it the creature you love, and drinking from it there, it will never be emptied.' He who loves in this way, when he sees one whom he loves, change, does not trouble himself, for he loved his friend in God, and not for himself, though he may naturally feel a certain emotion when he sees himself separated from what he loves. Such is the rule I would have you follow if you would be perfect, and may you ever abide in the sweet and holy love of God." Space will no longer permit us to

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dwell upon St. Catharine's perfections, so as we gaze our last at the quaint old city of Siena, its towers and palaces touched with the gold of an Italian sunset, let us implore the saint's intercession for her unfortunate country, over which the storm clouds of infidelity, lukewarmness, and disloyalty are gathering thick and fast. She it was who rendered such valuable assistance to Pope Gregory XI. in his troubles, and it may be that her prayers may be the means of restoring to his rights our own Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII.

ITALY.

REV. HENRY A. BRANN, D. D.

LAND erst of Christ beloved, and by Him crowned
For nineteen ages primate of the world;
For genius, art, and science once renowned,
Now is thy flag in shame and folly furled!

True faith to thee He gave, and heiress made
Of all the boons bequeathed by His blood;
Th' apostle's tomb before which pontiffs prayed,
In thee the Centre of devotion stood.

Thence holy inspiration flowed to men,
Thence power divine that Satan's power defied;
And artist's brush and chisel, poet's pen,
To praise thy beauty with each other vied.

Accursed day when thy polluted hands
In desecration touched that holy place,
And trampled Pontiffs' rights thy robber bands,
Who tried the citadel of Christ to raze.

Now He chastises; Abyssinia's dust
Thy legions bite. For thee is no relief
From Him who smites the traitor to His trust,
The renegade and sacrilegious thief.

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HANNAH.

M. M.

"No, Cynthy, I'se dun tired, dat's er fac'," declared Joe, starting, with his dinner-bucket on his arm, for the scene of his day's work.

Cynthia's black face wore a troubled look as she gazed fixedly at her husband's retreating form; he strode right along without one glance backward.

"It's no use," she sighed, "Hannah 'll hev to go."

She set about straightening up the breakfast dishes, but was too restless to continue at her work. Throwing her apron over her head, she went to the back door and called, "Hannah!"

"What is it, Cynthy?" answered a sweet, melodious voice, whose soft, full tones suggested youth and beauty. But all such ideas were dispelled by one glance at the uncouth figure of Hannah, who presented herself, with the chickens she had been feeding trooping at her heels, in reply to her sister's summons.

Hannah was low in stature, thickset—squatty, as the negro phrase is; her round black face was disfigured by a burn received in infancy—the fiery kiss of the flames had impressed a livid redness on her protruding lower lip, which was drawn painfully to one side, and pinned there by a deep scar; immense green goggles defended her almost sightless eyes.

"What you want, Cynthy?" she asked in that marvellously sweet voice which seemed to be her one physical grace.

"Come in, Hannah, I'se got sump'en to tell you."

Hannah could not see, but she quickly remarked the note of distress in her sister's voice, and followed, as rapidly as she could, into the house.

"Hannah," began Cynthia, "you know Joe is a good nigger. Ef he'd er bin stingy an' tight-fisted, he wouldn't er sent you dat ticket to come all de way from Washington City to dis place, an'

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he shorely 'spected you to stay here all yo' life when he dun it."

"Well," interrupted Hannah, "I'll stay."

"No," Cynthia went on, making a negative gesture, unperceived by the blurred eyes turned questioningly towards her; "no, Joe dun sed dis mawnin' dat you wuz no use here, an' yo' curus notions 'bout 'ligion, an' yo' not gwine to meetin' wid de rest of us, don't suit him nohow. *I* knows how you is, and I don't keer. You don't mean no harm wid yo' beads an' yo' images. I knows it's all 'long o' yo' bein' in dat horspital at Baltimo', when yo' eyes wuz so bad an' dem Sisters wuz so good to you; you thinks you mus' do what dey say, furgittin' all 'bout ole Mis' what brung you up, an' de camp meetin's whar you shouted bigger'n any of 'em. *I* 'members it all, ef I wuz little. You aint no bigger fool now 'bout 'ligion den you used to be—jes' a diff'rent sort, dat's all."

"Oh, Cynthy!" cried Hannah, on whose face the look of inquiry had been replaced by one of sorrow and amazement. "I always did try the best I could to serve God—may be because I had nothin' but Him. You chillun wuz so spry I never could keep up wid you. Ole Mis' wuz good to me, but I knowed she couldn't help but think Hannah 'll never pay for her raisin.' An' when I fust hear ole Marse say: 'Wife, keep dat little burnt nigger out o' my sight,' I wanted to die; an' I crawled in my trundle bed 'dout a bite o' supper, an' I crossed my hans and laid stiff on my back like mammy did when she wuz dead. I hilt my breff a long time, but I couldn't die. I felt like there wuz no place in de worl' fur me, an' God didn't want me, but I knows better now; God made me, an' He made a place fur me, too."

"Well, you aint found it yit," said Cynthia, with a glance of compassionate perplexity at the poor scarred face of her older sister.

"No," replied Hannah, mournfully. "I'se 'fraid I aint."

"No," broke in Cynthia, more sharply, "you aint; an' Joe 'clars you got to git out o' here, an' dat 'fo' long, too."

Hannah turned, and without a word began to climb the rough steps leading to her room, which was a loft in the roof of the cabin, unceiled and unplastered, without fireplace or stove, and ventilated by two small windows. But she had never complained, nor indeed found herself uncomfortable, as she went to her room

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only to sleep and say her prayers, a duty which she never neglected. She had brought from the hospital a few cheap pictures of the Holy Family, of the Blessed Virgin, of the Sacred Heart of Jesus; these were tacked against the wall just above a small table on which stood a crucifix. She went directly to the well-known spot, and falling upon her knees, covered her face with her hands, while the tears she could no longer control coursed down her cheeks. By degrees, composure returned to her, as she murmured the familiar words of prayers as grand as they are simple, through which the genius of saints has expressed the wants and aspirations of our common humanity. She took her beads, a present from Mother Teresa at the hospital, and recited slowly and devoutly the Sorrowful Mysteries of our Lord's earthly life. By the time she had finished, she heard little Joe stir in his cradle, and all thought of self-pity having vanished in the contemplation of that most unmerited suffering, she went down stairs as tranquil as before she knew she was to be turned adrift upon the world.

When Cynthia came in from hanging out Mrs. McCarthy's washing, Hannah displayed no signs of distress. "Cynthy," she said, "I knows yo' an' Joe has done all you could fur me. I *did* think that by washin' yo' close through the fust water; by doin' yo' scrubbin,' an' mindin' little Joe when you wuz busy, I could make my livin.' But ef I can't, I knows 'taint right fur me to stay here in Joe's way; 'specially as his church folks is down on him 'bout me an' my 'ligion."

Poor Cynthia was torn between two emotions. While she listened to her handsome mulatto husband, it seemed a perfectly simple matter that Hannah should go, and go at once; but now, when she looked at her helpless sister, and thought of her willingness to do any and every thing about the house, of her uncomplaining cheerfulness, of her devotion to little Joe, Cynthia's heart failed her, and throwing her apron over her head, she wept and moaned aloud.

"Why, Cynthy," begged Hannah, "don't take on so. I'll be all right. Ef I only could git to Capital City I'd be safe."

"What could you do in Capital City?" blubbered Cynthia.

"The Bishop lives there, an' he'd put me somewheres."

Cynthia's tears were easily dried. To get Hannah away com-

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fortably, without any hard feelings, and thereby relieve Joe of an unwelcome burden, was for the moment the object of her ambition.

Hannah's sweet tones continued: "I'se got two haf-dollahs Bishop Gibbons give me one day at the hospital. I *did* mean to keep 'em, to put on my eyes when I died; but I reckon they'd better go now."

She looked solemn enough, as the picture her words created rose before her. But suddenly a happy thought struck her, and she exclaimed:

"I bound Mis' McCart'y's husband could git me a pass to Capital City, sence I aint no 'count nohow."

Cynthia remembered that Mr. McCarthy was a member of the Board of Aldermen, and she had a vague idea that in such men's pockets railroad passes are always to be found; and besides, she knew the McCarthys were Catholics. So telling Hannah to mind the baby, she went to see if she could get the ticket.

"Well, Cynthia, what is the matter?" inquired Mrs. McCarthy, as her colored friend stood before her—every gesture, every line of her ebony countenance indicative of the excited state of her mind.

"Well, Mis' Mary, my ole man he's tired o' Hannah. He say he aint able to keep dat 'ooman up, 'long as she can't do nothin' 't all hardly. *I* dunno what to do, but Hannah say ef she wuz only in Capital City she'd be all right. I cum to see ef Mr. McCart'y couldn't git her a pass. She aint no mo' 'en a common beggar, nohow, ef it warn't fur me an' Joe."

Mrs. McCarthy had often seen the odd-looking creature at church, and the expression on the poor, disfigured face had vivified to her own heart the reality of God's mercy to all His children. The peaceful joy which shone in Hannah's countenance, breathed in her low, musical tones, and inspired her attitudes of reverence and devotion, could not be the effect of earthly consolations, but must proceed from the direct grace of God flowing into her heart, as she moved among the people in the double shadow of her race and her blindness. The warm Irish heart was touched; and before three o'clock that afternoon, Cynthia held the ticket in her hand.

Hannah had packed her trunk in readiness to leave on the five

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o'clock train. Cynthia preferred that she should wait until next morning, as it would be bad to get to Capital City in the night; but Hannah insisted that she would rather go at once. The weather was pleasant, it being the month of May. Cynthia thought of Joe, and consented for Hannah to have her own way.

Long before train time a little procession, consisting of a neighbor urchin with the trunk, Cynthia with little Joe in her arms, and Hannah dressed in her best, set out for the depot.

Hannah promised to get somebody to write for her: she sent a thousand thanks to Joe and Mr. McCarthy. Her cheerfulness only deserted her at the last moment, when, after hugging and kissing little Joe again and again, she gave him back to his mother as the train came to a stop in front of them.

Cynthia put a dollar in her sister's hand. "I'd give you mo', but I'se got to pay on my furnicher nex' week," she apologized.

The conductor shouted, "All aboard!"—a brakeman seized Hannah by the arm, calling out, "Hurry up, Aunty!"—the bell rang, the whistle blew, and Hannah found herself in a coach where there was much loud talking and tobacco smoke, hurrying away to unknown scenes.

Being neither fastidious nor faultfinding, Hannah was scarcely conscious of any discomfort. Making sure that her money, her check, and her ticket, as well as her lunch-basket, were all safe, she opened the window, and looked, as best she could, at the matchless panorama spread before the passengers on the west-bound train from Blankville. She could distinguish the river and the plain with fleecy clouds rolling high above them, and she knew the mountain lifted its bold front on the other side; the balmy air fanned her cheeks; and if she had any fears for the future, they were swept away by the keen delight which a genuine darky experiences in "ridin' on de kyars." Possibly not one on that train carried a lighter heart than our humble traveller. She was no philosopher,—only a simple child, though the snows of age were beginning to fall upon her kinky head.

The journey was made without accident; and when the train pulled in at Capital City, Hannah for the first time seemed to realize her loneliness. She scarcely knew what to do; but the good-natured brakeman called a colored hackman, and told him there

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was a blind woman in the car who wanted a carriage. Of course Jehu was on hand instantly. She told him she wanted to go to the Bishop's church.

"What bishop's church?"

"The Catholic Bishop's," she replied.

When asked what street it was on, she could not tell. But the man, of course, knew she meant the cathedral.

"What will you do when you get there?" he asked.

"I will see the Bishop," was the placid reply.

"But it is night; the Bishop is asleep."

"I'll wait till mawnin'," she answered. And as there was nothing else to be done, he deposited her at the cathedral, by her request putting the trunk on the stone portico. She gave him his fare, thanked him, said "Good-night," in a sweet, composed voice, and going up the steps, drew her shawl around her, and sat down by one of the massive stone pillars to wait for daylight. After consuming the remnants of her lunch, she said her prayers, never forgetting the petition, "Show me my place." Then she laid her head on the trunk, and went to sleep.

About daylight she was awakened by a policeman. She told him she was "waitin' to see the Bishop." She spoke so gently, and was evidently so inoffensive, that he left her alone. In a few moments,—indeed, before she had time to finish her morning devotions, along came John, the sexton, to sweep the porch and ring the bell for early Mass. He naturally inquired what she was doing there. To him she gave the same answer, "Waitin' to see the Bishop."

"The Bishop has gone to New York," he said.

"Gone!" exclaimed Hannah in tones of such genuine distress that John's annoyance turned to pity.

"Never mind," he said, "Father Blank is here; he will do just as well."

He went back to the priests' house, and in a few moments Father Blank came up the church steps, peering over his glasses at the rusty old trunk and its queer owner.

Hannah rose up and courtesied gravely, as "ole Mis'" had taught her to do in the presence of her "betters." In reply to the priest's questions, she related, in her marvellously sweet and

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winning tones, the sad little history of her life. She showed him her beads and the silver pieces given her by Bishop Gibbons; she said she knew there was a place somewhere for her; she could scrub, or do the first washing of the clothes, or mind the baby.

"Well, I declare," said Father Blank, rubbing his chin; "upon my word! Here, John, take this woman to the kitchen; I will see what can be done for her after breakfast."

Hannah went to Mass; and after that she greatly enjoyed her breakfast and the interest manifested in her history by the cook and housekeeper.

Father Blank could not leave the house right away, as the Bishop was absent; but he found time during the day to drive out to the pretty convent, just beyond the city limits, and consult the Superioress about Hannah. Rev. Mother readily consented to receive her into the convent as a servant until some better arrangement could be made. Accordingly Hannah arrived that afternoon. The few simple duties which were assigned to her were faithfully performed, and many hours were still hers to pass as suited her. Of course she was often in the chapel; but after a few days the silence and loneliness of the place became oppressive. She could see no reason why she should not go to the front yard and talk to the pupils, especially as they were continually calling her. Rev. Mother had told her to confine herself to the garden and back yard, unless allowed by special permission to leave those limits; but, alas! it did not take many days for Hannah, advancing by degrees into forbidden territory, to be found by Rev. Mother herself in the midst of a group of girls, near the front gate, to whom she was recounting any items of her personal history which might come uppermost in her mind. She went away cheerfully enough when she was told. But again and again she would return, to enjoy the careless happiness of the children, among whom she was a high favorite.

At last Mother's patience was exhausted, and she spoke words of reproof to the offender. At supper time Hannah was missing!

II.

A messenger despatched to the Bishop's house found Hannah

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there. She had made her way slowly to the city. When she rang the bell, and learned that the Bishop was at home, she fairly broke down. Falling upon her knees, amid a torrent of tears and sobs, she begged his blessing. Then the Bishop inquired into the cause of her distress. Hannah told him that she "didn't believe it wuz intended fur her to live at a convent. To be shore, ev'rybody wuz good to her, but it wuz so still and solemn! She didn't mean to be sassy, but she couldn't he'p gwine where the chillun wuz, 'specially when they called her so ofen. An' besides, Mother speak so slow an' easy I didn't know she wuz dead in earnest, nohow; an' when she scolded me so, I knowed I wuz in the wrong place, an' I cum to you to be put right."

By the time she had finished her report, serenity had returned, and she sat quietly waiting to be disposed of.

The Bishop thought for a few moments, and then rang the bell for the sexton, who at once recognized Hannah.

"Mr. Murphy," said his Reverence, "can you tell me what to do with this woman?"

The sexton turned his hat in his hands a time or two. He had no partiality for colored people; but something must be done at once. So he began, in a doubting tone: "The wife has a little one in the cradle, and if your Riverence thinks——"

"Indeed, I do not know in the least—" the Bishop commenced, when Hannah interrupted them both, protesting that "she loved babies, and would do her best to please the lady." So the matter was settled, and she departed with Mr. Murphy for her new quarters.

Mrs. Murphy was a very compassionate, pious woman. The little brood around her knees taxed her strength and patience heavily. She found her new assistant eager to do everything in her power; but her black, unsightly face frightened the baby, and was the source of endless curiosity to the older children.

Next door to the Murphys was a large boarding-house, whose colored cook, a big old-fashioned "Mammy," often employed Hannah to do odd jobs, for which she paid her in the remnants of dainties left from the table. Not the nicest piece of the turkey's breast, nor the most delicious scrap of mince-pie, could tempt Hannah on Friday; and although she could never make plain to

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Aunt Polly the reasons for her abstinence, the two soon became such friends that Hannah asked to be allowed to change her abode, and go to live with Aunt Polly. The Murphys accepted the proposition as an easy solution of a difficulty. Aunt Polly's lodgings were not commodious; but such a trifle as one more in a room weighs but little among negroes. So once more Hannah's trunk was packed, and set down in a new place.

Hannah went to see the Bishop, and told him she "b'lieved colored folks ought to stick together. Irish is clever an' good 'bout their prayers, but they ways is so curus I'd ruther be somewheres else." The Bishop, with a smile, cautioned her to set a good example among her Protestant friends: to be regular at Mass, attentive to her prayers; and if at any time she should need assistance, to let him know.

And now commenced a new life for Hannah. Stimulated and directed by Aunt Polly, she made a regular business of scrubbing floors, rubbing silver, etc. In many a boarding-house she had appointed days for work, where she was sure not only of a good dinner and a bucket of "scraps," or broken victuals, and a gift of money or clothing from the landlady, but the boarders would often contribute liberally to her store. She always carried her money in her stocking; but after a month or two the sum became so large that she concluded to ask the Bishop to take care of it for her—"till I dies," she said. Of course he promised to hold that money, and any she might add to it, subject to her order. All went harmoniously until the time appointed for the Bishop to make his visit to the Holy Father in Rome.

Aunt Polly had an only son, who was very dear to her heart, though he was a source of ceaseless anxiety, and frequently of expense to her. He was a plausible, ginger-cake-colored young fellow, who had learned to read and write in the public schools. He knew perfectly well that a black man was as good as a white one; also, that a great many people of both colors lived without work, which he cordially detested and avoided with great ingenuity. In spite of Jim's "aggravating ways," Aunt Polly was very proud of his good looks and his learning. Hannah thought as Aunt Polly did; so that Jim enjoyed a very lofty position in the little household. In the councils of the three there had been

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much discussion about Hannah's money, which had now grown to be almost, if not quite, twenty-five dollars, though she had never failed to pay Aunt Polly at the end of the week for her lodgings. Jim had often proposed to borrow a part or the whole of it, and pay interest for its use; but his mother would not countenance that proposition. He suggested that it should be deposited in one of the many benevolent societies, so largely patronized by negroes all over the South. But Hannah stoutly maintained that it was for her "burying"; and to make sure of being buried as a Catholic, the Bishop should keep it.

Several times Jim had written to Joe and Cynthia of Hannah's prosperity. At Christmas she sent little Joe a gorgeous picture-book. Between its leaves she did not forget to put a picture of the Holy Infant in His Crib. It is scarcely possible, however, that the charcoal cherub was as happy to receive his Christmas gift as his aunt was to send it.

February was coming, and it would bring the day of the Bishop's departure for Rome. Jim, who boasted that he was always "wide awake," saw his opportunity. He managed to keep Hannah continually excited about her money. "Yes!" he exclaimed, for perhaps the thousandth time, "the Bishop may get drowned in the ocean, or die while he is gone; then where's your twenty-five dollars? Give it to me, and I'll put it in the bank for you. And since you are so suspicious of your own race, I can bring you a receipt, to show it is safe with the white folks you think so much of. Then if you die while he's gone, I'll see that you are buried respectable."

Hannah was still a little doubtful. That day, at the boarding-house, she asked the landlady if her money was in the bank, and she had a receipt for it, would it be safe. "Entirely so," was the reply, "if the bank is good." After selecting one of several mentioned by her friend as "good," Hannah decided to become a depositor. It was an unlucky day for Hannah when she told the landlady of her riches, for ever afterwards she regarded her humble assistant as a self-supporter, and was not quite so liberal in estimating the value of her awkward services. Hannah thought not of this, but went to see the Bishop, asked his advice about the bank she had chosen, took her money to Jim, and received promptly the cashier's receipt for the amount.

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After this little transaction Jim seemed hard to please; nothing Hannah could do suited him. If her bucket was not quite so well supplied as formerly, he complained that she "put on airs because she had money in the bank; that she did not divide fairly," etc., etc. Aunt Polly tried to make peace, but she was finally forced to choose between them, as that was Jim's ultimatum. Of course it was Hannah who had to vacate the premises.

Hannah, feeling very independent, and tired of Jim, anyway, was not slow in getting another room—this time by herself, in the back yard of a gentleman who happened to know her as a scrub-woman in his store. Now Hannah felt that she was permanently settled; that she had at last "found her place." Visions of dollars added to the twenty-five, of the joy of having little Joe with her after awhile, cheered her heart. To do all this she must work very hard; so she spared herself not at all. In wind, rain, sleet, Hannah was out looking for work. Sometimes she would come back to her lonely, cheerless room, half-frozen, too cold and tired to make a fire.

One blustering afternoon in March she dragged herself wearily up the steps which led to her poor habitation. She had turned the key in the lock before she remembered she had no matches to light even her candle; so in the darkness she threw herself on the bed, without removing her wet garments, chilled, and with a headache.

The next morning the ground was covered with snow. The cook for the Tompkins family noticed, after breakfast, that the snow on Hannah's steps was untrodden; a glance at the chimney told that there was no fire inside. She notified Mrs. Tompkins, who found her unfortunate tenant in a stupor, with high fever, utterly unable to give any account of herself. Mrs. Tompkins sent her maid to sit with Hannah until dinner, when Mr. Tompkins summoned a physician, who directed that she be sent at once to the city hospital. By this time the sun was shining, the snow all gone, and the patient's symptoms not so alarming. When she was informed of the arrangement, she objected strongly, protesting that she "was no beggar, but had money in the bank."

"What bank?"

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"The Fust National Bank," was the ready reply.

"What is your name?"

"Hannah Brown"; and then she began to babble of "money" and "little Joe."

Mrs. Tompkins telephoned the bank.

"There was no money there for that party; there never had been any there," the cashier stated.

Concluding, of course, that her assertions were the ravings of delirium, the ambulance was called to convey her and her little belongings to the hospital.

It was all a dream to her; but after many weeks her senses returned. She asked where she was, and by degrees she learned the whole story.

"Yes," said the nurse, a stout colored woman, "haf yo' talk's bin 'bout money,—money in de bank! De Lawd knows you'se got no money!"

"But I has!" said Hannah slowly, in those clear tones of unequal sweetness. "I'se got twenty-five dollars in the Fust National Bank, an' the 'ceipt fur it is in my trunk."

The woman readily consented to look for the receipt, which she found without difficulty, saying she would keep it until the doctor paid his next visit.

Hannah went to sleep with the precious bit of paper clasped in her thin and toil-worn hands. The doctor's touch upon her pulse aroused her. "You are better, Forty-two (that was Hannah's number)," he said cheerfully. "Bring her some broth, Martha; she'll be all right in a day or two;" and he was hurrying away.

"Stop, Doctor; I want to ask you something," began Hannah.

"Too busy to-day—see you to-morrow;" and the over-worked official was gone.

She put the receipt under her pillow, and lay still, too weak to think or feel, until after the stimulating broth had renewed her strength. How grateful she was that she had escaped the danger of dying without the sacraments of the Church! Over and over again she repeated the familiar prayers so dear to Catholic hearts, never forgetting her own little petition, "Show me

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my place." She thought that perhaps, after all, there was no place on earth for her; but she checked the thought, and the rising tear which accompanied it, by asking Martha to send for Father Blank, promising to reward her for her trouble.

No mercenary motive was needed to stimulate Martha, who conveyed to the priest at once the news of Hannah's condition.

There was no delay on his part, so that very soon Hannah had the consolation of a visit from an intelligent and faithful friend. By his sympathy and good counsel he did much to cheer and console her. He arranged to come back next morning, hear her confession, and allow her to receive Holy Communion. As he was preparing to leave, Hannah thought of her receipt, which she gave him, together with a statement of the circumstances.

Outside the door Father Blank examined the paper, which was a receipt, dated February 20th, 188–, to James Sutton (colored), for twenty-five dollars, signed by the cashier of the First National Bank.

He hurried to the bank, where his worst fears were confirmed. Jim had deposited the money to his own credit. Further investigation proved that he had drawn every dollar of it, and left the city for parts unknown.

The following morning, bright and early, before the other patients were scarcely awake, Father Blank returned to Hannah's bedside; and kneeling humbly, heard her confession, and allowed her to receive her God and Saviour. Is it wonderful that the poor love that Church whose motherly vigilance overlooks none, whose ministers seek and find the most desolate!

The good Father came and went so quietly that his visit was almost unnoticed, save by her for whom it was intended. Hannah's heart was full of love and gratitude, her mind at ease.

When the breakfast was brought she had a good appetite, and the doctor declared she would be ready to go home in a week.

The joy of convalescence, the sensation of renewed strength, the return of her five senses, like faithful servants, to their posts of duty, were as delightful to her in her loneliness and poverty as to my lady around whose silken couch wait skill and affection to lure her back to health.

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Every day Hannah wondered why Father Blank did not come. But at last, the day before she was to leave the hospital, she heard his kind voice inquiring for her. She was out on the veranda, where the soft spring sunshine spread its golden showers. The young leaves were stirring in the breeze, the far-away noises of the city spoke of life and energy; the whirr of the trolley-wires, the rumble of the electric cars as they rolled by, made cheerful music. She was thinking that some of her hard-earned money must be used to buy something nice to eat, and a pair of shoes, and to pay Martha for sending for Father Blank. Just at that moment the good priest appeared. She rose to receive him, which improvement he remarked at once; but she could only stand for a moment.

"Ah, Hannah, you are scarcely strong enough to leave to-morrow."

"Oh! yes, sir," she began eagerly. "I'se not quite strong 'nough to work, but I can take some o' my money to pay my board!"

The priest's countenance fell. "I have no good news for you about your money. Jim Sutton deceived you wickedly. He deposited the money in his own name; he could, of course, draw it out without attracting attention, much less suspicion. He has left the city, and no one knows where he is."

Poor Hannah! A deadly ashiness spread over her face; she sank back in her chair, and for a moment could give no audible expression to her emotions. After a while she asked many simple questions over and over again, between the sobs she made no effort to restrain. When she became more quiet, Father Blank called Martha; and recommending Hannah to go back to bed, he left the hospital for some other scene of sorrow—or, perhaps, crime.

When the doctor paid his next visit, he found "Forty-two" worse, slightly delirious. He could not account for the change, and taxed Martha with having given her some improper food. "No," Martha protested; she "b'leeved it wuz somehow long o' what dat ole pries' said to her; fur she wuz tooken wus while he sot out dar talkin' to her." The doctor could not accept Martha's theory, as, although an unbeliever in revealed religion, his experience had taught him that the priest's visit to his patient usually

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brought peace to the mind, and often health to the body. However, his duty was to prescribe for her, which he did.

Not long after he was gone, two gentle Sisters of St. Dominic, with long black cloaks, and bonnets covering the spotless whiteness of their dress, as their simplicity and modesty conceal their deeds of heroic charity, came to see Hannah. And they returned day after day, until she was well enough to be removed to the orphan asylum, which crowns a beautiful hill near the city.

It was a long time before Hannah's health and spirits were renewed, even in that secure abode, where the voices of childhood alternate with the accents of prayer.

She can make herself useful among the orphans in many ways, and she enjoys a sense of companionship, without which life to one of her race is intolerable. The old peaceful smile radiates the broad, scarred features, as she sits maybe with an infant in her arms, and a dozen others, too small to go to school, around her chair, all clamoring for attention from "Aunt Hannah." She says that she is thankful to have a place to live in, to pray in, and to die in. She sometimes tells the children that she once had "money—yes, money in de bank; but it's gone, an' I don't want no mo'."

THE BIRDS' EASTER.

ANNE STUART BAILEY.

THE fervent roses glow with love divine—
A loyal guard before the sacred shrine;
Shy violets breathe their thoughts in fragrance rare,
Tall lilies bend their stately heads in prayer.
And as the loud, triumphant chorus blends
With the angelic choir whose song ne'er ends,
Still mingled with the organ's solemn tone,
We chant a psalm of praise, our very own.
We carol forth the prayer of ev'ry flower,
"May Jesus Christ be praised this day and hour!"
For we are the souls of the flowers fair
That shed their perfume on the soft, warm air;
And while they shine in beauty and in love,
Our voices waft th' unspoken song above.

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THE ROCK OF CASHEL, TAKEN BY STORM SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1647, AND THE MARTYRDOM OF FATHER RICHARD BARRY, O. P.

LAURA GREY.

IRELAND'S most remarkable ruin, known as the Rock of Cashel, stands adjacent to a small town bearing the same name, in the County Tipperary. A cluster of ancient buildings crowns the gigantic rock, and frowns down in lonely grandeur on the hamlet nestling at its base.

The modern town of Cashel was anciently known as "Cashel of the Kings." The ruins consist of an ecclesiastical round tower—which Lord Dunraven called "the belfry of Cormac's chapel," the weatherbeaten Celtic cross, the old cathedral, the castle, formerly the archiepiscopal palace, and the Vicars' hall, or Canon's residence. The Rock itself rises almost perpendicularly out of the "golden vale" of Tipperary.

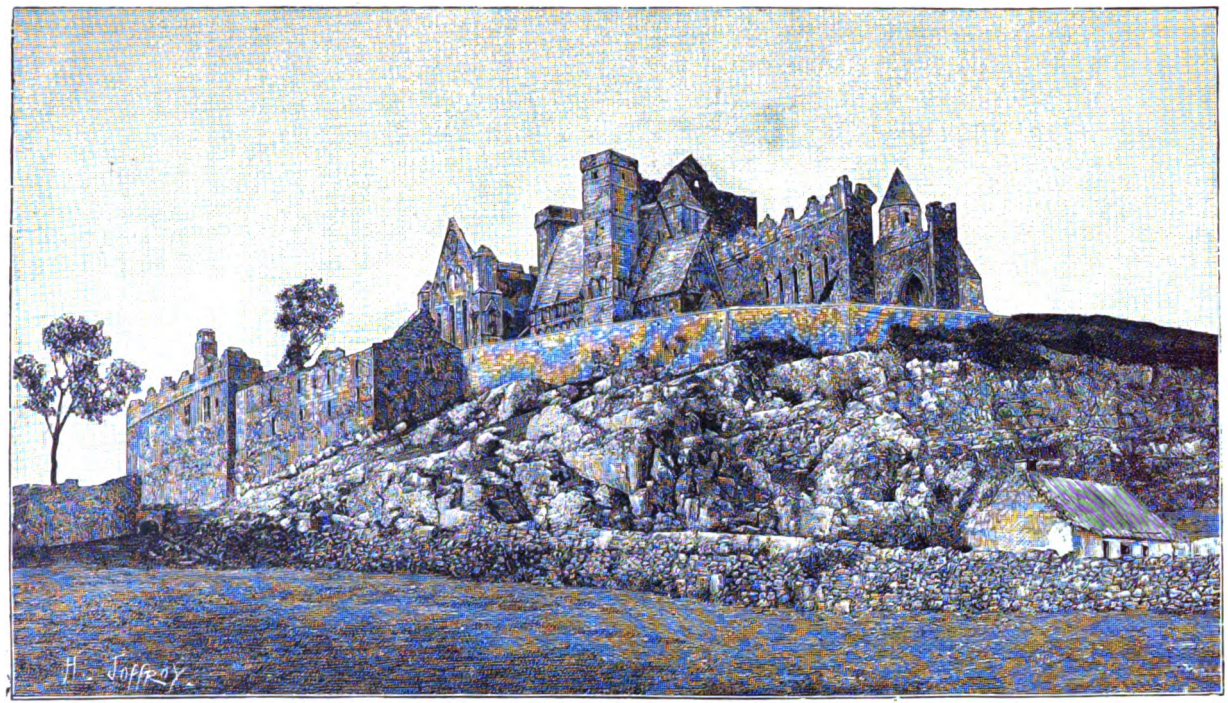
It bore on its summit the stronghold and fortress of the kings of Munster, and on the green, velvety sward is shown the spot where King Ængus (the reigning monarch) was baptized by St. Patrick. The saint pierced the king's feet by mistake with his crosier, but the royal convert betrayed no signs of pain, believing it to be part of the ceremonial of baptism.

The ancient name of the Rock of Cashel was Sidh-dhruim, "the fairies' ridge," as Mr. Joyce the antiquarian informs us, and the name Cashel, "caiscal," signifies a circular stone fort, and is derived from the Latin *castellum*.

The Rock, which is of limestone formation, increases in grandeur as one approaches it, and is accessible only on the south side. In 1101 the Four Masters tell us that Mortogh O'Brien, king of Munster, bestowed "Cashel of the Kings" "*Deo et Ecclesiæ*," and that his successor, Cormac McCarthy, erected the chapel which was consecrated about 1134.

In 1152 the Grand Cathedral was built by King Donald O'Brien. In 1421 Richard O'Hedian repaired the structure, and founded

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THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

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the Hall of the Vicars Choral. In 1495 the former was burnt to the ground by the Earl of Kildare, who alleged as an excuse that "he thought the Archbishop of Cashel was hiding there." In 1647 the cathedral and Rock were stormed by Lord Inchiquin, and it was during this sack and massacre that the heroic Father Richard Barry, O. P., Prior of St. Dominic's Abbey, Cashel, won the martyr's crown.

Murrogh O'Brien, sixth Baron of Inchiquin, was reared in the English schools of Wards, and perverted. His father was a most edifying Catholic, and in his early days, Murrogh had been educated in the ancient Faith, but association with Protestant companions had robbed him of the treasure. Father Sall, S. J., calls him the "Scourge of God," but the general sobriquet attached to his name is "The Burner," because of the wanton barbarities he perpetrated in Munster during the Confederate War. Tradition affirms that he repented before death of his evil life, and became reconciled to the Church. Certain it is that he bequeathed to the Franciscans of Ennis a sum of money for Masses for the repose of his soul.

Father Dominic O'Daly, better known as "Dominic of the Rosary," gives us an interesting account of Father Richard Barry's martyrdom on the Rock of Cashel, when that citadel was besieged by the notorious "Murrogh the Burner," in 1647.

He says: "When Murrogh O'Brien (a man whose name must be execrable to the widow and orphan) sat down before Cashel, a band of Catholics took refuge on the Rock, resolved to sell their lives with bitter cost to the assailants. On the eminence stood a gorgeous shrine erected by King Cormac, and next to it the cathedral church to St. Patrick. To this church Father Barry betook himself. About eighty men fell on both sides, and when the priests had been cut to pieces, Richard Barry alone survived."

Father Reginald Walsh (a Dominican of the Irish Province), in his "Irish Dominican Martyrs," continues the narrative, and tells us:

"Father Barry had not only permitted, but even commanded, members of his own Community to seek safety in flight, whilst he himself remained at his post. Struck by his tall stature and noble bearing, the captain, who was the first to enter the cathedral, of-

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fered him his life if he would put off his habit—his 'insignia,' the Puritan called it.

"'Never,' was the firm reply; 'these are my colors in war; my habit represents the Passion and death of our Saviour, and is the badge of my Order. I have worn it since my youth, and I shall do so till I die.' The captain warned him of his impending fate, and tried to shake his constancy, but in vain.

"'To me,' replied the saintly Prior of St. Dominic's, 'sufferings are welcome, and death itself a gain.'"

Without further delay he was seized by the soldiers, buffeted, covered with spittle, and then bound to a seat, under which a slow fire was kindled. The martyr's legs and feet were slowly consumed, the torture lasting about two hours, till he was released from his acute sufferings by a sword being thrust through his breast, and the habit he loved crimsoned with his own blood.

A devout woman of the Third Order of St. Dominic, recognized Father Barry's body thrown amongst a heap of slain, and had it conveyed to St. Dominic's Abbey, where it was buried in the cloister by the white-robed brethren, who chaunted a Te Deum over the prior's sacred relics.

Dominic of the Rosary informs us that though three days had elapsed between the martyrdom and burial of Father Barry, the burnt limbs and wound in his side were bleeding freely.

The martyrdom took place September 15th, 1647. A linden tree marks the spot where he lies awaiting the Resurrection.

Some quotations from Father Sall's letter, describing the enormities perpetrated on the Rock of Cashel, may prove interesting, as he appears to have been an eye-witness. He writes:

"Before attacking, a messenger left the hostile lines, and came up to the Rock to treat about a surrender on these terms, viz.: that the garrison should be allowed to depart in possession of their muskets, and with their mouths full of bullets, but that the clergy and citizens should be left to the mercy of the commander.

"Here the bravery of the Catholic soldiers shone out, and they replied that they would risk their lives in defense of those whom they had vowed to protect, rather than break their word; that they preferred to dye with their hearts' blood that holy ground, to allowing it to be desecrated by heretical miscreants.

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"Stung to the quick by this generous answer, the Puritan leader ordered the charge to be sounded. On they came with lightning speed, at the same time throwing firebrands into the air, one of which happened to fall into the vestibule of the monastery of the Friars Minor, set the hall on fire, and burnt it to the ground.

"The enemy charges the north and south doors of the cathedral, but are driven back with no less determination by our soldiers. Unable to effect an entrance in this direction, the Puritans plant their ladders against the walls of the church, and leap through the windows.

"Hemmed in on all sides, nevertheless our brave defenders fight with the energy of despair, and nothing could be heard through the vast edifice but the clash of arms.

"At length our defenders, now reduced to sixty, turn and ascend the bell-tower, followed by the enemy, who called on them to surrender. With the alternative before them of death by starvation or by the enemy's sword, they surrender on condition of their lives being spared. The deceitful commander gave his word, but as soon as the swords were collected, he gave the order to kill without exception. All, with the exception of one or two, are either despatched by the sword or retained as prisoners.

"Thus ended the cruel butchery—the most disgraceful sacrilege that was ever seen in Ireland. We lost 1,000 men; the enemy, at least 500 men. Three of the secular clergy, the Prior of the Dominicans (Father Richard Barry), and one of our Society (the Jesuits), had fallen in the performance of their sacred duties. Old men on the verge of the grave, whose weapons were their rosaries, defenceless women and children, were struck down on the very altars without regard to age or sex. In one word, the enemy, exulting over their prey, hew in pieces, and burn all the statues, overthrow the altars, and pollute the sacred vessels.

"The large crucifix that towered over the entrance to the choir had its head, hands, and feet struck off.

"The organ was broken, and the bells that cheered our soldiers whilst they fought were deprived of their clappers and their beautiful tone.

"The Puritans loaded themselves with the goods of the citizens with which the church was filled. They excavated the very crypts

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themselves, and broke open the marble tombs in hope of plunder.

"Those who remembered the splendor of the cathedral in the celebration of sacred ceremonies on holidays and feast-days, and the sumptuous workmanship of the altars and monuments, could not bring themselves to view the scene of horror, and shed abundant tears the while.

"The soldiery dress themselves in the precious vestments and birettas, and invite the rest to Mass. Others dash the holy images against the wall, and others bear aloft in solemn procession a headless statue of the Immaculate Virgin, curiously wrought with golden tracery. The pictures of St. Patrick and St. Ignatius, together with those of other saints (deaf and dumb idols, as they called them), were turned into horse cloths or used as sacks. Lord Inchiquin himself put on the Archbishop's mitre, boasting aloud he was Governor of Munster and Archbishop of Cashel.

"All the passages, even the altars, chapels, sacristies, bell-tower, steps, and seats were so thickly covered with corpses, that no one could walk a step without treading on a dead body. Already were the burning brands applied to the wooden partitions when some of the chief men stepped forward, and by the promise of a large sum of money to be contributed by all the citizens, saved the city from a deluge of fire.

"Yet the conflagration could not be got under, and the most ancient city of Cashel, that had seen a long succession of kings and Archbishops, was burnt to the ground.

"Whilst we mourn the loved ones that are no more, we rejoice that they are crowned with the martyr's crown above, and it is not wrong to think that their souls are in bliss. For on the night preceding the destruction of the city, we went to the soldiers of the garrison and exhorted them to abstain from swearing and other practices of the camp, and we found them compliant beyond measure, and prepared to shed their blood for the Faith.

"Before they engaged the enemy, most of them, several times at least, cleansed their conscience by confession, and received the Bread of Life.

"But if they are detained in the cleansing fires of Purgatory, I recommend them most earnestly to the sacrifices and prayers

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of the Fathers of this day, the commemoration of the souls of the faithful departed.

"Your Reverence's servant in Christ,

"ANDREW SALL, S. J."

The above is Father Sall's letter; some minor portions have been suppressed, fearing to weary our readers.

To-day, when the tourist visits the Rock, and enters its desolate cathedral, walks up its silent nave and aisles, peopled with grass-grown graves, he will find it difficult to realize the scene of carnage described by the learned Jesuit.

Some tombs of remarkable men still exist. That of Myler McGrath, the first apostate Archbishop of Cashel, with its enigmatical epitaph, has been for ages past an object of interest to the historian and archæologist.

The finely-wrought altar and roof have vanished, and the blue sky of Heaven is the only canopy.

Cormac's chapel has been more fortunate in this respect. Its flagged roof still remains intact, as perfect in every detail as it stood eight hundred years ago, on the day of its consecration. These venerable walls saw the Irish chieftains pay fealty to Henry II., King of England, and some remains of coloring and gilding are still to be seen on the wall overhanging that monarch's throne.

The round tower has been roofed, and restored by the Board of Works. The surrounding townsland is redolent with historic and sainted memories, and the tourist to the south of Ireland will be amply repaid by a visit to the now forlorn City of the Kings.

The spot where the subject of our sketch (Father Richard Barry) suffered the tortures of St. Lawrence is still shown under the ancient gallery at the end of the cathedral.

On seeing the sod sanctified by the death-agonies of the sainted Dominican, some erratic muse suggested to the writer the following lines in Father Barry's honor:

FATHER RICHARD BARRY, O. P.

MARTYRED ON THE ROCK OF CASHEL, SEPT. 15TH, 1647.

From Cashel holy fane they bore him,
The martyred dead;
Whilst in the sable vault of Heaven
The moon burnt red.

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With tearful eyes they whispered lowly,
"His course is run—
Hark to angelic lips proclaiming
A victory won"—

"Weave a crown of golden laurels
For his head;
In his hand the palm-branch dapple
With rubies red.

"Type of the blood he shed for Christ,"
The angels sang;
And swelling through the sapphire gates
The echoes rang.

The voice that woke the sinner's death-swoon
Lulled to rest;
The hands that tilled the stubborn vineyard
Crossed on breast.

Beneath the Abbey's dome they laid him,
Home at last;
The bark had kissed the port of Heaven—
Anchored fast.

THE RESURRECTION.

E. B. S.



N Calvary the morning sun shines clear.
One, who for love had much forgiven her,
Full early hastens to the sepulchre.
The Lord she seeks is risen, "He is not here."
Moved by the angel's voice, she shrinks with fear,
While perfumes round her float of spice and myrrh,
To anoint the sacred form they would inter.
She weeps, and then beholds Him standing near,
The Master, grave and mild, and half austere;
As when in life He speaks, her senses stir
With awe, and He is gone; she, to confer
With those who love Him, hastens, who are dumb
With joy, and now in rapture may they wait,
Until the promised Paraclete shall come.

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WHISPERS.

THE VOICE OF THE VIOLETS.

JOSEPH W. S. NORRIS.

THE river was black in the midst of the spring sunshine, and it was mysteriously deep where it ran impetuously into the bay. For centuries it had worn its way, from a narrow thread, probably, to the full, deep, musical stream, that sang between the green shores this lovely April day. Not so long since the birch-bark canoe of the Indian, under the swift strokes of the keen-eyed pilot, cleaved its way through these dark waters to the bright bay and the great lake beyond.

Civilization had banished the Indian and his picturesque accompaniments, but the old story remained to be told in the voices of the wind and stream and flowery bank; the tangled threads remained for Mother Nature, sweet, soothing, loving mother that she is, to pick up, comment on, arrange in her own charming way, harmonize, enthuse, and send on its growing way rejoicing. So we thought as we reversed the order of our Indian itinerary, and, pilgrim-like, paddled in from the great lake, through the bright bay, and into the mouth of the welcoming river—black, but beautiful—to the bank of violets that rivalled the soft spring skies in their celestial blue—that bore Heaven's own perfume. Here and there a white soul shone in its baptismal innocence among the violet penitents, and over and among all fell the soft spring sunshine, filling each happy little golden heart with the peace of God that surpasseth all understanding



A week before a robin had sent his greeting "whistling down the valley." Winter had no longer any terror for us; he had been disarmed to our heart and mind of his most formidable weapons

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by this song of the sweetest of weather-prophets, and we experienced with a thrill of delight that these few musical notes from the ruby throat of this feathered friend had broken our bars, severed our chains, cast from our tired limbs fetter and manacle, and that we were once more free, and life was still worth living. With the message of the birds came the vision of the dark stream in the clear sunshine, of the bank of violets with their fresh flower-faces, of the arabesques of budding trees and trailing vines, and then a week of suspense, of hope—rather, of peerless inquietude, broken only by sighs, while the sunlit sky and the laughing face of nature mocked our misery, and a voice of invincible force urged and called until heart and brain and being surrendered, obeyed, and followed.



Ah, this bank of violets—each tiny face with its bright, heavenly smile, every perfumed breath borne to us on the spring breeze! And the fancies of this supremely beautiful court of honor, wakened with each budding beauty, ran their sweet course with these wild children mirroring the summer skies, and tremblingly sighed themselves to sleep in the sunshine, heart to heart with the loveliest of God's delicate creations.

What a charming company you are, dear wildwood children! Pen and pencil are cast far away; the poet's book, dear to the veins of our heart, is thrown aside that we may read in your bright eyes and glowing heart the message and the meaning of the spring-time; and the brightest and most beautiful dreams of eloquent Art are shadowy as the songs of elf-land when your fair cheeks, fresh from Heaven and the hand of God, touch ours in a caress that bears supremest joy to the heart. Lovers you have had for aye, fair violets! Hundreds of years ago a poet's heart expanded to your beauty, and his soul's sighs breathed out:

"Welcome, maids of honor!
You do bring
In the spring,
And do wait upon her."

Dainty maidens, robed in our Blessed Lady's privileged colors as though vowed to her service and her gracious spring-time

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glory! Truly do you bring in May, and the Queen of May, heralding her approach with your curling leaves like beauteous baby hands scarcely opening to the sunshine, while your cheery flower-faces wear the heavenly smile of sweet content as though conscious of the high honor of being the celestial-blue forerunners, the bright banner-bearers and white heralds of the Queen of the skies.



What a day for dreams that take form and shape, and become images which are reflected forever on the sensitive pages of the mind! How sweet it would be if those airy forms became softly-tinted impressions of true artistic value for a future book of the soul; if they were fair petals of a rose which would sometime bloom for us in a fairer land; or if they were like the beads of an old-time rosary, slid on a slender silken cord, forever passing, forever returning in the fingers of the thoughtful, the while purest praises are filling, drop by drop, the spiritual vase that holds, like the violet, its delightful perfume as an incense in sun and shade for the Divinity!

But one may not linger listening to the voice of the flowers; the violets have their time to bloom,

> "They do bring,
> In the spring,
> And do wait upon her."

And having done so much, they have fulfilled their mission with a grace that is born of nobility. Dear maids of honor! Welcome!



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STORY OF A BRIDAL VEIL.

L. M. POWER.

CHAPTER XI.

LATE that evening the great physician arrived, and after spending a couple of hours in the sick-room, he retired to the library with the head of the house. After a short interview, both gentlemen emerged, the doctor looking grave, and the father old and haggard, as if twenty years of care had suddenly been added to his age.

The medical man stepped briskly into the close carriage awaiting him outside, and crushing the baronet's liberal cheque into his pocket, lay back on the cushions, and slept soundly till the station was reached.

Sadly Sir Edward sought his wife, and broke to her the verdict given by Dr. Lloyd. He had applied strong blisters to Freddy's head and neck, and if they failed to act, the boy should die, and that soon.

Ethel heard the words of doom as though bereft of feeling. Her husband's tears fell fast, but she remained unmoved, except for the look of blank despair that crept into the sorrowful face.

She could not cry, she could not pray; she could only suffer in proportion to the vastness of her love.

Next morning the remedies were found to have produced no effect, and when Dr. Hayes came, he told Mrs. Parker that all hope was over, and that the child might not live many hours.

He grew rapidly worse, and his strength seemed to decline every moment. Even to a stranger it was pitiable to watch the little patient as he lay moaning feebly, with the golden curls tangled on the pillow, the bright eyes shining with an unnatural light, and the hollow cheeks burning with the heat of violent fever.

Mrs. Carlton turned away, overcome by the sight of Freddy's pain. She had idolized her only grandson almost as if he were her own possession, and he had been the sunbeam of Norwood, as well as of his own home. Now and then he spoke in a low

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tone, whispering his mother's name, telling her how much he loved her, and entreating her not to grieve, for he knew he should soon get better.

The natural gentleness of his disposition seemed to increase with his illness, and it was touching to hear him thank the nurse each time she gave him a drink, or smoothed back his hair, or bathed the aching brow. Ethel never left his side, feeling that the moment of separation was not far distant; and with his hand clasped in hers and her eyes fixed on his, she sat hour after hour, marking the progress of the disease.

Towards evening the child awoke from a heavy slumber, and a sudden thrill of hope came to the mother's heart as she noted a wonderful change in his appearance. He seemed almost himself again, and a clear, animated expression lighted up the worn features.

"Are you not better now, darling?" she asked, bending over the little hot face.

Sadly came the answer: "No, Muddie, I will never be better. I am too ill ever to get well any more; I had a dream just now, when I heard a voice calling: 'Come away to Heaven, Freddy; that is the only thing can cure you, and cure your mother.' Are you sick too, poor Muddie?" he inquired tenderly.

"No, love; I am quite strong."

"Then I wonder why the angel spoke of curing you? But I suppose he knows best."

Yes, the heaven-sent vision announced a truth unknown to the childish mind, that sorrow is a remedy that works wonders in sick souls.

"I cannot live much longer," he whispered faintly, "if the pain lasts; but when I die, Muddie, you must promise not to fret, and don't let father and grandmamma cry, except just at first. I shall be waiting for you in Heaven, and praying for you to come soon, because, even in Heaven, I don't think I could be quite happy without you all.

"When I'm gone, don't forget to have Como fed every day.

"I wonder will he miss me at all, for now there will be nobody to play with him; and, Muddie, if he should ever have puppies, don't let them be drowned, for I remember how Dina fretted last year when hers were taken away.

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"Tell John to take care of the pigeons, and my two white rabbits. I promised Harry Dickson I would send him the gray one, so you can give it to him, Muddie, when he gets well. I would like Jack Ryan to have my new boat. I meant to sail it on the lake," he went on sadly, "the next time I went out, but now I shan't want it any more, and I think Jack never before saw such a fine one. I got so many presents on my birthday, that I have a number of things to give away."

Just then Sir Edward and Mrs. Carlton entered the room, and came noiselessly to the bedside to listen to the child's words, while Mrs. Parker stood at a distance, weeping bitterly, as she listened to her little charge making his last bequests.

Freddy's gaze was fixed earnestly on his mother, and something of the solemnity of death rested on the youthful brow that throbbed so fast beneath her cool touch.

"You will keep the small ivory crucifix that hangs over my cot, Muddie," he continued after a pause; "and I think father would like my prayer-book, with the silver clasp, and my new penknife might be useful for his pocket. Tell nursie to take the big box of toys for her own boy, who is always sick, and Uncle Herbert must have my chestnut pony; he will feed him well, I'm sure.

"Then grandmamma will keep the greatest pet of all, the black and tan collie pup that Uncle Charley sent me at Christmas. He is so soft and pretty, I know she will be kind to him, and give him plenty of milk.

"My whip can go to old Denis, who was so good teaching me to ride; and my set of tools to Robin the gardener, but I'm afraid he is too tall to use them at his work.

"I feel very tired now, Muddie, trying to say all I wanted you to do when I am dead, but I will go to sleep for a while."

"Don't cry, darling," he murmured, as Ethel's tears fell on his hand; "the pain is growing better."

The child sank back exhausted; but soon the dying eyes were again fastened on the mother's face, and bending down, Ethel felt the little arms clasp her neck in a warm embrace, and the feverish lips pressed to hers for the last time.

"Good-bye, dear, darling Muddie. Don't fret; it won't be for

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long, and I shall be always thinking of you, and longing for you to come."

Then looking round as if in search of something, he saw Sir Edward standing near, and taking his hand, the boy drew him closer, raised himself with an effort, and kissed him gently.

"Dear old father, bid me good-bye, for I am going to Heaven very soon; but you will come to me there some day, and then we shall always be together. Muddie often told me the people there never want to go to any other country, because they find it happier than the place they have left. I will stand near the gate to watch for you.

"Poor grandmamma!" the weak voice continued, "you must not cry, but keep Muddie from being lonely.

"Give my love to Uncle Herbert and the others.

"Where is nursie?" he asked suddenly. "I want her." Mrs. Parker rose quickly, and approaching the dying child, knelt by his side, covering the thin fingers with passionate kisses.

"Good, kind nursie," he said caressingly, "I know you are sorry, but I am glad your own little boy is left still. My poor Muddie has nobody but me. You will take care of her after I'm gone."

The eyelids closed wearily then, and lying back on the pillows, Freddy fell into a deep swoon.

After a few hours, he woke up with a scream of pain. "Muddie," he called, "my head is very bad, but it may get better soon."

Hopelessly the stricken parents watched through the last hours of their darling's life, and hand in hand they shared the common sorrow that was slowly darkening their earthly hope and joy.

Towards morning the restlessness of death increased, and the patient moans became gradually more faint. His strength was ebbing fast; the lovely eyes grew dim and unconscious, and the breath came in quick, short gasps.

Just as the gray dawn crept through the curtained windows, a sharp cry struck on the mother's ear, a strange peace fell on the suffering face, and little Freddy, clothed in the spotless robe of innocence, had reached a Home fairer and brighter than any this sad world could promise.

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The presence of death stilled Ethel's vehement grief. She saw her husband approach the silent figure, and reverently close the sightless eyes that would never again welcome her coming; but no tears came to relieve the pent-up anguish. Then Sir Edward drew near, and taking her hand, led her gently to the child's bedside. Stooping down, he pressed a kiss on the marble brow, and mechanically his companion did the same. Then with slow steps the father and mother left the room, where the treasure of their hearts lay dead.

Lovingly Mrs. Parker performed the last sad offices, and in a short time the little corpse was clad in a white robe, and the waxen fingers clasping the ivory crucifix, were folded on the quiet breast. The pretty chintz hangings of the cot, covered with sprays of pink roses, did not seem, in the nurse's opinion, quite in harmony with the loved object lying beneath, and her quick instinct suggested that some pure, soft drapery would be more appropriate.

"If only I had some lace!" she said in a whisper. "Those gay-colored curtains are out of keeping, I think."

"Yes, it would look real nice," Martha assented.

This Martha was Lady Dayrell's own maid, and a prime favorite with the fastidious Parker. Among the entire retinue of servants, she was the only one permitted to assist in the sad task now going forward.

"Nurse, I fancy I know the sort of thing you want," the girl went on, after a moment's thought.

"A couple of weeks ago her ladyship told me to re-fold her wedding veil and dress, as she was afraid they were getting crushed. While I was doing so, she came into the room, and with her own hands she showed me how to arrange them. When they were settled to her liking, I laid them away in the cedar wardrobe. Now I wonder would she be angry if I brought you the lace veil. It is real lovely."

"Do fetch it for me, Martha," her companion interrupted. "I'm right sure my lady won't matter about it, and I can explain afterwards."

So the girl was reassured, and quickly returned from her errand.

Carefully Mrs. Parker shook out the snowy mass of Mechlin

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embroidered work with lily of the valley and slender ferns, and her tasteful fingers had soon arranged it in graceful folds, which hung like fleecy clouds above the face of the dead.

"That looks a deal nicer than the bright chintz," the maid exclaimed admiringly; "and here's a wide satin ribbon to fasten it securely."

When Lady Dayrell returned to the nursery some hours later, she started back, and shuddered, for the motionless beauty of her child seemed almost ethereal, resting in that framework of delicate lace, that softened the light of the wax tapers burning beside the unconscious form.

The sight of her wedding veil brought a rush of memories to Ethel's mind, and broke the spell of suppressed agony. Her tears came at length, as thoughts were recalled of the old days in the past,—when as a laughing, careless girl of seventeen she listened to Sister Agnes telling the history of that same veil, as they walked the convent cemetery in the calm of the summer twilight.

Then came her own marriage day, when she had worn it as a happy, radiant bride, setting forth on her life's journey with the trusting faith of one who has never known the touch of sorrow.

But now—now it hung as a pall over the mortal remains of her only son, while the remembrance of former times seemed to mock the misery of the present.

Sir Edward came and knelt beside the young mother, trying to soothe her grief in his own tender way, and even then she felt a sense of thankfulness that she was still surrounded by his strong, unchanged affection.

Next morning the little figure was laid in the dainty coffin of blue velvet, and Sir Edward brought his wife to take a last look at the face of their departed child. There he lay, as if he still slept, with the curly hair shading the smooth brow, that never was marked by lines of care, and the soft hands holding the crucifix he had bequeathed to herself.

How she yearned for one long glance into the dark, lustrous eyes, now closed forever to her, and sealed forever against the bitter tears of human pain!

Solemnly the father and mother kissed the cold lips in sad farewell to their heart's best treasure, and then Freddy was

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borne away from his earthly home on that sunny May morning, while many a proud hope was buried in the tiny coffin that held the young heir of Dayrell Court.

CHAPTER XII.

In the weary months that followed Ethel found the truth of the poet's words:

> "Long remembrance is lighter pain
> Than forgetting and calling to mind again."

If for a time her thoughts were diverted from her loss, some trifling incident served to recall her bereavement, and re-awaken her grief.

Every room, every garden path, every part of the pleasure grounds was associated with her dead child, and brought recollections of the brief young life that had been the centre of her own.

She saw his own special flower knot looking gay with summer bloom, but the busy hands that planted the seed would never gather the blossom. Then his favorite dogs and birds seemed lonely and neglected without their master's care, and sadly she missed the little escort that had so often trotted by her side, relating his childish adventures or claiming her notice for his numerous pets.

At last Sir Edward decided to take his wife away from her present surroundings, and spend some time on the Continent. Accordingly Dayrell Court was deserted for nearly a year, and Mrs. Carlton each week received long letters from her daughter, telling of her doings abroad, and her experiences of foreign life. Meanwhile the anxious mother longed for her return, and the silent echoing rooms of the empty house filled her with dismal forebodings. After a lengthened absence, Sir Edward and Lady Dayrell returned to England, and once again their home assumed something of its former aspect.

Ethel was much benefited by the change of scene, and though no longer merry and high spirited as of old, her cheerfulness was restored, and she could now think and speak calmly of her sorrow.

The quiet routine was resumed, and she made a brave effort to grow interested in her former pleasures and occupations, and after a time partially succeeded.

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Though affliction had touched her, and left her heart desolate, yet her religion was still neglected, as in her happy days, and the memory of it brought feelings of remorse, but no repentance.

She shrank from the least allusion to the faith she had abandoned when the world was all brightness, and now in the dark hour of bereavement, she was excluded from the only source of peace and consolation. Since Freddy's death her affection for her husband became more and more absorbing; now he was her only love, and she clung to him as the solitary gladness of her existence.

The union between them was perfect, and in every grief and every joy, Ethel found comfort and strength in his untiring affection. His presence alone had power to distract her mind from bitter thoughts of the past, and now, bereft as she was of her dearest treasure, all the wealth of human tenderness was lavished on the one remaining idol.

Together they made long expeditions on horseback, and even in shooting and fishing excursions the wife insisted on being his companion, and hour after hour she waited patiently by the bank of some hillside stream, or sat reading in a sheltered nook on the moors, until, having replenished his game-bag, Sir Edward came to bring her home.

Ethel sometimes rode to hounds with her husband, and he declared he would soon induce her to cross country, and see the best of the fun, but she declined to display her horsemanship in public, and was content to hear of the baronet's exploits in the hunting field.

Often she reproached him with his want of prudence, when his friends recounted tales of marvellous jumps and occasional falls, that Sir Edward had purposely kept in the background.

"You must promise to be more cautious in riding, Edward," she began one morning, when her husband appeared at breakfast in hunting dress, and all the glory of "pink" coat and top boots.

"Captain Hamilton called yesterday," she went on, "and gave me such accounts of your daring in crossing those high fences near Boston Common. It is really too bad, and you don't know how anxious I am while you are out. When it comes towards evening, I get dreadfully nervous, and imagine all sorts of evils have happened."

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"Silly little woman to harbor such thoughts! You ought to be proud that your husband is counted a good horseman, and is not found sneaking through the gaps like our neighbor, Colonel Norman."

"I would not like you to be cowardly, love; but your boldness amounts to rashness, and everybody is talking of your doings on 'Hotspur.' Please try to be careful, for remember, Edward, I have no one left but you. Formerly, I did not feel uneasy, because dear little Freddy occupied my time, and cheered the long hours; but now I have nothing to do but grieve for him and watch for your return. I wander about the empty nursery and the silent garden, where our darling so often played, but everything I see about the pleasure grounds reminds me of my lost child."

Here the mother's tears began to fall, and Sir Edward rose, and coming to her side, kissed the flushed cheek as he strove to calm the rising storm of grief.

"Ethel," he whispered, "don't pain me by dwelling on that sad time, which neither of us can forget. I will not hunt again if it cause you such anxiety, and to-day I am determined to stay at home.

"Let us take a nice ride together as far as Tranton. I want to see the new plantation I made last year. So now don't fret any more, but get ready to come with me."

Lady Dayrell dried her eyes quickly.

"No, Edward!" she exclaimed, "you must not lose a day's pleasure on account of my foolish fears. I should feel horribly selfish if you were deprived of the sport, and you shall not remain away for my sake. To prevent all loneliness, I shall drive over to Norwood, and spend the afternoon with mother. That will serve to banish my silly thoughts, and set your mind at ease about me."

Still her husband hesitated, and as he went into the study, called out, "I shall come back directly, Ethel, when I have written a couple of letters; so get on your habit, and let us start early for Tranton."

"What a foolish creature I am!" she murmured, as she caught the parting words. "I really must conquer this nervousness about Edward, and he shall not lose the hunt to satisfy me. His tenderness must not make me over exacting."

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She rang the bell, and when the footman appeared, gave orders that Sir Edward's horse was to be brought round to the door without delay.

"Perhaps your ladyship does not know that Sir Edward has just given directions to have the riding horses saddled instead of the hunter," the servant answered respectfully.

"Yes, but he has changed his mind and intends hunting to-day; so let the groom be told at once."

Half an hour after, the baronet was surprised to see his favorite chestnut led past the library windows, which looked out on the front avenue.

"Confound the fellow's blundering! He has brought round 'Hotspur' instead of the riding horses, as I said. Why can't servants do what they are told, I wonder?"

Just then his wife looked in. "Don't be angry with me, Edward," she began timidly, "but I sent word to Norris to saddle 'Hotspur' instead of the others. I cannot bear to think you should lose the sport on my account, so you really must not stay at home. I heard, too, that this was to be the run of the season, and I don't want you to miss it. Go, now, dear, and you need not be uneasy about me. See, I am quite cheerful again!" And Ethel smiled her own bright sunny smile, that overruled further objections.

"Indeed, darling, I would not regret in the very least spending a quiet day here, but I believe it would make you happier to have me go, and as usual you have got your own way. Be sure you put those foolish ideas out of your little head, for I intend being a model of prudence, and shall avoid the dangerous fences to please you. Good-bye, love; I shall be back about seven o'clock at latest, and I hope to bring you the 'brush,' though I shan't do anything rash to win it. Now go to your mother, and try not to think of me at all till I return."

"God send you back to me safely, my darling," the wife murmured, as he stooped for a farewell kiss; then Sir Edward sprang into the saddle, and Ethel stood watching, till a bend in the avenue hid him from sight.

"I hope he will be careful of himself," she thought, as she heard the horse break into a canter; "but he loses all caution when sport is in question. No doubt he will be the finest looking

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huntsman in the field, and I *am* proud of his riding, only I wish he were not quite so daring. How well 'pink' becomes him, and 'Hotspur' carries him admirably!"

It was small wonder that Ethel looked with pride on her husband as he rode away that fresh spring morning in the bloom of youthful health, and many another admiring glance fell on his handsome face and manly figure, while Sir Edward Dayrell's "mount" was the envy of every judge of horseflesh on that side of the country.

Her ladyship sighed, and slowly re-entered the silent hall that had once rung with the sound of childish laughter. She seemed utterly dejected, and half regretted that she had urged her husband to leave her alone. Suddenly she roused herself, and ringing the bell, gave orders that the pony trap was to be in readiness an hour later.

"I promised him I would not fret," she whispered, "so I shall drive to Norwood, and have luncheon with mother and Herbert."

(*To be continued.*)

THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES.

THE darkness of the tomb is past, the stone is rolled away!
He casts the bonds of death aside, at dawn of Easter Day.

Leading the glad, triumphant hosts from Limbo's depths on high,
His feet forsake the mountain-tops for realms beyond the sky.

The Holy Ghost descends,—their souls with living fire are stirred,
Timid no more, with valiant hearts they go to preach the Word.

A brief, long tryst with death, and, all her weary waiting o'er,
By angels borne to Paradise, she greets her Son once more.

Crowned!—Queen of Heaven; mystery sweet, how blest indeed were we,
Life past, to dwell forever more with our dear Lord and thee!

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THE CATHOLIC WINTER SCHOOL.

REV. MORGAN M. SHEEDY.



OUR trip to the Catholic Winter School, which opened its first session in the quaint and historic city of New Orleans, February 16th, and closed March 14th, was by way of Florida. We were desirous of seeing this land of flowers, and glad to escape, if only for a few days, the "blizzard" which ushered in the first week of Lent. There are many points of interest to the student of American history, and especially to a Catholic, from one end of the Peninsula to the other. We looked up our history, and found that Ponce de Leon was commissioned as governor of "the island of Florida" as early as 1521, and landed on some point of the coast, probably not far from St. Augustine. Eighteen years after, Hernando de Soto reached the west coast, landing at Tampa Bay, which he named *Espiritu Santo*—Holy Spirit. A few years later, in 1549, Father Luis Barbastro, in charge of a missionary expedition, landed near Clearwater Harbor, and was killed by the Indians, with four of his companions. San Augustin, as the Spaniards wrote it, will always be of interest to Americans as the earliest permanent settlement of Europeans within the present territory of the United States. The *Plaza de la Cocstitucion*, the old Spanish fort, the Sea-Wall, and the Catholic cathedral—the original built under Spanish rule, and finished in 1701—are sure to claim the attention of visitors. One of the old bells of this church bears the date 1682, on which are inscribed the petition *Sancte Joseph, ora pro nobis*—Saint Joseph, pray for us.

Every visitor to Florida wants to see the orange groves in bloom, and inhale the balmy air, laden with the delicious perfume of the blossoms. There will be much disappointment for those who have forgotton that last year's frost totally destroyed the orange trees, except in the extreme southern portion of the Peninsula. It is only after a visit to Florida that one appreciates the disastrous effects of the freeze of last year. It is the constantly re-

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curring topic among residents. It left behind it ruin, misery, and blasted hopes. Many persons had invested the savings of a lifetime, all the money they could borrow or scrape together, in groves and plantations of one kind or another. Some had even mortgaged the growing crop to tide them over, expecting to find themselves on the road to fortune when it was harvested. Then the labor, expenditures, and efforts of years were literally wiped out in a night by the cold wave, which killed at a single stroke acres upon acres of trees, and left the land as unproductive as it was before cultivation began. It was a blow from which many settlers cannot recover, to say nothing of the pecuniary loss to the State at large. The extent of the loss has not really been measured yet, for it is possible that time may show that the injured orange, cocoanut groves, and other plantations must be all planted over again, and the process of cultivation begun from the start—a matter involving years of toil and expenditure.

We hurry on across the State, and enjoy a pleasant sail of thirty-six hours from Tampa Bay to Mobile, through the Gulf of Mexico, on our way to New Orleans. The Winter School has already opened under the most favorable auspices. Since the idea of holding a Catholic assembly of this kind was first proposed by Father Mullaney of Syracuse, New York, about a year ago, the work of preparation has been energetically and successfully carried on. How thoroughly it was made known throughout the country could be seen from the large number of Catholic laity, dignitaries, and two princes of the Church who took part in the imposing religious ceremonies which marked the formal opening of the Winter School. But a word about the Crescent City, and its generous, warm-hearted, and hospitable people, before we speak of the work of the Catholic Winter School.

New Orleans receives its visitors with open arms and heart. It has a great deal in common with those Old World cities of Europe—much more than any other city on this continent. It may not have so many treasures of art and architecture to boast of as they, but it undoubtedly has what no other American city has—a distinct flavor of ancient history about it. Although settled nearly a century later than New York or Boston, being first laid out by Sieur Bienville in 1718, it has not had, as they, a continuous histor-

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ical development from its colonial conditions to its present state; but instead has undergone three tremendous revolutionary changes, each of which has left its mark on the character of the city, and each of which threw the preceding era into the domain of ancient history. French New Orleans, as it was founded by Bienville, and continued under his successors, was a totally different place from Spanish New Orleans, as it was moulded by the iron hand of Don General O'Reilly into Spanish forms; and American New Orleans, developed after its cession to the United States by France, is yet a wholly different place; and again, the war of 1861–5 threw the wealthy and gay ante-bellum New Orleans, the queen of Southern commerce and the home of Southern aristocracy, into the irretrievable past. The city has therefore three distinct eras of history—a history full of fierce tragedy and of tender romance—and each has left its marks indelibly stamped upon the place; each has on its streets shrines of historic interest. Every frowning old building has its story to tell of religious devotion and self-sacrifice, of love or war, of political plot or social intrigue. And now a new chapter is about to be added to its history when the records of the Catholic Winter School shall be written. The visitor will look up the spot where Bienville camped on the bank of the Bayou St. John when he decided to convert the teeming swamp into a French metropolis, while the sibylline Indian hag prophesied, "The Great Spirit tells me that the time will come when, between the river and the lake, there will be as many dwellings for the white man as there are trees standing now. The haunts of the red man are doomed, and faint recollections and traditions concerning the very existence of his race will float dimly over the memory of his successors, as vague and obscure as the mist which shrouds on a winter morning the bed of the Father of waters."

Our approach of the city lay through the bayou region of Louisiana, where summer lingers, and poetry is the hand-maiden of romance; across the sugar and rice and cotton country, here and there catching a glimpse of the pine forests in the distance. In discussing the special features and attractions of New Orleans, one of our party, who was evidently in love with the dear old place, said rather strongly, in reply to some objections: "I tell

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you, sir, you are all wrong. It's the only city in the Union that isn't like every other city; and I hope that it will never get so big or so modern that it will lose its distinctive characteristics. If its French quarter is ever abolished, and its old shops wiped out, its cathedral modernized, and its picturesque population smoothed and smothered by the process of assimilation, I'll stop running down here for a month every winter, and not even the gaiety and glamor of Mardi-Gras, nor the intellectual and social attractions of the Catholic Winter School, shall tempt me." And most of us agreed with this enthusiastic admirer of New Orleans. But now that we have had a full day's rest, after reaching the city, we are ready to take our place with the hundreds of refined and cultivated people assembled in Tulane Hall, University Place, where the sessions of the Winter School are being held, having first duly qualified by registering our name, home, and school address in a book kept for that purpose.

Before speaking of the work proper of the Winter School, I must refer to the imposing religious ceremonies with which the session opened. The date, Sunday, February the 16th, 1896, has added a new chapter to the history of the old St. Louis cathedral on Jackson Square; to the Catholic Church, not alone in New Orleans, but throughout the entire South. The stately old cathedral has witnessed many glorious celebrations; it has passed through wars; it has been the meeting-place of eminent ecclesiastical bodies; it has been the centre of spiritual life for a great mass of people for generation after generation; but it was reserved for the grand and imposing service with which the Winter School opened to round out its long list of noted events. His Eminence, Cardinal Satolli, was celebrant of the Pontifical Mass, and his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, delivered the sermon. The subject of the sermon was the greatness and unchangeableness of the Church of God, of which such beneficent institutions as the Catholic Winter School had always been a dominant characteristic in its work for the good of men and the salvation of souls. Besides the two princes of the Church, there were present Archbishops Janssens and Elder, Bishops Gabriels, Vande Vyver, Heslin, Blanchard, and Meerschært, and a large number of the Catholic clergy. The Governor of the State, the Mayor of the city, judges, foremost

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men in the professional and business life of New Orleans, were to be seen in the vast congregation of five thousand people who crowded the stately old cathedral. A company of the State National Guard of Louisiana, with bright uniforms and soldierly bearing, added to the splendor and impressiveness of the service. Never before was such a church celebration witnessed in America. Cardinal Gibbons, at the close of the sermon, prayed that God would bless the work of the Catholic Winter School, which was inaugurated under the direction of the learned, wise, and prudent Archbishop of New Orleans; that it may lead to fuller knowledge of Christ and His law; that it may inspire a stronger spirit of patriotism and love of country; that it may foster a spirit of goodwill and harmony among men, to the end that faith and the love of God may be increased on this earth. Archbishop Janssens fittingly and cordially thanked the ladies and gentlemen of New Orleans, who did so much to make the School a success, the Most Reverend and Right Reverend Bishops, the many clergymen, and the State and city officials, who showed their interest in the movement by their presence in the church. And thus the opening ceremonies of the Winter School were brought to a close.

After the splendid services of Sunday, February the 16th, came two days of such carnival liberty as is known to no other American city. The Cardinals and other distinguished visitors enjoyed it from a distance, as a novelty brilliant, exciting, exhilarating, yet quite within bounds. Nothing of that false and revolting picture which Zangwill paints in his "Joseph the Dreamer" of the carnival in Rome, centuries ago, was to be seen. The natives pronounced it a most successful Mardi-Gras; and New Orleans, the Catholic and the Southern, bore herself with grace and pride in the presence of her guests. Of course, the honor of entertaining two Cardinals at the same time, and one of them the pro-Delegate, was duly appreciated, and increased the cordial spirit that pervaded the gladsome crowds. Entertainments of all kinds were in order, and the visitors were introduced to all that is of interest in the Crescent City. The many good works and religious institutions of Catholic origin and growth bore an enviable prominence in the magnificent display.

Ash Wednesday was spent in a manner befitting the day, a quiet

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reception of the Cardinals in the evening alone marking the course of the Winter School. The alumni of the Jesuit College of New Orleans were the hosts of the occasion, and many of the guests of the evening were men distinguished above their fellows, who received their training at the hands of these famous Jesuit teachers.

On Thursday, February 21st, the exercises proper to the Winter School work began in Tulane Hall. The Hall was tastily decorated with the Papal colors, the Cardinal's scarlet, and the American flag beautifully and profusely draped. The coats-of-arms of the two Cardinals were displayed in shields above the speakers' platform. All this was the work of the efficient Ladies' Auxiliary Society, which has done so much towards the success of the School. Chairman Stauffer formally announced the opening of the Catholic Winter School of America, and then called on Archbishop Janssens to preside. The Archbishop made a very happy address, which was followed by others of varying interest from Judge Parlange, who represented Governor Foster, Mayor Fitzpatrick, and the Winter School was fairly launched on its career of usefulness.

As the real work of the School began on Thursday, the middle of the week, it was necessary to put two of the shortest courses into the first day's sessions. These short courses were on astronomy and botany. The course on astronomy, delivered on Thursday and Friday afternoons by Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A. M., of Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, was illustrated by means of magic lantern-slides especially prepared by the lecturer. These views and charts were thrown on an immense canvas suspended in front of the stage, and served to explain more fully the motions and positions of the heavenly bodies. The polar system was comprehensively dealt with in Father Brennan's first lecture, and the sidereal system in the second; and as the lecturer was given not more than an hour and a half each day, it is needless to say that each discourse was an example of *multum in parvo*.

Rev. A. B. Langlois, of St. Martinsville, La., delivered two lectures on Botany, a subject to which the reverend gentleman devotes the leisure hours which come to him in an almost idyllic parish. Father Langlois prefaced his course by an apology for his defective pronunciation of English, a tongue which he is not

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accustomed to speak; but in which, one would judge from his flowing sentences, he is used to express his thoughts in writing. Once familiar with his peculiarities of speech, it was not difficult to follow his train of thought as he led us through a history of the study of botany, its development as a science, and its practical application to the needs and pleasures of man. The flora of Louisiana has a devoted student in the person of Father Langlois, a lover of its beauties and an exponent of its utilities. He quotes botany as a natural science which should appeal most strongly to the theologian, since the earnest student of it must learn to look from nature up to nature's God.

Miss Starr, on Saturday afternoon, delivered the first of her series of lectures on Art, her subject being "Essential Beauty." The study of Beauty, Miss Starr contends, should be fostered in children from their earliest years by surrounding them with an atmosphere of beauty. In our day this is not an expensive luxury, since good photographic copies of the great Catholic masters can be had at very reasonable prices. There should be no place for the horribly ugly daubs still found in some Catholic homes, which are a reflection on our holy religion and an offense to the artistic sense. Miss Starr was emphatic in her denunciation of such pictures as aids to devotion, and she holds that one good picture in the home is worth more than a cartload of rubbish. Let us proclaim a new crusade—the crusade of sound Catholic art.

The evening of February 22d was appropriately devoted to the celebration of Washington's birthday. Cardinal Gibbons made a patriotic address, and he was followed by Judge McGloin, Father Nugent, and others. There was a flood of music and song. And the good, old-fashioned kind of American patriotism ran high, and again and again during the evening the large audience broke forth in rounds of applause that would do honor to a rousing Fourth of July meeting. In the course of his address, touching on the aims of the Catholic Winter School, the Cardinal said:

"The aim of the Winter School is to break down any artificial and unnatural barriers that would separate the sanctuary from the nave; to bring the clergy and people into closer and more harmonious relations, so that they may work together in the cause of

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religion and humanity. Wherever this co-operation is found the Church is sure to flourish."

So finished the first week's course.

The second week offered two full courses of five lectures, and also introduced the names of Bishop Keane and Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy. Of Dr. Zahm's course it is not necessary to speak. It was his celebrated series on "Science and Dogma," delivered last summer both at Madison and at Plattsburg.

Dr. Zahm was introduced as the best abused man at the School, and probably he still enjoys and will continue to monopolize that title. In spite of his lucid expositions of the relations between dogma and science, he is still obliged to argue many points with individual sceptics as he descends from the rostrum; but his unfailing serenity is bound to prolong his life, and preserve him for many years to Notre Dame University.

Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, in his course on English Literature, was quite a favorite, not only because of his charming personality, but because of his Southern birth and feeling, with the large and cultivated audiences that greeted him.

Bishop Keane's three lectures, "Philosophic Thought at the End of the Century," "Philosophy of History," and "Philosophy of Art," elicited the highest praise from press and people. At his closing lecture the attendance reached its high-water mark, there being present over twelve hundred people. Quite apropos to the writer's lecture on "Socialism," Monsignor Nugent, of Liverpool, England, gave a most interesting talk on the "Waifs and Strays" of city life. He has had an experience of a lifetime in dealing with the homeless and helpless. He has done the labor of a whole Salvation Army in rescue work in Liverpool, and has lifted up thousands of fallen boys and girls from vice and the contamination of city streets.

The feature of the Summer Schools—the pleasant social intercourse among the attendants—has not been neglected by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Winter School. There were numerous receptions and entertainments, and Northern visitors found a warm welcome in the beautiful homes of the cultivated Catholics of New Orleans. The Women's Club, mostly composed of writers for the press, gave a charming reception in honor of Miss Starr.

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During the third week of the session, Mr. Condé B. Pallen delivered a course of five lectures on the "Philosophy of Literature;" Brother Baldwin, of New York, five lectures on Pedagogy; and the Honorable R. Graham Frost, of St. Louis, Mo., five lectures on Economic Questions. Father Mullaney, the foster-father of the School, lectured on Dante; Rev. Wm. Power, S. J., had a course of five lectures on Ethics; Professor Fortier, of Tulane University, in five lectures gave the history of Louisiana; while Miss Starr concluded her course on Art with Fra Angelico and the story of the Sistine Chapel. The writer did not have the good fortune to be present at these lectures; his brief vacation being ended, he had to return home at the close of the second week's session; and therefore he has no word of criticism to offer. At the same time he has but little doubt that everybody was more than pleased with the subjects discussed, and the treatment of them by the several distinguished lecturers.

To sum up our impressions of the Catholic Winter School, there is no hesitancy in pronouncing it a decided success from every point of view—socially, financially, and in numerical attendance. There was an average attendance of between three and four hundred persons, and in some instances the attendance reached as high as twelve hundred persons. The contingent from the North and West, up to the second week, was about one hundred. The success of the School is in a large measure due to the good judgment, tact, and untiring labor of Father Nugent, of St. Joseph's Church, New Orleans, and the generous co-operation of the Board of Directors of the Society of the Holy Spirit, under whose auspices the School is conducted. The Summer School idea, transplanted from beside the cool and refreshing waters of Champlain to the genial winter climate of the Gulf of Mexico, has already taken firm root, and its growth and development are assured. "When I return to Rome," said Cardinal Satolli, "and the Holy Father asks me what pleased me most in America, I shall answer, 'the week I spent in New Orleans at the Catholic Winter School.'" That is, I believe, the feeling of all who attended its first session.

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SLAVERY ABROAD AND AT HOME.

JOHN A. MOONEY.



"IN pursuance of your Majesty's order in Council, we do most humbly certify our opinion to be that negroes are merchandise." Who were the persons that humbly certified their opinion to be: that black men were merchandise? And who was the Majesty to whom this notable opinion was rendered? Was Ferdinand II. of Spain the Majesty in question; and was it a Spanish royal Council that certified, humbly, the opinion that: "negroes are merchandise?" Some self-cultured folk will be shocked, and yet the truth must be told. William III. of England, William of Orange, was the Majesty whose mind was enlightened, and whose conscience was lightened by this judicial opinion. Ten English judges, "very learned and worthy men," united in certifying, "in reply to a demand from the king in Council," that negroes were merchandise. The date of this English judicial opinion is 1689, one hundred and eighty-five years after the death of Queen Isabella, and one hundred and seventy-three years after the death of her consort, Ferdinand II. of Spain.

Adopting the words of Washington Irving, we might qualify this judicial opinion as: "one of a most pernicious tendency"; or as one evidencing the "mistaken view of natural right prevalent at the day," in England. Two centuries, lacking only ten years, had passed since Columbus was "dispossessed and despoiled, ignominiously, of the estate and honor he earned by such immense and incredible dangers and toilings"; and still, here in reformed, revolutionized, Orange-ized England, the Law, as certified to his Majesty, holds that all black men are "merchandise." Slave is a harsh word, when by slave a man is meant; but compared with the word "merchandise," as a synonym for man, slave is a mild word, and, it may be, a noble word.

However, my purpose in quoting the opinion of the English

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judges is not that I may make phrases about its perniciousness. My purpose is to show, from this opinion, how ignorant, or mendacious, or feeble-minded, are those writers who single out the Spain of Ferdinand and Isabella as the exemplar of a land in which "mistaken views about natural right" have prevailed. And further, quoting the English judicial opinion of 1689, my purpose is to save future biographers of Columbus from wasting their treasure of graciousness in an attempt to excuse the illustrious Admiral for acts of which he was not guilty, by pleading that he should be judged according to the Ethical standards of his age and country. Catholic, as well as non-Catholic biographers, have been more gracious than informed or reflective.

Should a writer condemn Ferdinand, Isabella, and Columbus, because of their policy in dealing with the Indians of the New World, he must judge the Spanish sovereigns and their Admiral by the Ethical standards of the ages preceding the fifteenth century. A king of England, William the Conqueror, issued an edict against the slave trade which he found "prevalent" in his new kingdom, six hundred years before William of Orange was advised that negroes were merchandise. Early in the twelfth century, the English Roman Catholic clergy, assembled in Council at London, forbade their lay brethren to continue in the "nefarious trade of selling men as if they were brute animals," a trade in which the English, generally, were engaged.[1] The men of whom the English made merchandise when the London Council condemned the nefarious trade, were not negroes, but they were native-born white men. In Ireland, the English sold one the other up to the year 1171. The Roman Catholic Irish clergy, gathered in Council at Armagh, denouncing the infamous vice, common among the English, of selling their relatives, not sparing even their sons, decreed that everywhere throughout the green isle, the English slaves should be emancipated, and restored to their pristine liberty. This decree was far-reaching, for at the time Ireland "was full of kidnapped Englishmen, sold into slavery."[2]

[1] Balmes: Protestantism and Catholicity compared; Baltimore, 1854, p. 434.
[2] History of the English People, J. R. Green, illustrated edition, London, 1892. vol i., p. 895; Bancroft, History of the U. S., Boston, 1841, vol. i., p. 162; Balmes, p. 437, gives text of the decree.

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Judged by the elevated standard of Ethics prevalent among the Irish of the twelfth century, the Spaniards of the fifteenth century might find it difficult to defend their treatment of the peaceable Indians of the New World. But no Englishman of the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, or nineteenth centuries, no descendant of the colonists of North America, could make a case against the Spaniards of the fifteenth century, or of any later century, without convicting England and the American colonies of a pernicious inhumanity, a nefarious disregard of natural rights, a barbarism, quite inexcusable in ages of post-mediæval Progress.

There can be no doubt that the English judges who, in pursuance of his Majesty's order in Council, certified, in the year 1689, that negroes were merchandise, certified the law, according to English precedents. The negro had been English merchandise for at least one hundred and twenty-seven years. As a brute animal he had been bought and sold since the happy days of "good Queen Bess," to whom a monopoly in the slave trade was granted. The Virgin Queen was a partner of those distinguished Ethical Culturists, John Hawkins and Francis Drake, and shared the profits of their "inhuman traffic" in negroes captured or bought in Africa and illicitly sold in the Spanish American settlements.[1] By the laws of Spain this traffic was forbidden. The English queen was therefore engaged in smuggling as well as in the slave trade. Her Ethical views on the rights of man were certified in the patent conferring on her partner a baronetcy. Plain John Hawkins became a Sir, because of his greedy and bloody service in the cause of negro servitude. Shade of Shakespeare! Shade of Bacon! Shade of Spenser! Four hundred and sixty years before the firm of Hawkins and Elizabeth started in the negro slave business, the Roman Catholic clergy of London led a campaign for the freedom of the children of the English people, and for the abolition of the horrible custom "prevalent at the time," among Englishmen, of selling their blood relatives into slavery.

[1] Lingard, History of England, London, MDCCCLI., vol. viii., pp. 259-263; Bancroft, History of the U. S., vol i., p. 173; *De L'Esclavage dan ses rapports avec l'Union Américaine*, Auguste Carlier, Paris, 1862, p. 106; J. K. Ingram, A History of Slavery and Serfdom, London, 1895, p. 149; Greene, J. R., Hist. of English People, ill., ed., vol. i., p. 789.

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Three hundred and ninety-one years had passed since the Irish Roman Catholic clergy, in the Council of Armagh, ordered the Irish to manumit all their English slaves; and yet in the glorious days of chaste Elizabeth, a negro is accounted mere merchandise! A modern should be tempted to ask: Was Elizabeth no more than a "survival" of a barbarous English "mediævalism"?

Those who are interested in the Ethical standards of modern times may consult with advantage the article on "Slavery" published in the Encyclopædia Britannica, a work much esteemed by some self-culturers.[1] Though the article is far from exhaustive, and is occasionally untruthful, some of its statements may be relied upon. After Elizabeth's day, the African slave trade was systematized in England; and that it might be profitable to the Crown, the trade was committed to "exclusive companies." The efficiency of these companies may be judged from the following figures. Between 1680 and 1700, the African Company exported 300,000 negroes; and, during the 86 years succeeding, no less than 610,000 African slaves were imported into Jamaica alone. The trade was open to all Englishmen, for forty years out of the eighty-six. According to an estimate of Bryan Edwards, the historian of the West Indies, 2,130,000 negro slaves were imported into the British Colonies of America, between 1680 and 1786. This estimate is not too high, if we accept an estimate no less reliable that, in 1774, there were five million negro slaves in the American colonies. Liverpool, London, Bristol, and Lancaster, controlled most of the nefarious trade. At the opening of the Revolutionary War, a fleet of one hundred and ninty-two English vessels sailed the seas, trafficking in negro merchandise.

The English were not the only people who made merchandise of the black man during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. A share of the traffic went to the Dutch, the Portuguese, the Danes, and the French. On the coast of Africa, the traders obtained their live stock at "factories" or agencies, where the kidnapped negroes were stored. The English government controlled the English

[1] Mr. J. K. Ingram, to whose work on Slavery I have referred, is, probably, the writer of the article in the Britannica.

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factories after the slave trade was, in 1749, thrown open to all Englishmen. In 1791 there were forty slave factories on the African coast. Of these 15 belonged to the Dutch, 4 to the Portuguese, 4 to the Danes, and 3 to the French. The remaining 14 were English agencies, and through these the English controlled more than one-half of the trade.[1] It is notable that no Spanish factories are on this list. The Spaniards never maintained a factory on the slave coast, after the Bull of Alexander VI., defining the limits of their colonial expansion. They had the Inquisition, of course; but they had not retrograded into a condition of lamentable "mediævalism," similar to that of the English and the Dutch, who, at the end of the eighteenth century, still encouraged a most "mistaken view of natural right." Had the Spaniards retrograded, one might plead for them, on the comical ground that the Inquisition had lowered their Ethical standards. But what can we say for those pioneers in the onward march of human freedom, human reason and liberty of conscience,—the countrymen of good Queen Bess and of William of Orange?

The Ethical standards of the American colonists of the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries, an Irish cleric of the twelfth century would have denounced as pernicious. In the Virginia colony, founded in 1607, Indians captured in war, or by trick and device, were enslaved. The law duly sanctioned the prevalent custom. In 1660 it was ordained that: "if the Indians caused any losses to the whites and refused to indemnify the latter, the Indians could be seized and sold as slaves *for exportation*, to a number sufficient to cover the damage they had caused." Thus the slave trade in Indians was legalized. Sixteen years later an act was passed declaring that: "All Indians taken in war are to be held and accounted slaves during life." This legislation, an American historian suggests, "may help perhaps to explain the eagerness of the colonists for offensive warfare." By the code of 1682, "the condition of slavery was imposed upon all servants whether negroes, Moors, mulattoes, or Indians, brought into the colony by sea or land, whether converted to Christianity or not, provided they were not

[1] Encyclopædia Britannica; article: Slavery; Ingram, History of Slavery, *passim*; Hildreth, vol. ii., p. 427; Bancroft, vol. iii., p. 414.

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of Christian parentage or country, or Turks or Moors in amity with his Majesty." (Charles II.) [1]

From the foundation of the royal province of South Carolina, in 1670, captured Indians were treated as merchandise. The colonists displayed "an eagerness for offensive warfare," no less explicable than the eagerness of the Virginians. They sold their Indian slaves to the other colonies, and made a foreign market for them besides. "They persisted in a partisan war with the neighboring Indians, as a pretense for kidnapping and selling them in the West Indies as slaves." [2] The Catawbas were dearer, by the pound, than the grapes we have named after them; but two hundred years ago, the Catawba Indian was merchandise, as much as the Catawba grape is to-day. Early in the 18th century, the colony made a new market in Pennsylvania. In their "offensive warfare" the South Carolinians did not hesitate to bargain for the aid of one tribe against another, the terms being that the allied Indians should be privileged to sell into slavery half the captives made among their own race. The status of all Indians, and half-breeds brought into the colony, was fixed by law in 1712. They were condemned to slavery because of their being of: "a barbarous, wild, savage nature, and such as renders them wholly unqualified to be governed by the laws, customs, and practices of this province." [3]

The Mayflower, bearing the Pilgrim Fathers, was freighted with a precious burden of "loyal servants of their dread sovereign, King James," as, in sight of Cape Cod, the forty signers of the famous pact avouched. To a strange land they had voyaged: "for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith and honor of their king and country." From Plymouth Rock a grand, sweet song of universal freedom, echoing and re-echoing, awakened the sleeping, shackled world of 1620; so the modest descendants of the Puritans are wont to proclaim often and elo-

[1] Hildreth: History of the United States from the Discovery to the Organization of Government under the Federal Const., N. Y., 1849, vol. i., p. 538; vol. i., p. 561; *La République Américaine*, Auguste Carlier, Paris, 1890, vol. i., p. 63.

[2] Hildreth, vol. ii., p. 37, p. 270.

[3] Bancroft, vol. iii., p. 321; Hildreth, vol. ii., pp. 274, 275; Historical Collections of South Carolina, Carroll, New York, 1836, vol. i., p. 74.

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quently. Who shall say what the New Plymouth colonists might have done to correct the "mistaken views of natural right prevalent" in Virginia, had not the Dorchester Company of Puritans, and its successor, the Massachusetts Bay Company of Puritans, fixed the site of Salem, of Charlestown, and of Boston, and had not the Massachusetts colony eventually absorbed the territory of the Pilgrims, and with it the limited number of New Plymouth Christians who could boast of being "freemen"?

In 1641, thirteen years after Endicott's, and eleven years after Winthrop's coming, the famous "Body of Liberties" was adopted by the General Court. By Art. 91 of these "Fundamentals," it was ordained: "There shall never be any bond slavery, villenage or captivity among us, unless it be *lawful captives taken in war*, and such *strangers* as willingly sell themselves *or are sold* to us. And these shall have all the liberties and Christian usages which the law of God established in Israel concerning such persons doth morally require." Indian captives were thus declared to be slaves; and Indian *strangers* sold to the Puritans could be enslaved. Though Indian slavery existed in other colonies before 1641, Indian slavery and the Indian slave trade were for the first time legalized by Art. 91 of the Massachusetts Body of Liberties.[1] Queen Isabella was dead one hundred and thirty-seven years. One and forty-four years had the car of Progress whirled through Britain's realms, since Columbus was dispossessed and despoiled. Presumably the Ethical standards of Massachusetts are Mosaically Christian. Are they higher than those maintained by the Spaniards of the fifteenth century? No. They are, though, much lower than the Catholic standards "prevalent" among the Irish in the twelfth century.

The "excellent" John Winthrop, six times Governor of Massachusetts, and President of the Commissioners of the Confederacy of New England (1643), dying in 1649, willed his Indian slaves to his son.[2]

The Rhode Island plantations were not Puritan. They owed

[1] The Law of Freedom and Bondage in the United States, J. C. Hurd, Boston, MDCCCLVIII., vol. i., p. 205; pp. 260, 261; Carlier: *De L'Esclavage, etc.*, pp. 107, 108.

[2] Bancroft, vol. i., p. 168.

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their existence to a love of Liberty—of conscience. Still the views of natural right prevalent among the colonists were no different from the views held by the Puritans. Even Roger Williams was not above enslaving Indians. Two days after the death of King Philip, in 1676, Williams was appointed one of a committee to determine what should be done with the Indians captured and brought into Providence. The committee determined to sell them, and so reported, Williams signing the report, and accepting a share of the proceeds of the sale. That the Indians had been enslaved in the colony before King Philip's war, is apparent from the wording of the notice of sale; for the captives are offered "at the price they sell at Rhode Island or elsewhere; all *under 5 years* to serve till 30; above 5 and *under* 10 till 28; above 10 to 15 till 27 .... all above 30, shall serve seven years."[1] The Ethical standards of Williams were not higher than those set up by the Spaniard, Las Casas, one hundred and sixty years earlier. Think of Las Casas selling five-year-old children, and profiting by the nefarious transaction!

How considerably the Rhode Islanders dealt in red-man merchandise, we learn from the Act passed in 1715, prohibiting the further importation of Indian slaves into the colony, because, as the preamble to the Act states: "the increase of their number discourages the immigration of white laborers."[2]

Neither among the Dutch founders of the New Netherland colony, nor among their English successors, were the views of natural right more "unmediæval" than those which the Puritans were pleased to base on their Mosaical Christianity. Captive Indians were enslaved, bought and sold, by the Dutch and the English. Under the body of laws formed by the Duke of York for the government of the English colony, only Christians who had not sold themselves, were protected from slavery.[3] Nor could the inhabitants of the territory granted to Berkeley and Carteret, and by them named New Jersey, cast a stone at their neighbors. Indeed, not a single one of the original colonies spared the captive Indian. William Penn would have saved him, but his Ethical

[1] Memoir of Roger Williams; Jas. D. Knowles, Boston, 1834, pp. 347-348.
[2] Hurd: The Law of Freedom, etc., p. 276.
[3] Carlier: La République Americaine, vol. i., p. 279.

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standards were too high for the Quakers of the day, not to mention those who, refusing to be guided by the motion of the spirit, trusted to English precedents, and traded in Indians as if they were brute animals.

Sixty-nine years before an English juridical opinion certified that negroes were merchandise, the first cargo of Africans arrived at Jamestown, in the Virginia colony. The enterprising skipper who made a small venture in negroes, found a ready sale for them. From the year 1620, we date the introduction of negro slavery into the American colonies. Need I say that Columbus was neither the captain of the pioneer slave ship, nor a shareholder in the venture. Dispossessed and despoiled, the Admiral had parted from an ungrateful world one hundred and fourteen years previously. To a Dutchman the honor belongs of first introducing negro merchandise into the colonies. His name, like that of many a worthier man, is not recorded on any page of history.

During the sixty years following the first importation of negroes into Virginia, many thousands of kidnapped Africans were sold to the colonists, and enslaved. Meantime some tender consciences were troubled by a doubt: Could a Christian be held as a slave? This doubt was resolved by the law of 1682, by which all servants, "whether negroes, Moors, mulattoes, or Indians, brought into the colony by sea or land," were declared slaves, "whether they had been converted to Christianity or not, provided they were not of Christian parentage or country, or Turks or Moors in amity with his Majesty." This law I have already quoted, but it is so comprehensive, and so instructive a law, that I do not hesitate to quote it a second time. From it we may acquire a solid knowledge concerning the views of natural right prevalent at the time.[1] In 1705, the wording of the law was simplified and broadened; and it was provided that: "All servants imported in the colony by sea or land, and who were not already Christians in the land of their birth, shall be considered as slaves, notwithstanding their subsequent conversion to Christianity, and notwithstanding their sojourn in England." The law of 1705 also

[1] Hildreth, vol. i., p. 561.

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submitted children to the condition of the mother.[1] Thus the offspring of a white father, the mother being a negress, a mulatto woman, or a squaw, were condemned to slavery.

In Maryland the condition of the negro was no better than in Virginia. "All negroes and other slaves within this province," says the law of 1663, "and all negroes and other slaves to be hereafter imported into this province shall serve during life; and all children born of any negro or other slave, shall be slaves, as their fathers were, for the term of their lives."[2] By the second section of this law, 'free-born English women married to negroes were declared servants of the husband's master, during the husband's life'; and "the issue of such marriages shall be slaves for life"!

In South Carolina, "negro slavery is coeval with the first plantations on the Ashley River."[3] The first cargo of negro merchandise was delivered in the colony when it was not much more than a year old; and thereafter the colonists engaged freely in the slave trade with Barbadoes. Within a few years the negroes numbered two for every white person. To the law of 1712, by which the Indians and half-breeds were pronounced slaves, we have already referred. The same law affirms that: "All negroes or mulattoes which at any time heretofore have been sold, and now are held or taken to be or hereafter shall be bought or sold for slaves, are hereby declared slaves; and they and their children are hereby made and declared slaves to all intents and purposes." Lest any one may question the views of natural right prevalent at the day, I quote another provison of this law of the eighteenth century: "Since charity and the Christian religion which we profess, obliges us to wish well to the souls of men, and that religion may not be made a pretense to alter any man's *property* and *right*, and that no person may neglect to baptize their negroes or slaves for fear that thereby they should be manumitted and set free," "it shall be and is hereby declared lawful for any negro or Indian-slave, or any other slave or slaves whatsoever, to receive and profess the Christian faith, and to be thereunto baptized; but notwithstanding such slave or slaves shall receive or profess the

[1] Carlier: La République, etc., vol. i., p. 66.

[2] Hildreth, vol. i., p. 519. [3] Bancroft, vol. ii., p. 170.

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Christian religion, and be baptized, he or they shall not be manumitted or set free."[1] Twenty-eight years later the slave code is no less "charitable" and no more Christian. "All negroes, Indians, mulattoes and mestizoes (except those now free) who now are or shall hereafter be in this province, and all their issue and offspring born and to be born, shall be, and they are hereby declared to be and remain *forever absolute slaves*, and shall follow the condition of *the mother*, and shall be claimed, held, taken, reputed and adjudged in law to be *chattels personal*."[2]

The colonists of North Carolina enslaved negroes as well as Indians; but among the colonial statutes not one determined who could or could not be a slave. "On usage or the supposed law of England," the North Carolina system was based. In 1741, however, laws were passed for the regulation of all slaves. The views of natural right prevalent at the time were similar to those held by the Virginians.[3] What usage sanctioned up to the year 1704, sixty years after the foundation of the colony, may be surmised from the fact that the Presbyterians, Independents, Lutherans, and Quakers, who formed the colony, were 'almost utter strangers to any form of worship.' They were "men who drew their politics, their faith and their law from the light of nature."[4] The traditions of the original constitution, devised by John Locke for the government of the colony, cannot have exerted a beneficial influence on those who later drew their law from the light of nature; for, "without compunction," Locke proposed that 'every freeman of Carolina should have *absolute* power and authority over his negro slaves.'[5]

The charter of the Georgia province was conferred "in trust for the poor." Oglethorpe, following the wishes of the Trustees, forbade the early colonists to own negro slaves. Before long, "the idle, thriftless and ungrateful" settlers began to protest against the humane views of natural right compulsorily prevalent on the banks of the Savannah and the Altamaha. A petition that negro slavery be allowed in the colony, was forwarded to the English Commons. The Commons, supporting the Trustees,

[1] Hildreth, vol. ii., pp. 272–275.
[2] Hildreth, vol. ii., p. 421.
[3] Hildreth, vol. ii., p. 423.
[4] Bancroft, vol. iii., p. 21.
[5] Bancroft, vol. ii., p. 148.

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denied the petition, much to the dissatisfaction of the colonists, who, with the exception of a quota of German Moravians, were inclined to accept the Ethical standards recognized in South Carolina. Finally the Germans were induced to submit the question of morals to their brethren in the Fatherland. How did these truly good men decide? We have their answer. "If," said they, "you take slaves according to the faith and with the intention of conducting them to Christ, the action will not be sinful; indeed, it may prove a benediction."[1] Even the Georgian Moravians could no longer object. Hungry for the promised benediction, the colonists once more petitioned the Trustees. Meantime the local Council permitted the Georgians to bring negroes into the colony, not as slaves, but as indentured servants, the term of service to be limited to *one hundred years.* Finally the Trustees yielded, though, mindful of the poor, they required that masters should give religious instruction to their black merchandise, on every Sunday. After 1749 the negro was bartered as freely and treated as gently, in Georgia, as in North or South Carolina.

From the Massachusetts "Body of Liberties," we have already learned the status of the negro among the Puritans. With a prudence amounting to cuteness, the negro was not named in the Fundamentals. He was covered under the term "stranger." Strangers "sold to us" could be enslaved. By the Body of Liberties, therefore, not only negro slavery, but also the slave trade, was recognized as lawful. O Liberty! What mistaken views of natural right have been legalized in thy name!

The Puritans were not satisfied to make slaves of those negroes only who were sold to them by others. Four years after the adoption of the charter of Liberty "one Thomas Keyser and one James Smith, the latter a member of the Church of Boston, first brought upon the colonies the guilt of participating in the traffic in African slaves," Bancroft says.[2] There were negro slaves in Massachusetts before Winthrop's arrival in 1629. Who participated in their sale, we do not know; but we do know that the Boston slave trade, once legalized, grew apace. According to

[1] Hildreth, vol. ii., p. 418. [2] Vol. i., pp. 173, 174.

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Hildreth, the number of slaves in Boston, in 1754, proportionately to the free inhabitants, exceeded the number in Baltimore.[1]

The enslavement of negroes, during the first ten years of the existence of the Massachusetts colony, depended on no statute, for there was no law other than "crowner's quest law"; or as Mr. Palfrey puts it: "Equity, as its principles and rules existed in the magistrates' reason and conscience, instructed by Scripture."[2] After the "Body of Liberties" had sanctioned slavery and the slave trade, the law frequently referred to the negro slave, and not only to the negro, but also to the mulatto slave. The children of a white mother and a black father, or of a black mother and a white father, were therefore submitted to slavery, just as they were in Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas.[3]

In the Connecticut settlements the negro was no less a subject of trade and truck than in Massachusetts; and after 1650, the Ludlow code of Hartford recognized both negro slavery and the negro slave trade. By this code, as well as by the New Haven code of 1655, the colonists were encouraged to barter Indians for negroes. Every Indian sachem or chief was made responsible for the acts of his subjects; and all the subjects were held liable for the wrongdoing of any individual. Suffering injury from one Indian, a colonist, upon the refusal of the sachem to repair the loss, could take the means to seize any or all subjects of the chief. The captured Indians became the property of the injured colonist, and he could put them at service for his own advantage, or sell them for exportation, or in exchange for negroes.[4] Lo! The poor negro, as well as the poor Indian!

"Whereas, there is a common course practised amongst Englishmen to buy negers, to the end that they may have them for service or slaves forever," are the words of a Providence statute of 1652, "for the purpose of preventing of such practices among us, let it be ordered that no black mankind or white be forced to serve any man *or his assigns* longer than ten years."[5] Roger Williams tried to be ahead of the age, but he failed dismally. "Unfortunately for the honor of Rhode Island, this regulation,

[1] Vol. ii., p. 419. [2] History of New England, vol. ii., p. 22.
[3] Hurd, pp. 262, 263. [4] Hildreth, vol. i., pp. 371–372; Hurd, pp. 268–269.
[5] Hurd, p. 275.

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enacted during a temporary disturbance of the province, never extended to the other towns and never obtained the force of general law." [1] Newport became a centre of the slave trade, and through this trade many of our "first families" acquired great fortunes. In the middle of the eighteenth century, the ratio of slaves to whites in the Rhode Island port was larger than that of Boston itself.[2]

The negro fared no better in New Hampshire or in Maine than in the home of the Baptists or of the Puritans. Throughout New England he was a slave, a brute animal, merchandise, a chattel personal. Among the Dutch or the English colonists of New Amsterdam or New York, were the prevalent views of natural right equally mild? I choose the epithet "mild," because Mr. Bancroft says that: "On every subject but religion, the *mildness* of Puritan legislation corresponded to the popular character of Puritan doctrines." If Mr. Bancroft be correct in his statement, then I may affirm that the Amsterdamers and New Yorkers were mild to the negro. "The Dutch merchants who engaged in planting New York, were largely interested in the slave trade, and covenanted to furnish emigrants to that colony with all the negroes that they might desire." [3] We cannot be surprised, under the circumstances, when we hear that: "The Dutch records allude to the existence of slavery in the settlements on the Hudson, in 1626, and even at the first settlement of New Amsterdam, and in those on the Delaware in 1639." [4]

Were the Encyclopædia Britannica a trustworthy authority, we should expect to note a marked improvement in the condition of the negro after the English had gained control of the province. The writer of the article on "Slavery" in the Britannica, assures us that: "It may be truly said that from the latter part of the sevententh century, when the nature of the slave trade began to be understood by the public, all that was best in England was adverse to it." Either this statement is false, or else Queen Anne and her government were opposed to all that was best in England. For history tells us that: "The eighteenth century was, as it were,

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[1] Hildreth, vol. i., p. 373.
[2] Hildreth, vol. ii., p. 419.
[3] Bancroft, vol. i., p. 465; vol. ii., p. 171.
[4] Hurd, p. 206.

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ushered in by the royal instructions of Queen Anne to the Governor of New York and New Jersey 'to give due encouragement to merchants, and in particular to the Royal African Company of England.'"[1] The queen's instruction is a most religious document. Lord Cornbury was the governor to whom she addressed it. "Take special care," said the most Christian queen, "that God Almighty be devoutly and duly served," and "to give all possible encouragement to trade and traders: Particularly to the Royal African Company of England"; and, further, the queen "recommended the said company to take special care that the said province may have a constant and sufficient supply of merchantable negroes at moderate rates." Evidently Anne was a free-trader.[2] The Royal Amsterdam Company, and all that was best in New York and New Jersey, labored zealously to show their respect for her Majesty's wishes; and soon New York became an emporium, a centre of the traffic in negro slaves. There are no testimonies of the past showing that the colonists took any special care that God might be devoutly and duly served by the merchantable negroes; though it would have been possible to effect this desirable end, "at moderate rates." We have testimony, however, that: "the slave code of the New York province," during the eighteenth century, "was hardly less harsh than that of Virginia."[3]

Under Penn's humane guidance, may we look for Ethical standards more truly Mosaic or more Christian than those by which consciences and manners were refined and soothed among the New Yorkers and the Puritans? We may look, but we shall not find. At the General Assembly of the freeman of Pennsylvania, called in 1700, one Keith, a schismatic Quaker, pleaded for an official condemnation of slavery, as contrary to the law of Christ. The majority refused to alter the condition of negro slavery already existing, nor did Penn support the measure. How utterly mistaken were the views of natural right entertained by the majority, we can estimate from the decision of the assembly on an Ethical question, more important than the question of slavery. Penn argued in favor of legitimizing the marriage re-

[1] Bancroft, vol. iii., p. 415.
[2] Dunlap, vol. i., p. 260.
[3] Hildreth, vol. ii., p. 419.

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lations existing among the blacks; and though, most commendably, the Quaker founder insisted in his endeavor to have negroes recognized as human beings rather than as brute animals, the Christian freeman of the colony refused to alter the inhuman status of the black slave. And yet one of the pretexts alleged as an excuse for holding slaves in the colony, was that, through slavery the negro could be more readily Christianized! The Pennsylvanians, notwithstanding this painful record, were among the first to adopt statutes looking to the diminution of the slave trade, at home.

The Pennsylvania colony was not the only one that failed to legitimize the marriage of slaves. Ten centuries of Christian law and example had, alas! no influence on England or on her American colonies. It was Pope Adrian I. (A. D. 772–795), upon whose tomb Charles the Great inscribed his own name, so that fame might forever sound it in unison with the name of "the best of fathers,"—Adrian it was who certified the Christian law, saying: "According to the words of the Apostles, as in Jesus Christ, we ought not to deprive either slaves or freemen of the sacraments of the Church, so it is not in any way allowed to prevent the marriage of slaves; and if their marriages have been contracted in spite of the opposition and repugnance of their masters, nevertheless they ought not to be dissolved in any way." Five centuries later, St. Thomas Aquinas (1227–1274), defending natural right and expressing the Christian tradition, declared that, as to marriage, slaves were not bound to obey their masters.[1] Hath Progress fooled men now and then, slyly going back—away back—on her tracks!

In the American colonies, as in the step-mother country, slavery and the slave trade were recognized as lawful during the whole of the eighteenth century; and no legal steps were taken, in the colonies, to modify the condition of the slave, until the year 1774. As already stated, in the middle of the century, the Puritan colonies were no less active than the Southern provinces, in "trucking" negro merchandise. Rhode Island, it is true, held more slaves, proportionately, than Connecticut; but Connecticut was not second to Massachusetts.

[1] Balmes, p. 113.

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Imagine that lover of human liberty, the Spanish Dominican, Bartholomew Las Casas, passing judgment on the facts here presented! The title of the American colonists had no basis other than that of discovery and occupation. It was no better, certainly, than the Spanish title to the Indies. Las Casas would have adjudged the one null and void, in the same sense that he adjudged the other null and void. The American colonists enslaved the Indians captured in war. Las Casas would have denounced this action as a crime. Defending their land and their homes, the Indians were in their right, he would have maintained. In England and in the colonies, he would have pleaded, argued, protested loudly, strenuously, incessantly with Lords, Commons, Ministers, Kings, Protectors, General Courts, and Assemblies; threatening divine justice on one and all. The slavery of the negroes he would have equally condemned; for though, in the beginning, he accepted the title to African slaves as a just title, later in life he pronounced it no more just than the title to the Indian slaves. The plea that enslaving them as a means to conversion might prove a benediction, he would have repelled as hypocritical, a mere cloak to cover greed.

I have already suggested that children should not play with the text of Las Casas. The paper on which it is written has edges sharper than those of the common foolscap. Sir John Hawkins affected mottoes based on sound Ethical principles. Two of his favorites were: "Serve God daily"; "Love one another."[1] We miss one that, happily completing a set, would surely have delighted the tender heart of "good Queen Bess." Thus it should have read: "God bless our negro slave's home." Considering the piety of Hawkins and Elizabeth, and also of King William and of Queen Anne, could Las Casas have excused the English Crown, the Proprietors, Trustees, or colonial slave-owners and traders, on account of their "invincible ignorance"? The Spaniards, he would not excuse on this ground; and assuredly, after his apostleship, which reached into England itself, no Englishman, Swede, Dane, Moravian, Huguenot, or Dutchman, could hope for a hearing, had he no better excuse to offer.

[1] Ingram, p. 147.

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To the English, Las Casas would have quoted the decree of the Council of Armagh; and then would have reproached them for their contempt of the beautiful example of Christian civilization displayed by the Irish clergy of the twelfth century, when they ordered that all the English slaves—sold by their English fathers and relatives to the Irish—should be set free.

And now, may we not hope that biographers of Columbus, whatever their nationality or creed, will hereafter be gracious to the Dutch Skipper who sold the first cargo of Africans at Jamestown; or to Thomas Keyser, and to James Smith, of the church of Boston; or to the Moravian brethren; or to the Georgia Trustees "for the poor"; or to the authors of the Massachusetts "Body of Liberties"; or to Queen Elizabeth, William and Anne, and their lawful successors. Measure these worthies by the views of natural right prevalent in their day, if you please. Lax enough these views were. Judged by the severer, "mediæval" Ethical standards of Spain, in the fifteenth century, neither Ferdinand, nor Isabella, nor their Royal Council, nor their Admiral, the Discoverer of the New World, need ask for any favor from a king, queen, proprietor, legislator, churchman or "freeman" of them all.

TOWER OF DAVID.

EUGENE DAVIS.

On the hill's crest a mystic tow'r doth stand,
Tall, stately, and majestic, smiling o'er
Wide wastes of sea and lake and winding shore—
A sentinel and guardian of the land!
Light-crowned, throughout the night it guides the way
Of many a weary traveller near and far,
Who, when he sees it gleaming like a star,
Finds the dark clouds melt into space away.

So o'er life's plains she shines divinely fair,
David's own Tower, the sprig of Jesse's rod,
Lighting the paths of sorrow and of care
Down through long years by human footsteps trod:
Hope shall not die while it stands gleaming there—
A tower of strength, a citadel of God!

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CHILDREN OF THE ROSARY.

DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN:—The Easter happiness which will come to all the Children of the Rosary, is the blessing brought by our loving Lord, in His glorious resurrection from the dead. By this He made His dear Mother and the apostles and disciples rejoice, when they knew that after His sorrowful death He rose from the grave, and lived again, beautiful and glorious with the divine loveliness which the angels and saints in Heaven now see. Having worthily passed through the Lenten days, the Soldiers of the Angelic Warfare, who are also to be known as the little Fishermen and Maidens, will enter into the joyful celebration of that dear mystery of the Rosary which tells of our Lord's Resurrection. Saying the decade—the first glorious,—they will think how our Blessed Redeemer, having died on the Cross, came back to life, as He had promised, to show to the people that He only died because He wanted to save us from dying in sin, and that He was able to rise again, as He said. Now, dear little Rosarians, think about this, and learn how good is your loving Lord. One day you will die, but you will rise again, to see God and His Blessed Mother in heavenly glory. This will be your happy blessing, if now you try to do what will be pleasing to Jesus and Mary. Happy, happy Easter to all our dear little Children of the Rosary, to all our Soldiers of the Angelic Warfare, trying to be faithful little Fishermen and Maidens!

EDITOR.

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To Daffodils

Faire daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soone;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noone:
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will goe with you along!

We have short time to stay, as you;
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything;
We die,
As your hours doe; and drie
Away
Like to the summer's raine,
Or as the pearles of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

Robert Herrick.

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LITTLE FISHERMEN AND MAIDENS.

AQUINAS.

"REV. dear Father Editor, had you not better allow less space to the children? Give us more room for the 'grown-ups.'"

This, dear children, is what a certain "grown-up" wrote to the editor the other day. Now did you ever! Why, just think of it—give less space to the children! Where in the world would all the "grown-ups" be to-day were it not for the children? Like Topsy, who was "never born, but *growed*," all these dignified big people were once little themselves. Then of course they "growed," until some of them had "growed" so much that they really came to forget that they hadn't been born "grown-up."

Other grown people, however, never forget, and I think the Editor is one of this remembering kind, for he does not want to stint his young folks. On the contrary, he desires to give you another corner all for yourselves.

Children, do you not think this will be charming? Let us christen ourselves at once, and then we shall feel that we all belong to one band, and shall tell one another what we are going to do. Suppose we call ourselves "Little Fishermen and Maidens"?

"But why that name?" you ask.

Well, because, in the first place, the fisher people are such humble, simple folk; their hearts are clean and pure: there is the freshness of the salt sea and the dancing waves about them. Secondly, most of them use nets in which to catch their fish. Thirdly, many of them make or weave these nets themselves.

All this our "Little Fishermen and Maidens" will surely desire to be and do. Listen, and we shall explain.

1st. We have banded together as fishermen and maidens to *be* and *do* good. If any boy or girl is ashamed to acknowledge that this is his or her ambition—an ambition above all things else in the whole wide world,—why, he or she need not join our band. For such there shall be no place in our gay little fishing boats.

Now, the best people, especially of people in the world, are

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generally the gayest and most light-hearted. A long face does not mean piety: it oftener means—dyspepsia.

Therefore, when we have thus become pure and simple in heart, we shall carry about with us wherever we go, the fresh, invigorating atmosphere of the salt sea. Our eyes shall dance and shine like the sun-tipped waves; our voices shall ring sweet and clear and cheery. *Then* we shall go fishing in earnest.

And what sort of fish do you think we shall try to catch?

Why, indeed, all kinds; from the tiny minnow, to the great whale.

But perhaps I had better explain; we shall fish for *people*,—big people, little people, all kinds of people.

We shall try to win and catch all hearts, that we may bring full nets to lay at the feet of that loving Master, who chose some of His great apostles from among the poor fishermen of Galilee.

And our nets—? ah, "there's the rub"; we shall have to make our own nets; we shall have to weave them in and out, in and out, with care, time, and infinite patience. Can you guess of what we shall make them? Why, of smiles, kind words; of little acts of humility, gentleness, meekness, etc.

So, "Little Fishermen and Maidens," we invite you to write and tell us if you desire to join our band. Suppose we form it on this beautiful Easter morning, when all the world is rejoicing in the glory of our Risen Lord. It is the birthday of the Church. Could our "Fishermen and Maidens" start out on a grander Feast! While the sun dances without—and you know the sun really does dance on Easter morning,—while the peals of the grand organs roll triumphantly down the long aisles of our magnificent churches, while the Easter lilies nestle close, *so close* to the precious tabernacle, filling all the air with their sweet fragrance, let us unite our young hearts with the joy and glory and beauty of all things,—animate and inanimate.

With one bright smile, with one kind word, we may perhaps weave a net in which to catch a hundred hearts.

Among the throngs that crowd the avenues of our great cities on Easter day, there may be many to whom the thought of Easter brings no real, true joy; many who, in the sad cares of later life have quite forgotten their childish happy days, whose hearts are hard, and dull and cold; who have no one to love them, no one to give them one kind look.

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We, "Little Fishermen and Maidens," who have the *real* joy of Easter in our hearts, let it shine forth in our eyes and on our faces; let it speak in our buoyant gait, and in the glad tones of our voices.

Nets! nets! nets! What a quantity of shining nets we will be weaving, and how quickly those sad and weary and sorrowing ones will be caught in their golden meshes!

Their faces will soften, they may even smile in spite of themselves, and they will feel more at peace with God and all the world. Therefore, join our Easter band, dear "Little Fishermen and Maidens."

Of course, we shall have to have a motto, and also a badge. Therefore, to the boy who will send us the best motto we shall give the fine title of "Captain of our Fishing Fleet." To the girl who will suggest the smallest, prettiest and most appropriate sort of a badge, we shall give the title, "Queen of the Nets." This competition is open to all who join the fishing band. Now, who shall be Captain, and who shall be Queen?

A LUCKY LITTLE FELLOW.

TOBY TWINKLE.

EASTER Sunday! Easter Sunday
That's the day for me;
Ev'ry time it comes around,
I'm happy as can be.

I shake my saved-up pennies
From a bank made like a keg;
And then I spend 'em all upon
A fancy sugar egg.

I eat this, and some real ones,
With shells of blue and yellow;
And as I feast, I think myself
A lucky little fellow.

But by-and-by I'm awful sick—
All over in my head;
At five o'clock they pick me up,
And carry me to bed.

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NANCY.

MARY ELIZABETH WALSH.

I AM only a lamp-shade maker; at least, I was a lamp-shade maker once upon a time. Now I am the happiest girl in the world, and I am going to write some things for girls to read, so that if there be any sad ones among them who are obliged to toil every day, and who grow discouraged sometimes, and think God has forgotten them, they may take heart when they learn how good He has been to me.

My name is Nancy, and the only home I can remember was the two rooms which I occupied with my grandmother; these rooms were up three steep flights of rickety stairs in a shabby tenement house. Sometimes I was sorry they were up so high, when, coming back from the shop at night with a large box of silk and wire and lace, I was obliged to climb them in the dark. But at other times I was glad, for we were above the other houses in the neighborhood, and the sunlight came straight from Heaven into our little rooms. The gardener who lived on the first floor made me a green window box, and every Spring I planted flower-seeds, and the pretty blossoms and vines would climb out of the boxes, and spread themselves over the roof of the house next door.

The gardener was a very kind man, and once upon a time had had a little house and a beautiful garden in the country; but one winter day he fell ill, and in a few months lost the house, and moved his family into the first floor of our tenement, obtaining work himself in some greenhouse near by.

We were not always poor. My dear grandmother often told me of my father and mother, who died when I was a very young child, and left her and me to face the world alone. I was a great deal of care, I know, and often ill, and little by little our small hoard melted away. We moved very often, and each place was poorer than the last, until we reached the two rooms up the dark

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flights of stairs. We did not move again; I guess there was no poorer place than these rooms. When I was twelve years old I determined to leave school and try to get work of some kind to do. My grandmother tried to persuade me not to, but I knew we were getting poorer and poorer, and my dear grandmother was each day growing more feeble, and, as she had toiled for me during many years, I thought it was time that I began to take care of her. I heard her tell Mrs. Moran (the woman who lived across the hall, and had seven children, and took in washing) that the wolf was almost at the door. That frightened me very much, and the next day I started out to look for something to do, so that he might not get inside the door. After a few days I heard of a place where they taught girls to make lamp-shades, for the doing of which, after they had become skilful, they were paid.

This suited me exactly; it was a pleasant occupation. I liked to handle the soft silks, and I would often picture to myself the pretty rooms for which they were intended—like the ones I caught glimpses of through the windows of the fine houses I passed on my way home from the shop. After a few weeks I was permitted to do much of my work at home, and after the supper table was cleared away and the dishes washed, grandmother would light the lamp, and we would sit around the table and work together, for she was very skilful with her needle, and gave me much assistance. We were happy in those days, although we were very poor; but the poor are sometimes happy if the dreadful wolf can be kept from the door. Indeed, I had almost forgotten the wolf, I was so busy, and I felt quite sure I had no reason to fear him—for was I not young and strong and willing to work? Soon after this the weather grew bitterly cold; it was hard to keep warm with our one little stove, and the windows were so loose that they shook and rattled, and let in waves of icy air. Even the little birds, that used to come each morning to the windowsill for their breakfast, were afraid to venture so far up, and my poor garden was so heaped with snow that it looked like a white grave.

Then grandmother fell ill; she had been complaining for several days, and at last one dismal morning was unable to rise. I was obliged to leave her to carry home some shades which were special orders, but it was with a sad heart that I descended the

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gloomy stairs. I had called on Mrs. Moran before I left, and she had promised to look in during my absence, although her arms were up to the elbows in suds, and her best room was filled with clothes hung up to dry. I received payment for the shades, and with my arms full of material for more, I started home. Even the jingle of the silver in my pocket could not raise my spirits, and when I reached home, I crept up the stairs tremblingly, for I had a presentiment of coming misfortune. The gardener's wife met me in the hall; her face was grave. She took the bundle from my arms, and led me in silence to my grandmother's room. My dear grandmother! She did not speak to me or smile upon me as she had always done before, but lay pale and still while Mrs. Moran stood by the bed with tears rolling down her kind face. At last I grasped the truth. I was alone in the great, wide world—my dear grandmother was dead! The days that followed were like a dream. I saw my grandmother lying in the coffin, ready for the grave, a bunch of flowers which the gardener had brought, in her cold fingers. I rode to the funeral with my kind neighbors. A thaw had set in, and as I watched the wheels of the passing vehicles sink to the hubs in the melting snow, I kept saying to myself all the time: "My grandmother is dead—my dear grandmother is dead! I am going to her funeral; I am all alone in the world." And yet, even while I said this, I believed I was dreaming it all, and would soon awaken in our little rooms, and see my grandmother making things tidy and cosy, as I had so often seen her. Even when the earth fell upon the coffin, and I wept because the others wept, I still felt like a girl in a dream. When we reached home, however, and I went in to the little rooms which looked empty and desolate without her, all at once I realized that my dear grandmother was gone forever, and I threw myself upon her bed in the inconsolable agony of a first sorrow.

I could not occupy the rooms alone, and so Mrs. Moran offered me a place at her fireside, which I was glad to accept. But the days that followed were sad enough. Life in the crowded rooms across the hall was very different from the quiet, peaceful existence my grandmother and I had led. After I grew strong enough, I resumed my work; but I made slow progress. Thoughts of my dear grandmother would crowd into my mind, the picture

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of her lonely grave would come before my eyes, and the tears would fall upon the dainty silks in my lap. Besides, the children's curiosity and interest in my work seemed unlimited, and although the little soiled hands carried ruin and destruction to all with which they came in contact, I could not be harsh to the only friends I had. One night, when I carried my work to the shop, the foreman pointed out to me a slight blemish upon a rose-colored shade trimmed with lace. For this reason he declined to give me any more work. I am sure there was not a sadder girl in all the world than she who climbed up the dark stairs that night, empty-handed. "Never mind, dearie," Mrs. Moran said when I told her my trouble, "you are as welcome here as one of my own."

During the days that followed I tried to help my kind friend with the washing and ironing, but I fear I was of but little real assistance. One day I felt miserably ill, and I was glad. "Perhaps," I said to myself, "I am going to die, and can lie down by my dear grandmother." Spring had come, and the long, bright days seemed harder to live through than the winter ones. The spring before, all had been so different—the sun shone so brightly into our little rooms, and the crocuses and daffodils had increased in beauty and number each day in my window garden. Yes; I hoped I might die. But I said nothing about it to Mrs. Moran. I helped her to wash and put away the supper dishes as usual, and was standing on a chair putting away the last cup and saucer when some one knocked at the door. When one of the children opened it, the most beautiful lady in the world walked in. She was dressed in silvery gray, and carried a great bunch of violets in her hand. Their fragrance reached me where I stood on the chair. Above the odor of the soap and drying clothes floated the sweet breath of the flowers. She had called to see me—I could not believe it at first,—and she brought good news: my former employer was ready to give me work again. The beautiful lady had ordered a green shade some months before, and when she called at the shop to order another, she learned that the maker of the first had been discharged. Then, by degrees, she had also learned how poor and lonely I was, and had persuaded the foreman to re-employ me, climbing all the way up the dark stairs in

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order to bring me the good news herself. How glad I was! How I thanked her! How glad the various members of the Moran family were! for, although I was welcome at their frugal board, yet, washing and ironing is not as profitable as some other professions, and, no doubt, the wolf sometimes crept up very near to their door. The beautiful lady soon took her departure. Mrs. Moran sent one of her flock to guide her to the street, but the breath of the violets lingered in the room long after she had left. I was sorry now that I was ill; I was willing to stay in the world if the beautiful lady inhabited it also. That night I tossed from side to side with pain and fever, and toward morning came forgetfulness. Mrs. Moran told me afterwards how ill I was next day, and how she had sent for the doctor, who insisted upon my being taken to the hospital. My friend had neither time nor room to give me, and so, in a few hours I was wrapped in blankets, taken down to the ambulance, and carried to the fever ward of the hospital. There I lay many weeks, ill unto death. I had many dreams during those days; some were filled with every imaginable horror, but some were sweet and soothing, and seemed too real to be dreams. In these last I seemed to see a sweet-faced woman, with brown eyes and a white cap upon her brown hair, bending over me, and sometimes the beautiful lady seemed to be sitting by my side, saying softly, "Poor Nancy!" and laying her cool hand upon my head.

One day, fever and dreams left me, and I opened my eyes and saw myself lying on a snowy bed in a large room, where there were many other ill people, while flitting from bed to bed were sweet-faced women with caps on their heads, just like the one I had seen in my dream. The sunshine streamed in through the open windows across the bare floor, while outside, the birds sang and the bees buzzed drowsily. The world was a sweet place after all, and I was glad to be alive. After that I improved rapidly, and would have been happy during those peaceful days of convalescence had not the thought of the days to follow thrust themselves upon me now and then. Mrs. Moran called, and was glad to find me recovering. She bade me remember that I had always a place in her household, and although I thanked her with tears of gratitude, I shrank a little, involuntarily, from resuming my old life in

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her already crowded rooms; I preferred to remain ill forever, giving no thought to the morrow. The day for my departure from the hospital came all too soon. The brown-eyed woman had braided my hair carefully, and I was dressed, and sitting by the window awaiting Mrs. Moran's coming. It was a lovely summer day, and I watched the children playing in the street, happy and free from care. How different was my lot! A few tears fell as I thought of my lonely life. Just then one of the nurses came in, and with her--could I believe my eyes?—the beautiful lady, looking more beautiful than ever, with her white gown and a wreath of roses around her hat. She sat down by me, and took my thin hand in hers, and told me that she had been to see me many times while I was ill, and now she had come to take me home with her if I was willing to go. She had plenty for my skilful fingers to do, she said, and if I would like to live with her always....but I was sobbing with joy at her feet. "If my dear grandmother could only know how happy I am!" I said to the beautiful lady as I rode home in her carriage. "Her last thoughts were for me, Mrs. Moran told me."

"Perhaps she does, Nancy dear," the beautiful lady said.

This all happened long ago. I have been in my new home three happy years. The beautiful lady has taught me many things, and I mend her gloves and laces, and brush her dresses.

I have not forgotten my friends who were kind to me. Each Easter the beautiful lady sends me to them, laden with gifts, and they love me, I am sure, and are glad of my prosperity. They have left the dingy tenement. The gardener has a little home of his own in the country, and Mrs. Moran's children have grown old enough to take upon themselves the support of the family. They have moved into a much better neighborhood, and have a piano, and the clothes are no longer hung to dry in the best room. Last week the gardener sent me a box filled with lovely spring flowers, just like those I had when grandmother lived. I have put the box on the sill outside my window. When I awake in the morning I see their bright heads nodding at me through the window-pane; they seem to be saying: "Happy little Nancy; happy little Nancy." And oh! I am such a happy little Nancy. If I could only feel sure that grandmother knew!

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AN EASTER LEGEND.



HERE is a pretty legend of the Easter egg which may prove of interest to our young people.

In a tree near the sepulchre wherein our dear dead Lord had been laid, a beautiful bird had built a nest like a mossen cup.

On the day after the burial, the bird was faithfully sitting upon her four eggs of ivory white.

Hearing footsteps, and sounds of weeping in the narrow path beneath, she was startled, and hopping to the edge of her nest, peeped down. And alas! what saw she?

The sacred Body of our dearest Lord in burial dress, with white, sad face, thorn-crowned head, and cruelly pierced hands and feet.

At sight of this the little bird set forth a loud and piercing wail, and all night long crooned a grief song, while the lonely wind moaned among the tree tops.

Suddenly, towards daybreak, her wailing ceased. The moon had just risen in all her silvery splendor: there were soft sounds and flutterings in the air, and lo! a glittering angel appeared, who, bending low, with one touch of his shining hand rolled aside the great stone which guarded the entrance to the tomb.

Instantly forth came the *living* Christ, radiant, glorious, triumphant.

Then the little bird's heart well-nigh burst within her, and from her delicate throat broke forth a song of melody so sweet, so joyous, so piercing, that like spears of fire, it mounted and soared and shot up even to the gates of Heaven.

The angel who had heard both songs—and the angels are always listening to the bird songs, you know—blessed the dear little songster, saying that hereafter, at Easter-tide, her eggs should always be changed in hue to the most brilliant red and gold and blue, to ever remind her that our Lord remembered her sweet sympathy.

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An April Jingle.

April showers
Bring forth May flowers,
So the old legend goes!
Through children's tears
A smile appears,
So everybody knows.

The sun on high,
Though gloomy sky
May hide his light for days;
Soon, soon, he'll part
The clouds, and dart
Upon us bright warm rays.

So why should we
Downhearted be,
Though tears full often flow?
Earth's April showers
Bring forth May flowers
Of Heaven for us, we know.

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ANTS.

FIFTH EVENING OF THE SOCIAL CLUB.

HENRY COYLE.



THE members this evening were all promptly on hand, and as the president and Mrs. Stevens came in earlier than usual, it was decided not to have any game. After the roll-call, the president took the chair, and the members sat in their usual places.

"We will first say a word about games," said Mr. Stevens. "Most of the games played by the boys and girls of to-day were known thousands of years ago among the Lydians, an ancient race of Asia Minor. These people once suffered from a famine, and they were finally obliged to eat only once every two days. These games were invented in order to occupy their time, and to keep them from thinking of their hunger."

"I should think it would have the opposite effect," said Alice; "I know I always feel hungry after play."

"The game of ball, which is so popular to-day," continued the president, smiling at the remark of Alice, "was known to the ancients, but they called it pila, a contraction of a Latin word which means hair."

"Why should they call it by that name?" asked one of the boys.

"I do not know, but probably it was because the ball was stuffed with hair. Homer, the poet, speaks of the game. It was quite as popular among the Greeks as it is with us, and Alexander the Great was a skilful player; he granted many privileges to the teacher who had given him his first lessons in the art. Let us now resume our talk about wonderful insects.

"Many great naturalists have devoted much time and labor to the study of ants. The little creatures seem to recognize each other after a long absence. Huber, a celebrated naturalist, once took an ant-hill from the woods, and placed it in a glass hive;

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finding that he had more than he required for his purpose, he allowed some of them to escape, and these formed a nest in his garden. After keeping these in the hive for nearly four months, in order to study their habits, he placed them in the garden near the natural nest. When the ants met their former friends, they caressed each other, and led them to the nest in the ground. The glass hive was soon deserted; they had no communication for four months, yet they recognized each other. Thus it has been proved that they have a language of dumb signs, of which the organs are the antennæ. What does this word mean?"

"It means the little feelers on the head of the ant," replied James.

"A naturalist, during an experiment, cut off the antennæ of an ant, and saw another approach it; after caressing the wounded insect, it poured into the cut a drop of liquid from its own mouth."

"How touching!" exclaimed Alice.

"Yes; the remarkable instinct of the little creature would almost stagger our belief, if it was not confirmed by reliable authorities. The causes which give rise to their wars are as trifling sometimes as the wars of mankind. A few feet of earth, a straw, a grain of wheat, will cause the insects to engage in deadly strife. You were all interested in Thoreau's account of a battle which he witnessed, and I think Huber's will prove no less entertaining."

"Who was Huber?" asked Mary.

"He was a Swiss naturalist," replied the secretary; "he became totally blind when he was only seventeen years old. This did not discourage him, however, and through the aid of his wife and an intelligent servant, he pursued the study of natural history, and wrote several books on the subject."

"That is what one would call the triumph of mind over matter," observed Mrs. Stevens; "but this account was written by his son, who was also a naturalist."

Taking a paper from the table, the president passed it to his wife, and requested her to read it aloud:

"If we wish to behold," says Huber," regular armies wage war in all its forms, we must visit the forests in which the fallow ants establish their dominion over every insect within their territory; we shall there see populous and rival cities and regular roads,

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diverging from the ant-hill, like so many radii from a centre, and frequented by an immense number of combatants; wars between hordes of the same species, for they are naturally enemies, and jealous of any encroachment upon the territory which surrounds their capital. It is in these forests I have witnessed the inhabitants of two large ant-hills engaged in a spirited combat; two empires could not have brought into the field a more numerous or more determined body of fighters.

"Both armies met half way from their respective habitations, and the battle commenced; thousands of ants took their stations upon the highest ground, and fought in pairs, keeping firm hold of their antagonists by their mandibles. While a considerable number were engaged in the attack, others were leading away prisoners; the latter made several ineffectual endeavors to escape, as if aware that upon reaching the camp a cruel death awaited them. The field of battle occupied a space of about three feet square; a penetrating odor exhaled on all sides, and numbers of dead ants were seen covered with venom.

"The fight usually commenced between two ants, who, seizing each other by the mandibles, raised themselves upon their hind-legs. They were frequently so wedged together that they fell on their sides, and fought a long time in that situation in the dust. Shortly afterwards they raised themselves, when each began dragging its adversary; but when their force happened to be equal, the wrestlers remained immovable, and fixed each other to the ground, until a third came to decide the contest.

"It more commonly happened that both ants received assistance at the same time, when the whole four, keeping firm hold of a foot or antennæ, made ineffectual attempts to win the battle. In this way they sometimes formed groups of six, eight, or ten, firmly locked all together; the group was only broken when several warriors from the same republic advanced at the same time, and compelled the enchained insects to let go their hold, and then the single combats were renewed. On the approach of night, each party retired gradually to its own city.

"On the following day, before dawn, the ants returned to the field of battle. The groups again formed, the carnage re-commenced with greater fury than on the preceding evening, and the

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scene of combat occupied a space of six feet by two. The event remained for a long time doubtful. About mid-day the contending armies had removed to the distance of a dozen feet from one of their cities, whence I conclude that some ground had been gained. The ants fought so desperately that they did not even perceive my presence, and though I remained close to the armies, not a single combatant climbed up my legs."

"But how can they always tell their own party?" asked George.

"I do not know; but it very seldom happens that they make a mistake. When it does, young Huber says they caress their companion with their antennæ, as if asking pardon for the mistake. They march, countermarch, take prisoners, and, in short, do all that men do under the same circumstances."

"I was reading about some wonderful ants, called Termites, the other day," observed the secretary.

"These are the large white ants of the tropics; they are the most remarkable of the ant-tribe. They destroy houses, furniture, the crops, and cause great loss and damage. Nothing less than hard metal and glass escapes their sharp teeth, which have been known to destroy the woodwork of a house in a single night. A traveller left his trunk on a table; the next morning he found not only all his clothing destroyed, but his papers also; even the lead of the pencils was eaten."

"What a terrible pest!" exclaimed Mrs. Stevens.

"But they have their uses. Large trees, animals, and other substances that fall to the ground and die, might rot and render the air foul, were they not eaten by these ants; and so complete is their work that not a particle remains."

"What kind of nests do they build?"

"Their nests are called hills, by the natives. They are frequently twelve feet high. Indeed, one was found which was twenty feet high, it is said, and it was large enough to contain twelve men."

"What is the interior like?"

"It contains a vast number of cells, galleries, and store-rooms. The outside walls are very thick and strong. They protect the community from the attacks of their enemies, and also from the heavy rains which fall during the rainy season. It also serves to collect and preserve a regular supply of heat and moisture, which

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is necessary for the hatching and rearing of the young. A traveller might easily think these nests were a village at a distance. A lady who resides in the West Indies, gave me the following account of a species called the 'chasseur ant':

"I observed an uncommon number of chasseur ants crawling about the floor of my room. Shortly after this, the walls became covered by them, and then the tables and chairs. The open rafters of a West India house at all times afford shelter for a numerous tribe of insects, more particularly the cockroach; but now their destruction was inevitable. The chasseur ants, as if trained for battle, ascended to the rafters and threw down the cockroaches to their comrades on the floor, who as regularly marched off with the dead bodies; either the roaches were stung, or the fall killed them. The ants never stopped to devour their prey, but conveyed it all to their store-houses.

"Then the ants began an attack on the rats and mice, which, strange as it may appear, were no match for their apparently insignificant foes. They surrounded them, covered them over, and dragged them off with a union of strength scarcely to be believed. I think it was about ten when I first saw the ants; about twelve the battle was formidable. Soon after one, the great strife began with the rats and mice, and about three the house was cleared. A negro selling cakes came to the house, and seeing the uproar, he said: 'Ah, lady, you've got the blessing of God to-day, and a great blessing it is to get such a cleaning.'"

"Five minutes to ten," said Mrs. Stevens; "the talk was so interesting that I really forgot all about the time."

"We will dispense with the usual proceedings, and adjourn the meeting at once," said the president; and the members thanked him and Mrs. Stevens, all declaring that the meeting was both entertaining and instructive.

MARY! dearest Mother!
From thy heavenly height
Look on us, thy children,
Lost in earth's dark night.

Mary! purest creature!
Keep us all from sin;
Help us erring mortals
Peace in Heaven to win.

—*Faber.*

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Puzzles.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES.

1. Sea-ttle; Sea-son; Sea-shore; Sea-bass.

A slight mistake occurred in the first puzzle: four letters should have been added to a body of water instead of three; hence, children answering Nos. 2, 3, and 4, have been named as correct solvers; also those who gave *seaside* and *seacoast* instead of *seashore*.

Correct answers were received from the following: Anastasia Daly, Walter S. Beattie, May L. Carey, Cecilia Sind, Angus A. McIsaac, William P. Collis, Anna J. Murphy, Nellie R. Gavin, Agnes R. Langan, Daisy E. Curran, Lizzie G. Finneran, Agnes A. McCloskey.

Join the heart of a child, of a woman, of a man, the head of a goose, and of an eagle, and what kind of a representation have you?

CONDITIONS FOR BECOMING SOLDIERS IN THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

1. Send your full names to be enrolled.

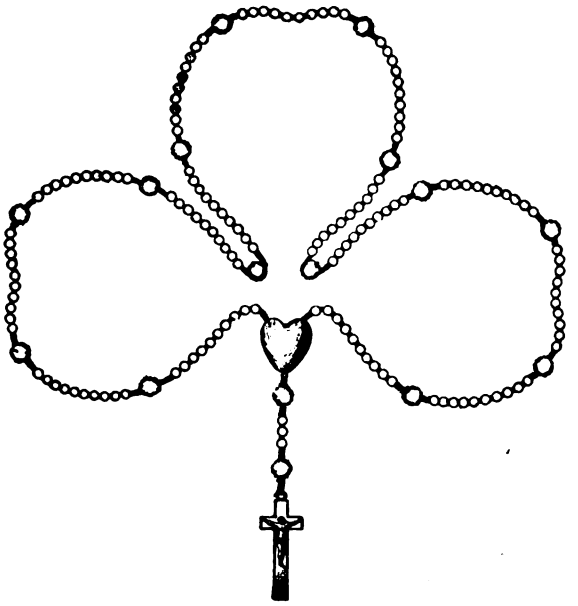
2. Wear around the waist under the clothing, the little white linen girdle that must be blessed by a Dominican priest, or by a priest who has permission from the Dominicans.

3. Strive in every way to be pure in soul and body.

4. If you cannot buy the girdles in your neighborhood AQUINAS will buy them for you. When you write enclose ten cents to cover the expense of the girdle, leaflet, and postage. You may send stamps. But let no child hold back from becoming a Soldier in the Angelic Warfare on account of poverty. To those who cannot pay we shall send all free.

5. Address your letters to AQUINAS, ROSARY OFFICE, 871 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

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Please send **The Rosary Magazine** *for one year*

to (*Here put name and address of poor person or institution.*)

.....

.....

(*Here put sender's name and address.*)

.....

....

If you wish to send THE ROSARY MAGAZINE as an Easter gift to the poor, please write to AQUINAS for a Rosary Card.

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With Other Young Folks.

The Pittsburgh Catholic provides well for its little readers. Its weekly entertainment is bright and pleasing.

The Young Catholic Messenger, of Ohio, affords choice reading. Its illustrations are particularly good.

"Talks on American Authors," by Helen M. Sweeney, is a very commendable series of articles in *The Young Catholic*.

The principal feature of *St. Nicholas* for March is the "Fairy God-mother" prize puzzle, which is sure to test the wits of all its young readers.

Our Animal Friends is a magazine that should appeal to every one. Besides inspiring a love and sympathy for animals, it also gives many interesting stories about them.

The Carmelite Review has a department for young people, edited by Miss Matilda Cummings.

From a bright and thoughful article entitled, "Knights of Our Lady," in that well edited little paper, *The Working Boy*, we take the liberty of quoting the following stirring paragraph:

"Never was there greater need of chivalry among our young people than at the present time. We want, the world wants, good boys; boys with clear brains, clean mouths, and pure hearts; big, manly, courageous hearts; boys whose every act expresses a noble heart."

The Young Folks' Department of the *Ave Maria* is, as usual, up to its high standard. A serial by Sylvia Hunting, with the attractive title, "When I was a Little Girl," is read and enjoyed not only by the little girls of to-day, but also by their mothers, who were little girls of long ago.

The *Orphan's Bouquet*, of Boston, is a most interesting, bright and breezy little paper. We always look for it eagerly, and read it with genuine pleasure. A continued story running through its pages recently, entitled: "Alice O'Connor's Surrender," was one of the best stories of its kind that we have read in a long time. The *Bouquet* is fully in touch with the times.

Funnygraphs.

My right name is Cecilia,
And I think it's quite amiss
For the girls to say I'm Cissy,
And the boys to call me Ciss.

Dick (with wheel fever): "I guess I'll get a machine."

Grandma: "Goodness! have you taken to sewing?"

Dick: "No, ma'am—spinning."

"Would you tell a lie for ten cents?" asked the Sunday-school teacher of her class of boys. "No, ma'am," was the indignant response. "Would you tell a lie for a dollar?" "No, ma'am." "Would you tell a lie for ten dollars?" This confused some of them. One boy thought he would. Others hesitated. But one voice rang out a clear, "No." "Why would you not tell a lie for ten dollars, Tommy?" asked the teacher. "Because, after you'd spent the money and used up the things, the lie would stick."

The following quaint little bona fide letter speaks for itself. We agree with master Percy that it was very hard not to be allowed to "fire back":

NATIVITY INSTITUTE, BROOKLYN,
Feb. 28, 1896.

DEAR MOTHER:

At lunch time Vincent Cahill, Eddie McCormack, Ryder Forest, Louis Roesel, Irving Guttenberg, Willie Brett, Eddie O'Connor, and I and several others, were attacked in the yard by public school boys with snow-balls; we fired back, and are going to be punished.

Yours in haste,
PERCY NAGLE.

Witness: { VINCENT W. CAHILL,
EDWARD J. MCCORMACK,
R. FOREST.

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Though April opens with the closing days of Holy Week, rich in the sorrow of our Saviour's Passion, and in the penance of the true followers of His Cross, nevertheless the dominant spirit of the month is one of rejoicing and congratulation, because of the triumph of our Risen Lord. The first glorious mystery of the Beads is the precious commemoration that signalizes this season, welcoming with its glad *alleluias* the joyful Paschal Time. Christ risen from the dead, and dying now no more, having entered on the newness of His glorified life, is the fountain of our hope and joy. To us death will come, as with us sorrows ever abide: but we bear them in the spirit of Christian patience and courage, and in the same spirit we shall meet the great conqueror, not as vanquished, but as victors, for we know that our Redeemer liveth, and that with Him are the keys of death. The cheering thought of our coming glory must mingle sweetly with the rejoicings filling our hearts, because of our Lord's triumph in His Resurrection. Peculiarly suitable, therefore, to this month's devotion, is the study of the glorious mysteries of the Rosary. Their lessons are of light and hope and courage —lessons we all need, with graces, too, in this vale of tears.

The present issue closes the fifth year of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE. The first number of our periodical appeared in May, 1891. Without capital, without worldly influence, trusting only to God's blessing and our Lady's favor, the venture was made, not without misgivings, of the publication of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE. The Bishops bade the young messenger of our Lady's Rosary welcome, and their blessing came, with cheer, closely followed by the Sovereign Pontiff's benediction, which was again sent to us, and which lovingly included all our readers and friends. The clergy received us with open arms, and the intelligent sympathy and appreciation of the laity were the encouraging reward of our labors, in various parts of the country. Looking back on these intervening years with their calendar of trials and disappointments, we dwell, in grateful and prayerful memory, on the many generous helps that have cheered us in our efforts for our Lady's honor and for the interest of the Catholic home. We have seen THE ROSARY MAGAZINE grow from a slight issue of 64 pages, without illustrations, to its present proportions and embellishments; and as this number leaves our hands, we know that it will journey to every State in the Union, and to many places far beyond. With a steadiness of purpose, for which we thank God, we have ever held this magazine true to the cause of our Lady, in the spread of the literature of her Beads, and to the cause of the home, as opening to the apostolate of the press, the schoolmaster's broadest field and the preacher's unfailing audience. The measure of our success we shall account only as lovers have come to our Blessed Mother, and by her to her Divine Son, in loyalty of devoted imitation, and as the spirit has developed and waxed strong, of appreciation of Catholic reading as an influence in the Catholic home.

Though much has been done, much more remains to be done. Our constantly widening experience brings daily conviction to our mind, of the needs of our homes and of the spiritual desolateness and intellectual poverty afflicting many a household where the daily paper and the wretched weekly are the only available mind food for young and old. Firmly we stand on the solid ground of Leo the Thirteenth's clear declaration, that the work of a Catholic periodical in a parish is as the work of a constant mission among the people. And though thou-

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sands may be reached by the living voice from the chair of Catholic teaching—the pulpit,—we always think of the tens of thousands to whom the voice of the printed word appeals, in the solitude of their chambers, with an eloquence not surpassed by the burning force of the orator's ringing words. Whether St. Paul would be a journalist, if he lived in our day, we cannot say; but the great German Bishop who declared that the Apostle would have acted according to the opportunities of the modern press, only affirmed the living, growing truth that the pulpit has a mighty auxiliary in the Catholic press, and the Catholic school its completer development and equipment. In this spirit THE ROSARY MAGAZINE has enlisted as a combatant in the warfare which divides the press into two hostile camps. Realizing how impossible it is for those who are not with Christ to escape the charge of being against Him, the Dominican Order, which has been crowned with the glorious titles of the Order of Preachers, and the Order of Truth, has entered the field of Catholic journalism in the United States, determined to devote its energies to the service of this sacred cause of the Apostolate of the Press. For these reasons THE ROSARY MAGAZINE asks the help of zealous friends, that it may, by enlarging the scope of its influence, contribute to the development of the kingdom of Jesus Christ through the growth of the kingdom of Mary. We plead, therefore, with our readers, and we urge them to give to us the cheer of their devout prayers to God, and of their earnest word to their neighbors. Speaking from our hearts, with memories crowding thick and fast, we feel that this expression, on closing our fifth year, of gratitude and hope will not be misunderstood.

Every man and woman should try to devote some time to book reading or meditation every day. Daily we ask for the bread of the soul and that of the body; daily, too, should we nourish our minds. He who refuses to do this, cannot long maintain an active intelligence. Such a man's observation (if he has any) will be without point or profit. He will not know himself, though this is his proper study. The lessons of experience will be lost on him; he will never fully develop. Stunted and dwarfed, he will be a failure among men, and a disappointment to God.

The recent disasters that have overwhelmed the Italian army in Africa, while covering Italian pride with humiliation, have been explained in various ways. The deep underlying cause, in God's just anger, worldly eyes do not see. Nor was it seen in other days when the Sovereign Pontiff suffered outrage at Napoleon's hands, though avenging wrath came swiftly and surely. To-day the Italian spoliation of the Patrimony of St. Peter looks back on a quarter century of seeming security. Before God a thousand years are but a day, and though retribution comes slowly, perhaps its intensity and weight may lend to it a swiftness beyond counting. The plunder of the Church sowed seeds, the fruits of which, in storm and whirlwind, so-called united Italy will bitterly reap. The spirited lines of the Reverend Doctor Henry A. Brann's poem in our present number point to this lesson with clearness and force.

The days of special devotion, of which we remind our readers after the splendors of the Easter joy, are the Crown of our Lord, and the Patronage of St. Joseph. To these we add the commemorations of the Dominican saints, Catharine of Siena, Agnes of Montepulciano, Vincent Ferrer, and Peter Martyr, all clients of our Lady, and true lovers of her Beads.

We publish in this number a few "Questions and Answers" that will be of general interest. Our readers may avail themselves of this department, in all matters pertaining to the Rosary, its Confraternity and indulgences. We invite our friends to communicate with us on any point of Rosary devotion or literature. Questions on matters outside of these lines we prefer to answer through the mail. Hence, though it is not necessary to give names in proposing Rosary Questions, we ask our correspondents, on other points, to give full name and address.

To read, to improve our minds by observation, conversation, meditation, and experience; to train intelligently our moral nature; to know ourselves; to put ourselves in an intellectual communion with the beauties of creation and with the divine beauty of the Creator; to be intellectually alive to some of the treasures with which human genius has enriched the world, are surely higher duties than to pass one's years in a mere effort to consume and to wear.

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We read in the book of Judges (chapter xiv.) that Samson, having found a honeycomb in the mouth of a lion that he had slain some days previously, came immediately to offer a part of it to his mother. Samson was a figure of our Lord Jesus Christ, "who has found food in that which devours, and sweetness in that which is strong." By His death He triumphed over Death, and in the tomb He called back Life. And a part of this sweetness He offered to His Blessed Mother when He appeared to her in His risen glory, changing the bitterness of her grief into unspeakable joy. Though the Gospels are silent as to this appearance of our Lord, it is a pious belief, based on the authority of the Doctors, and strengthened by reason of propriety, that our Lady was the first to see Jesus risen from the dead. Was it not just that she who was the first to behold Him in His mortal and passible flesh should also be the first to contemplate Him in the splendor of His glorious life? Was it not just that she who had stood undaunted when the apostles and disciples failed in their faith, should receive the reward of her unwavering confidence in the triumph of her Son? And among men and angels, who ever felt for Jesus Christ such love as filled the heart of Mary? But the crowning of our love for our Lord comes when He manifests Himself to us and makes His special dwelling with us. It was, therefore, becoming that to our Lady, as loving most and receiving like love in return, our Lord should first appear. As St. Vincent Ferrer presents this interesting point, Jesus Christ came, not to destroy, but to fulfil the commandments. This He would not have done had He failed to honor His Blessed Mother, had He forgotten her sorrow, had He neglected to give her the cheer of His glorified countenance on the day of His Resurrection. From His departure for Gethsemane till the hour of His burial, tears had been her bread night and day; a sea of sorrows had submerged her soul. Sacred, therefore, was her right to receive the first smile of Him whom, pale and lifeless, she had held in her arms, close to her bleeding heart.

When the young Tobias, having received in marriage Sarah, the daughter of Raguel, was pressed by his father-in-law to tarry longer on the wedding festivities, he answered that he must hasten away, for he knew that his father and mother counted the days, and would be heavy with affliction till their boy would return. Jesus Christ, the best of sons, did not deny to the best of mothers the quickened knowledge of His risen glory in which He would have her share.

St. Bonaventure, St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Antoninus, John of Carthagena, and other illustrious doctors, have piously gathered the details, as handed down by tradition, of this meeting of Jesus and His Blessed Mother.

The night of that eventful Saturday following the Crucifixion was far advanced, and yet our Lady prolonged her vigils, absorbed in expectant love, counting the slowly-passing minutes as if she would hurry them on their dragging way. Suddenly, she remembered that among the prophets, David had spoken explicitly of her Son's Passion and Resurrection. Going to a little table that stood near, she took from the rolled parchments lying on it, the Psalter. She began by reading the first psalm, and continued, without finding any reference to the Resurrection, till she came to the one hundred and seventh psalm, in which David speaks in the person of God the Father addressing His Divine Son: "Arise, my glory, arise, psaltery and harp: I will arise early in the morning. My heart is ready, O God, my heart is ready; I will sing and give praise with thy glory."

Our Blessed Lady, whose right as Mother she well knew, accepted these words as addressed to herself, and going out, with eager joy, scanned the heavens for sign of the coming dawn. But the stars shone with all their brilliancy, for night still reigned. Again she turned to the inspired word, in the hope of further testimony to her Son's Resurrection. This time she read in Osee (chapter vi.) these words of the prophet, speaking in the person of the apostles: "He will revive us after two days: on the third day he will raise us up, and we shall live in his sight. We shall know, and we shall follow on, that we may know the Lord. His going forth is prepared as the morning light, and he will come to us as the early and the latter rain to the earth."

A thrill of joy passed through her heart, and a second time she went out to scan the heavens. Already the stars were paling; white belts of light were widening at the horizon; the dawn was at hand. Transported with rapture, Mary exclaimed: "My Son is about to rise!" and as she knelt in adoring love, she repeated the prophet's prayer: "Rise, Thou Lord my God, and come to me, O God of Israel!" Scarcely had she pronounced

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these words, when Gabriel, the Archangel of the Annunciation, appeared before her, and with great joy, greeted her:

O Queen of Heaven, rejoice, alleluia!
For He whom thou wast made worthy to bear, alleluia!
Hath risen, as He said, alleluia!

At the same moment her Divine Son stood beside her. Clothed in white garments that were tinged as with a heavenly blue, His face wonderfully serene and beautifully bright, the Lord Jesus said to Mary: "Hail, my holy Mother." With tears of joy she prostrated herself at His feet, and while her kisses covered tenderly and often the glowing signs of His wounded hands and feet, her heart found words in one cry: "O my beloved Son! O blessed wounds, which have caused me so much sorrow, which have yet brought so much joy!"

Gently raising her, Jesus kissed His dear Mother, and said to her: "Yes, beloved Mother, it is I. I am risen, and behold, I am with you. Rejoice, because henceforth there will be for you only gladness." And then He began to narrate the occurrences since His death—how He descended into Limbo and set His chosen ones free; how He had chained the demon, and prepared to open Heaven for His faithful followers. But the angels themselves could not fully recall the sacred conversation that passed between the Son and the Mother on that first Easter morning. Having consoled her, Jesus left His Blessed Mother, and went towards the sepulchre, where Magdalene was seeking her beloved Master.

Mr. T. H. Murray's able article, in our March number, on the Irish Soldiers in King Philip's War, has attracted wide attention. *The Sun*, New York, March 8, devoted a long editorial to favorable comment, and *The Catholic News*, New York, March 18, gave more than a column to editorial discussion of the topic. Our readers may look forward to other contributions from Mr. Murray, a competent and scholarly authority on Irish questions.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

M. M.—*If a rosary is blessed by a missionary for a person who does not need it, and will not take it or use it, can this rosary be given to another person, and will the indulgences go with it?* The beads may be given to another, but they must be blessed anew. Had they been originally blessed, simply for the one who would first use them, there would be no necessity for a second blessing. But since they were blessed for a determined individual, the indulgences granted are not available to another, unless the beads receive a new blessing in view of the transfer.

A MEMBER OF THE ROSARY.—If the subscriber to THE ROSARY MAGAZINE, who proposed to us some questions touching devotion to St. Joseph, will send to us name and address, satisfactory answers will be given, in personal letter through the mail.

BUFFALO.—*I read some time since, that one should always look with suspicion on indulgences running into thousands of years. Recently, I read in Father Baker's paper, that an indulgence of 60,000 years may be gained by saying the Beads. Can it be that such a duration of time will be inflicted on the poor souls in Purgatory? Or are these indulgences to be applied to several souls, our own included?* These questions of our Buffalo subscriber touch ground that has several times been covered, but we shall again endeavor to present the facts in a way that will be clear. We do not know in what journal, or book, our subscriber read about indulgences that ought to be considered as under suspicion. The matter is not sufficiently defined for a particular answer. By Father Baker's paper, BUFFALO means the little publication issued from the press of the West Seneca, N. Y., Protectory, under the direction of the Reverend Nelson H. Baker. In this community, through the zealous efforts of Father Baker, the Rosary is in loving veneration and daily use. Soon we hope to give to our readers an account of this excellent institution. We are pleased to learn that Father Baker is striving to propagate the Rosary among the friends of his Protectory, and we assure our correspondent that his statement as to 60,000 years is correct. We give the points, and also the Catholic doctrine on indulgences, briefly. Even the largest partial indulgence, no matter how excessive the figures may seem, in which it is expressed, is less than a plenary indulgence. No Catholic disputes the right or the fact of a plenary indulgence; nor is it within the right of any one to set a determined lim-

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it to the efficacy of a plenary indulgence, or to say what measure of indebtedness it covers. When we consider that the expressed extent of indulgences is not according to our time measure, but according to the old canonical terms set for certain sins, the notion entertained by some that years of indulgence mean years in Purgatory, immediately disappears. Years of indulgence, or months, or days, mean only an equivalent for the same term of canonical penance. There is no question of duration or continuance in Purgatory. The remission, therefore, by the Church (in form of indulgences) of temporal penalties incurred for certain sins the guilt of which has been removed, means simply that she makes over to the penitent who satisfies the conditions imposed, a measure of the merits of Christ and His saints corresponding to what would have been gained, in former times, through a like period of public penance. It is not in our power to say what any man's indebtedness is to God; not even our own. We may not, therefore, say that 60,000 years, or any specified term of years, exceed the possibilities of temporal punishment that could be incurred by a sinner. Consequently the generous grant of Innocent VIII. stands beyond the pale of criticism on the score of excess. The impression that indulgences counted by thousands of years ought to be considered apocryphal, and are, in reality, abrogated, or not recognized by the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, does not hold when there is question of the Rosary. The indulgences of the Confraternity of the Rosary are guarded with special care, and privileged from the effect of general revocations. Unless special mention is made of Rosary indulgences, they continue in force despite general suspensions or revocations. So St. Pius V. decreed, September 17th, 1569. But the indulgence granted by Innocent VIII. has never been revoked. His Bull is found in the *Bullarium* of the Rosary, placed there by authority of the proper congregation. This indulgence is mentioned in the great summary of Innocent XI., and it has further been confirmed by several Pontiffs. The summary published by Pius IX. does not make special mention of it, but this summary is chiefly an index, and a decree of the Congregation of Indulgences (February 25th, 1877), confirmed by Pius IX., expressly declares that indulgences omitted from his summary are implicitly confirmed.

MAGAZINES.

An important point of view in the genealogy of our Lord is shown in *The American Ecclesiastical Review* for January, by Father Tracy, professor at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. The subject of Father Tracy's investigation is the ancient and difficult problem raised by the comparison of the two genealogies of our Lord, given by St. Matthew and St. Luke. Father Tracy treats successively of both genealogies in comparison with other information of the earlier Jewish records, and in their points of harmony and discordance. This dissertation bears the stamp of a true scholarship, and if the reader find it a little dry, the defect is not imputable to the author, but to the matter itself. The Hebrew proper names are often incorrectly printed; it would have been better to have transcribed them in Roman letters. The third part of this article, the comparison of both tables, is the most important. Father Tracy exposes various opinions, and develops with sympathy, the explanation proposed by Lord Arthur Hervey. St. Matthew traced, not the *legal*, but the *royal* line of Jesus' descent, while St. Luke follows up the *actual blood connection*. This opinion discounts the reproach of contradiction in the genealogies, and although it does not give mathematical certainty, it is a serious, well-proved hypothesis.

In the same number of *The American Ecclesiastical Review*, the Reverend C. Eubel, Ord. Min., presents a study of "The Secret Vatican Archives." The story of the origin and composition of the secret archives is summed up by an expert who is officially appointed at Rome to make researches in this department. The collection of pontifical documents preserved in the archives is contemporary with the history of the Papacy itself. But of all this wealth of documents proving the beneficent activity of the Roman Pontificate, there are only relatively few which carry us back to the first three centuries. The violent persecutions of these ages sufficiently explain this gap. Moreover, the unfortunate party-strife between antipopes, especially during the tenth century, added much to the work of destruction. Innocent III. inaugurated the present method of preserving the archives. During the

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great schism they remained at Avignon ; but Eugene IV. and his successors, Pius V. and Pius VI., found means to have the whole collection restored to its original home in the Eternal City. A part of the documents was placed in the Dominican Convent, "Santa Maria Sopra Minerva." Gradually they were brought together, and the "Bibliotheca Secreta Pontificia" was constituted. All were taken to Paris by Napoleon I., but were returned to Rome after the fall of the great conqueror. Such is the story of this immense collection of documents..

Sixtus IV. had closed the secret archives to all except the Pontiff, the papal Secretary of State, and the officials immediately connected with the administration ; but Leo XIII., in 1879, opened the doors of this unique library to scholars and investigators from all parts of the world. So we learn that "The American Historical Society (Philadelphia), has taken steps to have a permanent representative at the Vatican Library for the purpose of getting details which relate to the history of the American Church." The present archivist is Cardinal Galimberti. The animating spirit in the departments is the learned Dominican Heinrich Denifle. Father Eubel gives a summary of the many documents that have been brought to light, since the opening of the Vatican archives. A new edition of the Acts of the Council of Trent is announced. From this number of *The American Ecclesiastical Review* one can derive much pleasure and profit.

The January issue of *The Scottish Review*, quarterly, is very interesting. The most notable paper is, "The Political Theories of St. Thomas Aquinas," a presentation, in popular form, of the Angelic Doctor's views on government. "Legendary Lore of the Inner Hebrides" carries the reader back to the fascinating days of St. Columbkill. "Bagpipe Music" is a history of this peculiar instrument. The history is more agreeable than the instrument. "Italy Under the Lombards," and sketches of the distinguished Scotchman, the late John Stuart Blackie, and of the well-known German writer, Gustav Freytag, are among the other attractive features of the number.

"Slavery Under the British Flag" is the title of a thorough paper in the February *Nineteenth Century*, discussing the slave question, especially in Africa. In the same number the English secretary of the Siamese legation, Mr. Frederick Verney, gives a concise statement of the facts involved in the recent "understanding" between France and England, touching the territorial integrity of the Kingdom of Siam (in so much as these powers have left any territory) and the independence of the king. Divested of diplomatic pleasantries, it practically means that England and France are determined to hold what rightfully belongs to Siam, and to stand prepared to seize more when the opportunity comes.

The Forum for March gives an estimate of the "Cost of an Anglo-American War," by Edward Atkinson, a very competent authority, who presents his case against war with great force of logic and showing of figures. Professor Sherwood, of Johns Hopkins University, pleads for an alliance with England as the basis of what he calls a rational foreign policy. Joseph Nimmo insists that the Nicaragua Canal is an impracticable scheme. These three papers are well-written, and contain valuable suggestions on these topics of living interest. "The European Situation," by F. H. Geffcken, and "Manners and Customs of the Boers," by one who has lived among them, are contributions that may justly be called timely.

The leading article in the March *Atlantic Monthly* is, "The Irish in American Life," by Henry Childs Merwin. This writer gives evidence of fair intention and honest purpose, though he makes some statements that cannot be admitted, at least in the unqualified sense intimated by the author. Then he declares that the Irish character has acquired a quality of deceit, of unveracity, such as is always found in a race long under subjection. He does not put the matter bitterly; rather he writes sympathetically. However, his conclusion is so sweeping, that while we admit its truth in individual instances, these are sufficiently rare to warrant us in claiming that the Irish race is distinguished for its candor and honesty, qualities of which its enemies have often taken cruel advantage. Mr. Merwin refers to the A. P. A's, whom he gently scores as "transitory," and then indulges in a little reflection on the Pope and the Middle Ages, the history of which, he assures us, "is full of instances where the Pope attempted to carry out some anti-national policy, and failed." This is not frank, because it is neither exact nor full

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History teaches the intelligent reader one great and beautiful lesson: that the Popes have ever been the friends of liberty, the helpers of progress, and the defenders of the weak. Mr. Merwin's question, as a deduction from his notion of Papal policy, is therefore, out of order. "To what," he asks, "is the present isolated position of the Holy Father due, except to his vain resistance of that national feeling which produced United Italy?" Union, like liberty, is a much abused word. In this case, the resistance of the Holy Father we do not deny; we merely amend Mr. Merwin's expression, and for "vain" we substitute "just," while for "national feeling" we suggest, *in view of facts*, "plunder, violated treaties, sacrilege," and we further suggest that perhaps "United" Italy has already entered on the path of God's judgment.

A commendation of the honesty and virtue of Irish girls engaged in domestic service is cheerfully pronounced by our author, but we think he exceeds (drawing general conclusions from particular instances) when he speaks after one whom he quotes, of the degradation and demoralization of the Irish poor. "Gross sensuality prevails," he declares; "the sense of shame, if ever known, is early stifled." This is contrary to fact, and a libel on the purity of the Irish people. We agree with Mr. Merwin when he states that Irish Americans often lack the virtues and good qualities of their parents. We deplore this condition—and we use it as a suggestive text touching the necessity of better home influences for the young. The institutions and the atmosphere of America are justly considered strong factors in this decadence. "Our aristocracy," says Mr. Merwin, "so far as we have one, is mainly a vulgar and selfish plutocracy." From such, he concludes, no man coming as a stranger to this country, can justly expect right guidance, nor can a growing-up generation look to them for wholesome moral influence.

Mr. Merwin "shoots wide of the mark" when he refers to the Irish in this country as physicians and professional men, or other lines. They have won distinction in professional life quite commensurate with their opportunities and numbers. On the score of political honesty, Mr. Merwin seems anxious to do the Irish no injustice; we believe that as politicians, they are neither more nor less honest than those of other nationalities. More adroit and more successful many of the Irish engaged in politics may be accounted—but they do not deserve all the harsh things said by "reformers," who generally show themselves greedier, though not more capable spoilsmen than the "machine politicians" whom they denounce as utterly wicked.

We further hold that the Irish in America have conspicuously risen to places of honor and power, in which they have proved capability and merit. And were it not for an underlying current of bigotry, their recognition in presidential cabinets would have been fuller. Their record, however, in council and in the field, is one of signal honor, despite the foibles, follies, and vices of those who rank as "ward politicians"—a company in which so-called native Americans and men of other nationalities are quite as much at home as the Irish Americans.

Mr. Merwin extols the courage of the Irish, their many and great services in the Civil War, and the fine qualities that he hopes will be developed from Irish stock in the coming American type. The zeal of the Irish clergy in this country, their generosity and self-sacrifice, Mr. Merwin also applauds. Nor does he forget the brave, honest men who serve in such numbers in the defence of our cities from fire and other perils. We quote his pointed words: "It is a common complaint of people *who would never face a fire or a mob*, that there are too many Irishmen in our fire and police departments." God bless these noble fellows who so often and so readily take their lives in their hands, in the round of their duty. Altogether, Mr. Merwin's article is a notable study, one that makes exceedingly interesting and thought-provoking reading. Other papers of the March *Atlantic* are: "A Holy Island Pilgrimage," a delightful sketch of a visit to Lindisfarne; "The Presidency and Secretary Morton"; "A Seminary of Sedition,' one of John Fiske's pleasant historical contributions, bearing on James I., and the Virginia colony; and "The Case of the Public Schools," the opening of a series designed to show forth the deficiencies of the public schools as in many places conducted.

As bearing on the subject of *The Atlantic Monthly* and the Irish, we deem it opportune to quote a few sentiments from the address delivered at the dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, by Charles A. Dana, of *The Sun*:

"I want to speak of the view taken of the Irish by the regular old stock Americans, who are nothing but

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Americans, with all the ideas and many of the prejudices of a semi-aboriginal people. I am one of the old Puritan stock on both sides, and I can tell why we like the Irish better than any other kind of immigrants who have come to us to be converted into Americans. There are three reasons: First, the Irish come here with the political instincts of a free people. They are born politicians, and they know by national genius or inheritance what is necessary to maintain a free Government. It is the people who do their political duties, who maintain their freedom at the primaries and political conventions, that are really free, because they alone are self-governed. That is a quality of the Irish.

"Another reason is that after they settle in America, while they maintain their old associations, they are part of us: Americans always, and often more so than many of the native stock.

"Another reason is that they never turn their backs on the flag. They know the significance of the emblem, and they follow it to the death. There never was an Irish traitor in this country.

"These are some of the reasons why we love the Irish as fellow-citizens, and wish for more of them. God bless old Ireland, whether beyond the sea or here in American citizenship."

We are not surprised to read in the New York papers that Mr. Dana was welcomed with prolonged applause, and that his speech was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic cheering. God bless the noble Editor of *The Sun*, who is never silent when liberty calls for a champion voice.

Poet-Lore for February is full from cover to cover, both of interest and instruction. One puts it by, after a careful perusal, with the mental comment: "I have gained something from this." The leading article is by Richard Burton, on "The Democratic and Aristocratic in Literature." The author shows clearly and strikingly that literature in general, and poetry in particular, is democratic if anything; that it is for the many, and not for the few. The popular modern attitude toward verse, namely, that it is something of concern only to the cultured few, he deprecates exceedingly, and points out with commendable sagacity, the remedy to be employed to insure a shifting of this attitude. The remedy suggested imposes a duty on both the makers of literature, and on the public. From the "litterateurs" it demands a broader appeal to humanity. "It has been a fashion in more than one country to deem literature meritorious in exact proportion as it was recondite, obscure, precious, or narrow." There is a world of truth in this. For much that is involved and obscure has been lauded, and that, too, simply by reason of its obscurity. Clearness is not incompatible with depth, nor is obscurity the evidence of profundity. If this were thoroughly understood, we should not have the absurd spectacle of a troop of rhymsters singing their songs of "involved ideas," and furnishing a "key" with every song. It was never intended that poetry should become a sort of "Euclid." On the part of the public, there lies the duty of encouraging what is given it, of "the sweet and inspirational." Emotion is not always puerile, nor is "intellectual wrestling the most glorious outcome of latter-day development." With these duties faithfully discharged on the part of poet and public, the author hopes for a reinvestiture of poetry in the suffrages of the people. Robert Hovey's "Taliesin," a dramatic poem of great power and beauty, is continued in this number. The article on "Robert Browning as a Letter Writer" will certainly be read with much interest by the legion of his admirers. "Recent American Verse" contains a satisfactory, just, and able criticism of Bliss Carman's "Behind the Arras"; Nathan Haskel Dole's "The Hawthorn, and Other Poems," and William Cranston Lowe's "Folia Dispersa." Letters of Coleridge, Arnold, and Stevenson, recently issued, are reviewed by one of the editors of the magazine in a crisp, bright article, not without humor, and with a thread of gentle sarcasm running through it here and there. Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty" is analyzed in the "School of Literature."

The March number of *The Cosmopolitan* touches upon a variety of current subjects. "Empire Building in South Africa" is a timely paper. "The Mystery of General Grant," by Adam Badeau, points out the strange contrasts in the life of the "silent man." "The True Story of the Death of Sitting Bull," by Major Edmond Fechèt, is a sketch of the Sioux outbreak of 1890–1891. "Old English Silver" and "Upland Pastures" are articles which will prove pleasant reading to those interested in these particular lines. Fortunately, Mr. James Lane Allen's serial, "Butterflies: A Tale of Nature," is completed in the present number. Being so, it gives the opportunity for a full expression of opinion which its unfinished condition precluded. That Mr. Allen, a man of culture and talent, would offer the reading public a story so grossly sensual as "Butterflies," is a matter of surprise and deep regret. That *The Cosmopolitan* would endanger its reputation as a magazine of good standing, by giving space to a serial so openly and wantonly immoral as to deserve the condemnation of all decent-minded readers, is a cause of even greater wonder. From time to time we have commended the merit of *The Cosmopolitan's* short stories, even during the period of "Butter-

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flies' " course. We purposely abstained from previous comment on Mr. Allen's work, so that we might give him the benefit of a possibly favorable turn in the story, We now pronounce, unhesitatingly, our word of censure on this " tale of nature."

Emmanuel is the expressive title of a little monthly, which is the official organ of the Priest's Eucharistic League, an association spreading here in the United States, and numbering thousands of priests in Europe. Its editor is the Rt. Rev. Camillus Paul Maes, Bishop of Covington, Ky.

The headquarters of the work is at St. Meinrad's abbey, Spencer Co., Indiana, its General Director being Rev. Fr. Bede Maler, O. S. B., who is also manager of the journal.

The Priest's Eucharistic League owes its origin to the religious congregation of the Priests of the Blessed Sacrament, founded in France by Father Eymard in this century. Names of members the world over are forwarded to this head centre, and also their monthly intentions for prayer.

As stated by the Rev. Editor in his salutatory, its aim is, " the sanctification of the priesthood by an increase of practical faith in, and efficient love for, the Eucharistic God, in our own hearts." In the same place he declares that " the Catholic people cannot but reap untold benefits from the fervor and devotion of their spiritual guides to the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar." This leads to another aim of the League and journal: " an interchange of views about the best way of reaching the hearts of the people, and of inflaming their souls with enduring love for Jesus in the Eucharist."

Several pages of the first volume are devoted to a confraternity too little known, yet one of the easiest of all erected, that of the Blessed Sacrament. This confraternity, established in the early part of the sixteenth century, owes its origin to the devotion and zeal of a small number of the laity. The place of its erection was the Dominican church of the Minerva, Rome. The Rt. Rev. Editor sets forth earnestly the merits of this confraternity, and urges its erection in parish churches, quoting Paul III., Clement VIII., and Paul V. At a time when papal regulations were enacted forbidding the erection of confraternities of the same name in more than one parish church in a city, two confraternities were declared free from this prohibition—that of the Blessed Sacrament and that of the Christian Doctrine. The Editor, in a footnote, quotes a remark from Rev. Eug. Court, set forth in his " Etudes sur l'Eucharistie," that " the popes have favored in the very same manner, the confraternities honoring the Eucharistic Bread, and the Bread of the Word."

The Eucharistic Congress of 1895, convened last October in the Catholic University at Washington, gained a great impetus, no doubt, through the circulation of *Emmanuel*. Its progress and results were briefly yet clearly set forth in its pages.

But the real aim of the League claims the general space of the journal. It is to lead the priest apart for an hour each week from every distracting care of his ministry, to study at the foot of the tabernacle the Eucharistic Life of Him whose Divine mission among men is given him to perpetuate; to see his own life reflected therein, as in a mirror, and, in view of the contrast, to strive towards a more perfect fulfilment of his vocation as a victim. It is only by thus dwelling apart with Christ, in His Eucharistic loneliness, silence, sacrifice, oblation, that the priest can hope to become thoroughly imbued, impregnated, with the Christlike spirit that will effect the work Divine in souls entrusted to his care, for whom he will one day have to answer at the bar of Divine Justice. A more intimate life with Christ cannot but be the effect of membership in the Priest's Eucharistic League. As intimated by the foregoing words, one hour's consecutive adoration of the Blessed Sacrament is enjoined on the members, the day and hour being a matter of personal choice. A libellum is furnished them for each month, which they will return at the close of the month to the head American centre, St. Meinrad's, Indiana, the hours of adoration that have been kept being marked thereon in the way suggested. Prayer for the Holy Father's intentions naturally forms one of the conditions for gaining the indulgences attached to the devotion.

The journal presents some Eucharistic meditations that will be helpful to the priests, but the use of the Missal is specially recommended as being conducive towards imbuing him with the best dispositions for offering the adorable sacrifice.

The journal advocates the introduction of the Priests' Eucharistic League into seminaries, in order that the practice of

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setting aside a time for regular heart communion with the Blessed Sacrament be thus early formed.

The little journal has a tender, holy mission, which it is doing nobly, and we earnestly wish it every blessing of God, and of our Lady of the Rosary, who kept all the words of Jesus in her heart, and is the priest's holiest, most helpful guide to a perfect imitation of the One Eternal Priest, Christ Jesus.

"A Personally Conducted Arrest in Constantinople," by F. Hopkinson Smith, is the opening paper of the March *Century*. The illustrations are after drawings by the author. "On an Author's Choice of Company," by Woodrow Wilson, is a scholarly paper. The suggestions and ideas in regard to authorship are valuable, and extremely well-expressed. "May not an author," says Mr. Wilson, "in some degree, by choosing his literary company, choose also his literary character, and thus, when he comes to write, write himself back to his masters? May he not, by examining his own tastes and yielding himself obedient to his natural affinities, join what congenial group of writers he will? The question can be argued very strongly in the affirmative. * * * He cannot choose amiss for himself, or for his generation, if he choose like a man without light whim or weak affectation; not like one who chooses a costume; but like one who chooses a soul. What is it, let him ask himself, that renders a bit of writing a 'piece of literature'? It is reality." In this day of indiscriminate writing, unformed style, and literary pandering to what is called the spirit of the time, Mr. Wilson's article is acceptable and inspiring. Another paper to be read with advantage, is, "The Perils of Small Talk," by Allan McLane Hamilton, which points out the fact, that by the improper use of the speech centres, an actual cerebral deterioration is caused. "On the Track of the Arkansas Traveller," is a history of the great backwoods reel beloved by southern "fiddlers." "John Randolph of Roanoke," by Powhatan Bouldin, and "The Elder Dumas," by Emily Crawford, are excellent biographical sketches.

The American Catholic Quarterly Review for January made its appearance somewhat late—in February,—and with an announcement of reduction in subscription price from five to four dollars. This is a step in the right direction, especially as it is coupled with a hint at further reduction in the near future. In different places and in different ways the suggestion has been made that *The Catholic Quarterly* would much enhance its influence if it would cease to be a quarterly, and would come out regularly as a high class monthly review. Such a movement by the present managers would probably forestall any attempt by others on the same plan.

The table of contents is rich, as well as varied. The Reverend Doctor Parsons and Mr. Bryan J. Clinch, both reliable and entertaining writers, contribute to this number: the former, an account of Marco Polo, with a view of some of the Catholic explorers of the Middle Ages; the latter, a touching sketch of the distinguished Polish Archbishop, Monsignor Felinski, confessor and exile, and martyr in spirit. Richard R. Elliott tells of Bishop Baraga among the Ottawas, a delightful bit of Canadian and American Church history. "Catholicism in Thackeray and Dickens" is very interesting, while Father Freeman's Scientific Chronicle deals, in most agreeable and instructive style, with the precious stones of the Bible. The heavier articles are, "The Moral Aspect of the Question of Anglican Orders," by A. F. Marshall; "The Relativity of Political Economy," by the Reverend F. W. Howard, of Columbus, Ohio; "Modern Theories of Society," by Father Ming, S. J.; "Episcopal Elections," by the Reverend Doctor Peries; and the first part of Professor St. George Mivart's able review of "Balfour's Philosophy."

BOOKS.

THREE KEYS TO THE CAMERA DELLA SEGNATURA OF THE VATICAN, by Eliza Allen Starr. Chicago. Published by the author, 1895.

What a beautiful book! we exclaim as we turn the pages of Miss Starr's latest volume. A veritable *édition de luxe* it is; daintily tasteful from the rubricated title page to the colophon. Securely we say it: never before, in the United States, has a work by a Catholic writer been issued in a form so perfectly artistic. A look at a page is a delight to the eye of the bibliophile, and an education for the many who live and die without learning that there is an art of book-making. The paper, the page itself, the type, each by itself, and all in all please and gratify

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sight and mind. To Miss Starr, the artist, we are indebted in many ways; and especially indebted for the lesson taught us by this artful volume. In this degraded age of "nine cent" Shakespeares, it behooves those who really love the people, to see that the traditions of a respectful art of book-making are popularized. We hope to see our Catholic Summer and Winter Schools foster these traditions by illustrated lectures on the great printers, illustrators, and binders of the past. With a modern stereopticon, and a thorough knowledge of the subject, a lecturer would serve the cause of history as well as of the arts; spreading truth, as well as a civilizing taste that is altogether too uncommon. The mean paper, the rotten type, the slatternly "composition," the boiler-plate inside, the vile prints that disgrace so many of our journals, will not be hooted into Barbaryland until the people, knowing the good and the becoming, can feel a proper contempt for the bad and the rude. There is a vast difference between a cheap education and an instruction in sordid cheapness and in nothing else. The first lecturer on the subject of artistic book-making will instance Miss Starr's volume as an example of what may be done to-day, where knowledge and taste are intimately combined.

Miss Starr's subject is worthy of its beautiful dress. Every lover of high art is lifted up to loftiest heights by the contemplation of Raphael's *Stanze*, as the three famous rooms in the Vatican, adjoining Raphael's *Loggie*, are called. The *Stanza* of Heliodorus, and the *Stanza* of the Conflagration, are so called from subjects painted on the walls of these two rooms. The *Stanza della Segnatura* (Room of the Signature) took its name from its use as a council chamber. *Camera* Miss Starr calls it, and with good authority; *Stanza* I have called it, owing to habit; though, hereafter, referring to the chamber or room, I shall adopt her more dignified term.

It was the great Pope, Julius II., who called Raphael, then barely twenty-five years of age, from Florence to Rome. Another grand idea had moved Julius to action. With unerring judgment he chose the man who could and would completely realize his idea. The *Camera della Segnatura*, Julius had determined to decorate, with no vain mythological story, but with types of the most exalted human intellectuality, grouped about "the four grand centres around which intellectual life revolves, namely: Theology, Philosophy, Poesy, and Justice."

The figures typifying these four ideals are painted on the ceiling of the *Camera della Segnatura*. On the walls of the *Camera*, beneath these typical figures, the Umbrian genius painted four compositions illustrating and developing the subjects represented on the ceiling. The wall-paintings are known as the "Disputa," or "Dispute," which forms a pendant to Theology; the "School of Athens," illustrating Philosophy; the "Parnassus," picturing the realm of Poesy; and, finally, the "Jurisprudence," an allegory of "the science of Justice as exercised in the affairs of the world."

Nobler subjects than those of the *Camera della Segnatura*, an artist could not ask for. Severely thoughtful, they appeal to the intellect wholly, and not at all to sentiment or passion. As mere paintings—artful compositions in color,—they command an absorbing, a wondering attention from the uneducated as well as from the educated. To see them is to admire. The disposition and grouping of the figures prove the transcendent genius of the youthful master to whom the Pope entrusted the decoration of the *Camera della Segnatura*. Since Raphael's day, artists of every land have utilized these unequalled designs; and many an easel-picture has been composed after some one of the groups, and many a wall-painting after the general design, of these masterpieces of the pupil of Perugino.

The art is Raphael's; but the subjects were chosen by the Pope. To illustrate these subjects demanded an erudition that could not be expected from the young painter. From the crowd of learned men cherished by Julius II., Raphael received the material which he disposed with such wonderful art. This material was in great part historical, and comprised all the men who, from the beginning of history, had earned a right to the gratitude of mankind by their contributions to the sum of theological and philosophical science, or by their cultivation of the heavenly art of poesy.

In the Disputa the real, or the idealized portraits of forty prophets, apostles, evangelists, martyrs, fathers, and doctors of the Church proclaim the glory of the Trinity, and the loving and ever-living sacrifice of the Son; in the "School of Athens," forty-six lovers of wisdom, Greek, Jewish, Arabian, Roman, witness to the immortality of truth, and to the darkness

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of the brightest mind unless illumined by the Holy Spirit through Christ and Him crucified. On the wooded heights of the "Parnassus," around Apollo and the muses, seventeen bards are grouped, Grecian, Roman, and Italian. When Raphael's *Camera della Segnatura* was opened to the enthusiastic scholars who frequented the Vatican in the early days of the sixteenth century, the names of the glorious band of an hundred and three that he had portrayed, among the poets, philosophers, theologians, martyrs, evangelists, apostles, prophets, were passed from cleric to layman, familiarly. To-day even learned men are puzzled when asked to say, knowingly, who is who. Thus knowledge progresseth with time!

However, the traditions of Raphael's day have not been wholly lost; and Miss Starr's aim it is to revive these traditions, and to make it possible for the learned and the unlearned to study intelligently the noble paintings conceived by Julius and designed by the "divine" rival of Angelo. Hence the THREE KEYS by whose aid one may gain easy access to the *Camera della Segnatura*, and discourse or commune with any one, or with every one, of the gifted assemblage recreated by Raphael's cunning hand.

Miss Starr gives us not names merely, but also sketches of all the personages identified by her after careful study—the study of twelve years,—and after consultation with scholars of repute. Need we say of one whose literary abilities are so widely recognized, that the language is clear and simple, as the thought is always lofty and sincere? Among the many charming and useful works with which the talented authoress has favored us, the THREE KEYS must take a high rank. To men, as well as to women of culture, it proffers knowledge that cannot be acquired elsewhere. And should not men and women of culture learn from the book a lesson, not expressed, and yet clearly written on each one of its beautiful pages! The lesson, that twelve years expended in the service of truth, and to honor the Faith, are years well spent; and that History and Art appeal to the cultured, invitingly, and, after Theology and Philosophy, and along with their own sister, sweet Poesy, deserve a service more generous and more loyal than we have thus far accorded them. In our intellectual firmament there is room for a galaxy of stars as brilliant as that one which shines so steadily in the West.

The THREE KEYS admit us to the actual *Camera della Segnatura*. Justice, Poesy, Philosophy, Theology, the "Disputa," the "School of Athens," the "Parnassus," the "Jurisprudence," are here pictured for us: "in half-tone reproductions of photographs taken from the original frescoes." Our own opinion is, that the sole reproductive art which could give an approximately true idea of the originals, would be that of line engraving; but only a banker could dream of issuing a work thus illustrated. Among the "processes" now in use, the "half-tone," Miss Starr says, preserves the expressions as well as the forms of the originals more certainly than any other process. By means of outline engravings Miss Starr permits us easily to identify each figure of the grand compositions reproduced in the half-tone prints.

Earnestly do we hope that Miss Starr's beautiful and instructive volume may attain a circulation proportionate to its rare merits; and that the motive which inspired the distinguished authoress may be deservedly appreciated. This motive cannot be better defined than by quoting her own words: "I may truly say that in the execution of this work, it has been my single aim to put my own generation, and, I hope, many succeeding ones, in touch with these marvellous compositions, executed by Raphael under the patronage of the Holy See, and surrounded by all the exalted influences of his environment in Rome, rightly entitled the Eternal City."

We have received from P. O'Shea, New York, the four volumes comprising the complete set of the LEAVES FROM THE ANNALS OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

The first volume presents the revered foundress, Catherine McAuley, in a sketch of deep interest, traced with care by a loving hand. In this is included the record of the establishment of the Sisters of Mercy, a chapter of Church History that is true to the best traditions of the Church's life; the second volume deals with the Order in England and Australia; the third traces the rise and progress of the work in Newfoundland and the United States; while the fourth carries the edified and pleased reader to South America, adding a concluding account of the most recent foundations in the United States. Though the compilation of these Annals has been "a labor of love" in which enthusiasm and family pride

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might have asserted themselves vigorously, we may justly state that the entire work is executed with ability, historical facts being set forth in agreeable, narrative style, while anecdotes and incidents bearing on the main subject, are so pleasantly interwoven that the reader's interest is sustained and refreshed as the story proceeds. The veteran Catholic publisher, P. O'Shea, who is so honorably identified with notable achievements in the book-making line, sustains his reputation for zealous enterprise in this present venture. We heartily recommend to our readers, the handsome set of four volumes comprising LEAVES FROM THE ANNALS OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

LOVE'S QUEST, AND OTHER POEMS, by the late Mary A. Conroy, is edited by Katharine E. Conway. A beautiful memorial, "The Singer and the Songs," by Miss Conway, is a loving and fitting tribute to Miss Conroy as woman and writer. It gives a very clear, if brief, insight into the sweetness, refinement, and sensitiveness of character which the work of the writer so clearly indicates. It would be impossible to read the dainty little volume, compiled since Miss Conroy's death, without being struck, and touched too, by the gentleness, delicacy, and brightness of spirit which characterize her poems. "The Legend of the Lilies" is the pretty story of our Lady and the lilies of the valley, and tells how,

> "Once the heads now shyly bending,
> * * * * *
> Were in conscious beauty lifted,"

until one day,

> "Among them walked a maiden,
> In her beauty glorified."
>
> "Glorified beyond all telling,
> And the purity she shed,
> From her gentle, modest glances
> Made each lily hide its head."
>
> "It was Mary, Jesus' Mother,
> Who among the lilies went.
> Since that day in silent homage
> Every lily's head is bent!"

What a sweet, loving expression of admiration for the beauty and purity of our Lady!

"Desperation" is full of the humor which so often goes with the poetical temperament:

> "I've covered reams of paper,
> I've used up quarts of ink—
> The editors against me
> Are all in league, I think."
>
> "'Not because lacking merit,'
> On this point they agree;
> Then why, oh, why, does everything
> Come straightway back to me?"

But the most appealing of the little poems, possibly because it is the saddest, is "Released," the pathetic story of a woman's true love—and its reward—told in three verses, of which we give two:

> "They said I was dead—
> But I could not die,
> Though need had I of rest;
> For one I loved all else beside,
> Of whom I was the promised bride,
> Had bid me wait, and so must I
> Obey my love's behest."
>
> "They said I was dead—
> How could they know
> My soul was waiting yet?"
> He came, and, bending over me,
> I heard him say: 'Thank God! I'm free!'
> My soul throughout eternity
> Those words will not forget."

While Miss Conroy's style is her own, there is in it a close resemblance to that of Adelaide Procter—the same purity of tone, delicacy of touch, and warm human sympathy. The little volume comes from Flynn and Mahony, Boston. It is bound in the popular grey linen, and the type is good.

THE WOMAN'S MANUAL OF PARLIAMENTARY LAW, by Harriette R. Shattuck, is a neat little cloth-bound volume, which comes from Lee and Sheppard, Boston. "The Woman's Manual," says the author's preface, "aims to supply the long existing demand for an elementary book, wherein the first principles of parliamentary law are so clearly set forth, that *she* 'who runs may read.' *** While it is based upon no authority in parliamentary law, the various authors have been carefully studied and compared." The little book is intended for any student of parliamentary affairs, but it is especially adapted to the use of women in clubs, meetings, and all organizations where such rules are necessary. The author, Harriette R. Shattuck, is president of the Boston political class. While in her manual she keeps simplicity in view, she omits none of the essential principles of parliamentary law. Her directions are clear and minute, the forms being impressed by illustrative dialogues. It will, no doubt, prove an interesting and instructive hand-book to those desirous of being posted on the subject of which it treats.

TAN-HO: A TALE OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE, by S. T. Crook, as an effort to blend fiction and travel into an harmonious whole, has not been successful. The story is disconnected and desultory, while the description of scenery and incidents of travel lose whatever

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merit they might have possessed, in being handicapped by a tedious tale, of which the conversation is perhaps the most tedious, and is certainly the most unreal part. To the story proper there is no thread; we flounder hopelessly among people of all nationalities and creeds, without being able to see what resemblance they bear to one another, or to disentangle them from the general medley. Apart from the book as a story, the literary work is extremely careless. On page forty-one, in speaking of the paintings of Vernet, one of the characters is made to say: "The *quantity* of figures, too, that he introduces into his landscapes, renders his style unique." To use the word *quantity*, instead of *number*, is an oversight too glaring to need further comment, nor is this by any means the solitary inaccuracy, tautology being among the most notable defects. The little book is prettily gotten up in olive green and silver, and printed in good open type. The publishers are Benziger Brothers, New York.

LOVER'S SAINT RUTH'S, AND THREE OTHER TALES," is published by Copeland and Day, Boston, and is by Louise Imogen Guiney. These four short stories, Miss Guiney says in her preface, "stand for my apprentice-work in fiction, and are my only attempts of that kind." The author of these tales is well-known for her previous writings. That she is hardly popular, in the usual sense of the word, should be to her a reason of self-congratulation, for now, popular and commonplace are often synonymous, and commonplace Miss Guiney has not been. Her coterie of admirers then, is select, consequently small. That her first writings had about them a marked crudeness is true, but crudeness in a young writer is not objectionable, when underlying it are vigor, imagination, originality—it is the proverbial dross which covers the gold,—and in spite of this crudeness, Miss Guiney's very earliest writings had upon them the unmistakable, indescribable impression of superiority. In the new line, the old mannerisms are dropped, the style polished, and there is a very pretty and attractive simplicity of language. Although the subjects chosen may not be acceptable to the general reader, yet the conceptions are good, and Miss Guiney's manner of dealing with them is original. In conclusion we would say, that LOVER'S SAINT RUTH'S, AND OTHER TALES, is essentially a mature book, written for matured minds. It should not be put into the hands of the young or impressionable. Not because of its morality, but because it has a persistent, haunting influence. One cannot shake off the horror produced by poor gentle Eleanor's fate, and unfortunate, deluded, loving little Hughey's untimely taking off. While not morbid in themselves, these stories might produce morbidness in an immature mind, though we must except "Our Lady of the Union," which is the sweetest and saddest of love-stories. The press-work of the little volume is beautiful—thick linen paper, wide margins, and type that would delight the heart of the book-lover; the leaves uncut, and on the first blank page, after the finis, are the name of the printer and time of printing—the revival of two old-time fashions.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, a novel by Walter E. McCann, comes to us from Gallery and McCann, publishers, Baltimore. In a frank and well-written preface, Mr. McCann says some good and true things of fiction in general, and his own book in particular. "The art of true story-telling," he says, "is to entertain; some writers may do this by giving photographic pictures of life, painful, repulsive, and minute; others by the representation of characters, and still others by novelty of incident and ingenuity of plot." What he says of his own work is simple and unpretentious. "The present story was written not at all as a model, but for serial purposes in a newspaper; hence the chief object was to maintain the interest from week to week.* * * Accordingly, the most determined purpose has been to work up good climaxes for the end of the chapters; still, it is to be hoped an instructive moral lesson may be drawn from the experiences of the discontented and severely punished heroine." It seems hardly fair to make an author his own spokesman, particularly when, as in the present case, he is modest; but as Mr. McCann's comments cannot be improved upon in regard to his novel, we use them. Additionally, however, we shall say that he fulfilled his avowed purpose of keeping up the interest from chapter to chapter, and that the moral of his story is excellent, giving a clear understanding of the misery of guilt, the unhappiness and perpetual disquiet which come of a useless rebellion against our condition in life, and the absolute necessity for confession and reparation if we expect peace. Some

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of the short stories bound with IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT are bright and readable. Notably, "Father Carmel's Temptation," and "When the Cows Come Home." The press work is fair, and the binding in good taste.

GARRISON TALES FROM TONQUIN, by James O'Neill, is a collection of short stories illustrating the life and habits of the people of the northern province of Annam. These tales bear, in a particular manner, upon Tonquin, in its relation to the French, who since 1884 have held possession of this part of the Orient by force of their army. This collection, as do all of like kind, bears the same relation to literature that charcoal sketches do to art; mere outlines which, however, taken as a whole, give a fairly good idea of the life they are intended to portray. One of these tales, "Père Loraine," is the story of a young French priest who sacrificed a brilliant career as a preacher at Paris to carry Christianity among the Annamites. The gist of the story is pretty and touching, too: the young priest's struggle with himself before deciding to go to Tonquin, his dreary, isolated position while there, and his final martyrdom; but we cannot help remarking that the part which "duchesses and great ladies" are made to play in Père Loraine's and his bishop's affairs is anything but true to clerical life. In order to make ourselves entirely clear, we quote: "Would he hear confessions?" asked the duchesses. "Would he advise them in things spiritual? Would he direct them personally? Would he—would he lose his own soul?" he asked. No. After Easter he disappeared. Then the duchesses went to the bishop to get him back. Well, the bishop said "yes," and Père Loraine came back and preached eight more sermons. ... Of course his bishop sided with the duchesses, and would have had him remain so as to reflect glory on the Church." Again, latter on, in describing Père Loraine's painful struggle when anticipating leaving Paris, he is made to say: "But now, again, should he remain in Paris, he might soon become a bishop the ladies would see to that." In our experience, "great ladies" have very little to do with assignments of priests, or the making of bishops. We recognize the probable fact that Mr. O'Neill's intention is rather to accentuate the circumstances of Père Loraine's temptation than to reflect upon Church discipline, but different figures might have been used with more taste. Of the other stories, "De Perier," "The Cooly," "Rœbke," and "Homesickness" are among the best. The book is published by Copeland & Day, Boston. It is in an Oriental looking cover of yellowish green, over which are scattered balls and stripes of gorgeous colors.

Part twenty-one of THE BOOK OF THE FAIR presents the twenty-third chapter, continuing the subject of the State Exhibits. It also opens the twenty-fourth chapter, on the Midway Plaisance, with notable reproductions of an Irish village and the harp of Brian Boroihme. Part twenty-two treats of Oriental villages. Part twenty-three gives the twenty-fifth chapter, dealing with Foreign Exhibits. Part twenty-four begins the twenty-sixth chapter, the World's Congress Auxiliary, with reference to prominent men and women in the various fields of progress. This number also introduces the twenty-seventh chapter, Results, Awards, and Incidents. Part twenty-five, the last of the series, contains the concluding chapter, devoted to the California Midwinter International Exposition. THE BOOK OF THE FAIR is a rare opportunity for those who did not make the trip to Chicago. Each number of the twenty-five is richly and profusely illustrated, while the description is clear and vivid. The Bancroft Company, Chicago, are the publishers.

From Selwin, Tait & Sons, New York, we have received A JESUIT OF TO-DAY, a little book of about one hundred and forty pages, by Orange McNeill. The story is drawn upon rather peculiar lines, being a queer intermixture of social and college life, spiritual meditations, religious struggles, etc., etc. The style of the writer strikes one as being that of the amateur, or at least as of one unaccustomed to the particular line of work undertaken, while the conversation—that difficult and delicate task of the novelist—is, in the present instance, stilted and unnatural. In reading A JESUIT OF TO-DAY one has a disagreeable sense of the ineffectiveness of the descriptions, both in the case of actual events and feelings. A forcible example of this ineffectiveness is given in the author's account of a Harvard-Yale regatta. In reading the description of an exciting event, one must be made to feel, although the particular incident described does

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not appeal to him personally, that it will, nevertheless, by its vividness, its living reality, its thrilling descriptiveness, be full of meaning to that class of readers for whom it was written. Of this quality Orange McNeill's regatta account is utterly void. We particularly mention this part of the little book, because it is evidently intended for one of the most marked events. The story is of a young man who goes from atheism to agnosticism, thence to Catholicity, and who finally becomes a Jesuit.

The best points in the novelette are the striving after things spiritual, the appreciation of nobility of character, and the realization of the necessity of sacrifice which mark it. To prove this necessity is the manifest intention of the book. This we appreciate—this, and the clearness and purity of thought and sentiment which run through the book, in spite of the crude and unworkmanlike expression of these ideas. The press-work of A JESUIT OF TO-DAY is most excellent, the paper heavy and the type clear. The binding, blue linen, touched up with gilt, is dainty and attractive.

POEMS BY JOHN B. TABB, a slender little volume, comes to us in the shape of a veritable casket of gems. The poems are all short, many of them only quatrains, but into their brevity is compressed a wealth of poetic thought and feeling. The author's soul is one of great sensitiveness, and so highly strung that the faintest breath brings from it melodies of ravishing sweetness. His imagery, as well as his phraseology, is original, but by no means far-fetched. He chooses delicate tints, and lays them on lightly, and while some of this may be at the expense of power, he more than atones for this deficiency by the admirable effect of purity and chasteness which he produces. Of such uniform excellence is his work, that, did we wish to cite a specimen, we need not be at pains in our selection, but a random choice would answer, for each poem is good as every other.

These poems should find a place in every household, and should lie somewhere close at hand, so that they may be taken up to fill in the odd "five minutes of leisure" which come even into the busiest life.

They are published by Copeland and Day, Boston, and John Lane, London, on excellent paper, in clear type, and generally, in a way which can not fail to satisfy the modern fad for the unique and striking.

From the Catholic Book Exchange, New York, we have received CHRISTIAN UNITY, by the Reverend Morgan M. Sheedy. We welcome this little book in the spirit with which its author sent it forth, dedicated "to all sincere lovers of religious truth, in the earnest hope that it may prove somewhat helpful to them" in their search for the Light. Father Sheedy is the well-known rector of St. John's Church, Altoona, Pa. A devoted pastor, he yet finds time for the practical encouragement of Catholic literature, by the energy of his own well-tipped pen, and by the hearty hand which he stretches out to other workers in the field of letters. His discussion of the living, burning question of Christian unity, is a loyal answer to the appeal of our Holy Father. In a series of bright, crisp, pithy chapters written in a popular strain, with priestly dignity and zeal effecting a happy blending of acute argument, historic facts, and convincing conclusions, Father Sheedy presents the case for Christian Unity. Some of his strongest witnesses are non-Catholics. He has made a good book, readable, clever, attractive, valuable. We are satisfied that no honest Protestant can study it without awakening serious thought begotten of serious doubt; and if sincere prayer follows earnest reading, grace will do the rest. Catholics will find this little work a storehouse of excellent material for instruction, for intelligent and kindly discussion. Cordially do we recommend it to our Rosarians, and we ask them not only to read it, but to pray that it may have a widespread influence among our non-Catholic friends. The Catholic Book Exchange deserves well of our people, because of its energetic zeal in behalf of the apostolate of the Catholic press. Father Sheedy's book is presented in a very creditable style; we think, however, that a thicker paper and a fuller page margin would have given to the volume a still more becoming appearance. We trust that many new editions will be required; in that desirable event, such attractions may be considered by the publishers.

From J. Fischer & Brother, New York, we have received CATHOLIC SCHOOL CHIMES, a compilation of secular songs and hymns. This is a good book, convenient in size, of considerable scope, and not too dear in price.

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How to Become a Rosarian.

1. *Have your name enrolled by a priest authorized to receive you.*—If the Confraternity be not established where you reside, you may send your name to some church where it is established. It is not necessary to reside in the parish where the Confraternity is established. Our readers may send their names to the Director of the Rosary Confraternity, in care of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE, and he will enroll them. Be sure to give the baptismal name and the family name. No abbreviations of baptismal names may be used.

2. *Have your Beads blessed with the Dominican blessing.*—To accommodate those who may not have an opportunity of receiving this blessing otherwise, the Director of the Rosary Confraternity, 871 Lexington Ave., New York, will bless all rosaries sent to him, and will return them. Postage for this must be enclosed.

3. *The fifteen decades must be said during the course of the week—from Sunday to Sunday.*—These decades may be divided in any way found convenient, provided that at least one decade at a time be said. It is a pious practice of Rosarians to say five decades each day.

In the usual "make up" of rosaries we find one large bead and three smaller beads immediately following the crucifix or cross. It is a practice of some to recite on the cross or crucifix the *Apostles' Creed;* on the large bead, an *Our Father;* and on the small beads, three *Hail Marys.* In reality they do not belong to the Rosary. They are merely a custom, but are not required by the Church. The method of saying the Rosary practised by the Dominicans is as follows:

In the name of the Father, etc.

V. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee.

R. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb—Jesus.

V. Thou, O Lord, wilt open my lips.

R. And my tongue shall announce Thy praise.

V. Incline unto my aid, O God;

R. O Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory be to the Father, etc. Alleluia.

(*From Septuagesima to Easter, instead of* Alleluia, *say* Praise be to Thee, O Lord, King of eternal glory.)

Then announce either "the first part of the holy Rosary, the five joyful mysteries," or "the second part of the holy Rosary, the five sorrowful mysteries," or "the third part of the holy Rosary, the five glorious mysteries." Then the first mystery, "the Annunciation," etc., and "*Our Father*" once, "*Hail Mary*" ten times, "*Glory be to the Father*" once; in the mean time meditating on the mystery. After reciting five decades, the *Hail, holy Queen* is said, followed by

V. Queen of the most holy Rosary, pray for us.

R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us Pray.

O God, whose only begotten Son, by His life, death and resurrection, has purchased for us the rewards of eternal life, grant, we beseech Thee, that meditating on these mysteries of the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, we may imitate what they contain and obtain what they promise. Through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

POINTS WORTH REMEMBERING.

1. The joyful mysteries are honored on Mondays and Thursdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from the first of Advent to the first of Lent.
2. The sorrowful mysteries are honored on Tuesdays and Fridays throughout the year, and on the Sundays of Lent.
3. The glorious mysteries are honored on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the year, and on all Sundays from Easter to Advent.
4. In the monthly Calendar, C. C. mean Confession and Communion.
5. Prayer: for intentions of the Holy Father, viz., the welfare of the Holy See; the spread of the Catholic Faith; the extirpation of heresy; peace among nations. It is not necessary to mention these intentions in detail. Five *Our Fathers* and *Hail Marys* will suffice for the prayers.
6. On second Sunday of each month, a Plenary Indulgence may be gained by members of the Holy Name Society.
7. On any day chosen by members of the Angelic Warfare, a Plenary Indulgence may be gained each month for the daily recital of the prayer "Chosen Lily." Conditions: C., C., prayer, visit to their chapel.
8. On each of two days chosen at will, a Plenary Indulgence may be gained each month by Rosarians:
(*a*) By those who daily spend at least a quarter of an hour of meditation, C., C., prayer.
(*b*) By those who are accustomed to celebrate or to hear the privileged Rosary Mass, "Salve Radix." Conditions: C., C., prayer. A Plenary also each time this Mass is said or heard.
9. The same conditions and the same indulgence as in (*a*) hold for members of the Holy Name Society.
10. On the last Sunday of each month a Plenary Indulgence may be gained by all the faithful who have been accustomed to say five decades of the Beads three times a week in common. Conditions: C., C., visit to church, prayers.
11. Many partial indulgences may be gained every day, for the recitation of the Rosary and for carrying a blessed rosary through devotion. It is not necessary to think of them in detail. A general intention suffices.
12. The usual conditions for gaining indulgences are Confession, Communion, and prayers for the Pope's intentions, with special work enjoined, such as a visit. One Confession and Communion suffice for all indulgences appointed for one day, even though Confession and Communion are named for each; and for those who are accustomed to weekly Confession this pious custom satisfies for all indulgences during the week for which Confession is required as a condition.
13. All the indulgences of the Rosary are applicable to the souls of the faithful departed.
14. For simple-minded people who cannot meditate, a devout recitation of the Rosary is all that is asked.

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OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

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THE ROSARY

Vol. VIII. MAY, 1896. No. 5.

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THE HOWLING DERVISHES.

Rev. J. M. Perier, O. P.

In the progress of the Mohammedan religion it is easy to perceive the tendencies which bear upon society the world over.

There are many partisans of this creed who accept what their so-called orthodoxy offers them for truth, and rest satisfied, seeking nothing beyond it; others again, seeking a life more in harmony with the concupiscence of their nature, are led, little by little, into gross voluptuousness. But there is a third class of souls prompted by nobler sentiments, who, seduced by those imaginative and mystic inspirations which are not wanting in their character, aspire to the ideal of perfection in the service of "Allah."

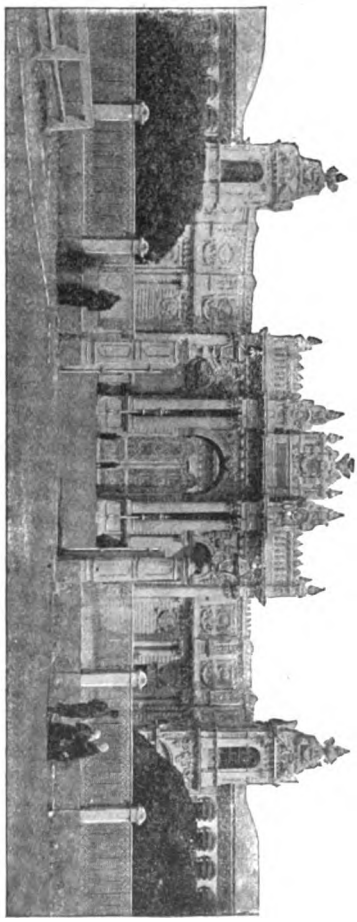


AN ARAB WATER VENDER.

These last (Ar. Soufê) were indeed far removed from orthodoxy, when they looked upon the Koran in the sense of an allegory; but they were still faithful adherents to the faith of Islam when they founded the famous Order of Dervishes.

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Some poets and thinkers, originators of this new sect, such as the Persians Sa' di et Hapis, finding no satisfaction for the desires of their imagination in the plainness and simplicity of the orthodoxy, and withdrawing themselves alike from the grossness and indelicacy of the sensual, planned a new ideal, thus aiming much higher. But the Dervishes of our day have no longer the spirit of their forefathers; the colors of mysticism have all faded away, and the last vestiges of their former doctrine have disappeared; the ceremonies of their public worship are the only signs that still remain. It is by the performance of these mechanical exterior rites that they still edify the lukewarm, and merit from them the title of saint.



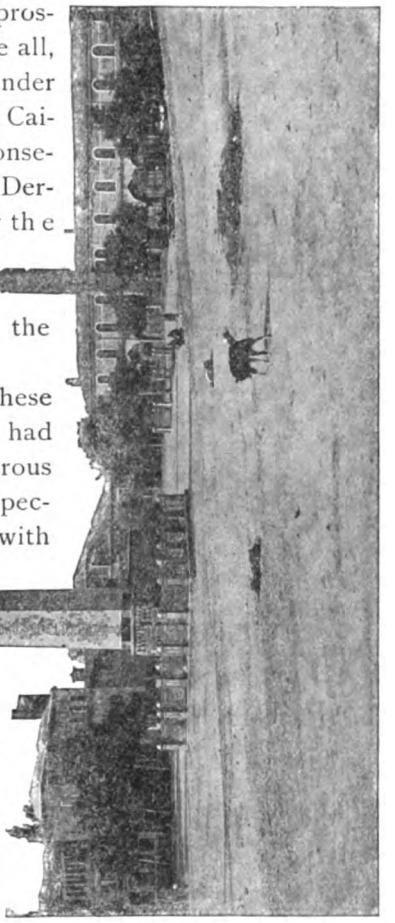
THE GATE OF THE PALACE DOLMA BAGTCHE (THE SULTAN'S RESIDENCE). DESIGNED AND BUILT BY ARMENIANS.

The Dervishes of our times form a most singular class of beggars, generally carrying under one arm a wooden vase, which is the intended receptacle for an offering, either of food or money. Their persons are usually respected in the streets in the same manner that they respect idiots[1] throughout the Orient. They do not trouble the passers-by with their inopportune demands, but rest satisfied, as they say, with what is given them by God. This, indeed, is a strange and unique phenomenon in the history of oriental mendicity. This vocation is sometimes handed down from father to son, particularly in the smaller villages, but the Order of Dervishes generally draws its

[1] The derangement of the mind is called by the Mussulmen, a "divine illness."

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recruits from without. The sect, as is easy to imagine, is made the common resort for all those to whom a life without labor and effort offers a favorable prospect. This life of ease is above all, attractive, and appreciated under the warm sky of the East. At Cairo there are two mosques consecrated to the services of the Dervishes. One day only during the week—Friday—is the public allowed to assist at these exercises of the "saintly Mussulmen."

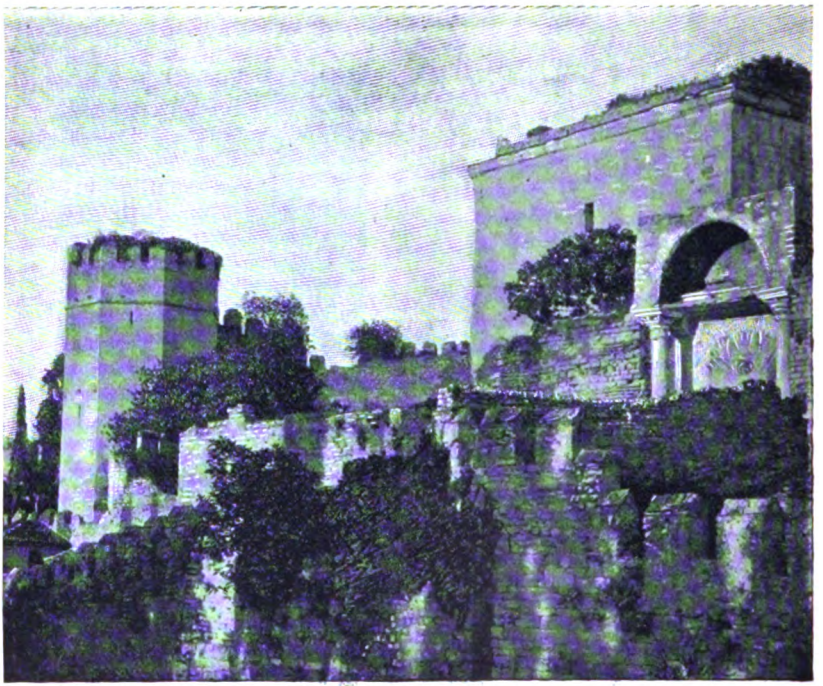


THE HIPPODROME, THE EGYPTIAN OBELISK AND SERPENTINE COLUMN, CONSTANTINOPLE.

When we arrived at one of these centres, the representation had already commenced. A numerous gathering was enjoying the spectacle under a dome decorated with swords and various mysterious instruments, without doubt, implements used to discipline the flesh. Thirty-five or forty Dervishes, ranged in a three-quarter circle were engaged in making inclinations, and twisting their legs in a most grotesque fashion. They accompanied these curious gymnastics with continued grunts, "Hou! Hou! Hou!" that is to say, the Arabic pronoun: he! he! he! It is thus they designate "Allah." Again at times the sacred name came forth from their foaming lips, "Allah! Allah!" It was then that their voices took a note, piercing and prolonged, much resembling the sharp, penetrating cry of the spacal.

In the middle of the circle the chief marked time for the continuous movements, and from one interval to another, a

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THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE GOLDEN GATE, THROUGH WHICH CONSTANTINE MADE HIS TRIUMPHAL ENTRANCE.

child of fourteen or fifteen uttered screams that seemed to make one's very flesh creep.

The whole scene before us, instead of lifting our thoughts to celestial things, turned them rather to the horrible sights of hell.

Without doubt the Orientals are more given to great public demonstrations than are we. Their cries of joy are louder and more enthusiastic than our own, and the lamentations of the "mourners" have nothing in common with the tears, or even with the most passionate expressions that sorrow can draw from our hearts. To give full vent to their religious sentiments, action and noise are necessary; and to pronounce effectively the sonorous name of Allah, they must cry loudly, and emphasize the syllables; it is thus that they testify their love. But yet this enthusiasm is far from the frantic and prolonged grunts and screeching of the Dervishes, which tire the ears, and become truly repulsive.

The movement now changes. Instead of bending backward and

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forward, they incline their heads from left to right. But the frenzied exclamations still continue. The chief at one moment gives a sign, and the stupid movements of the head quicken to a dizzy rapidity, while the cries become more sharp and piercing. The long, dishevelled hair of some of these miserable beings flies in all directions, covering the face, and leaving only a grotesque form tormented by a thousand contortions.

To our stupefaction, instead of diminishing in fervor, their cries kept on increasing.

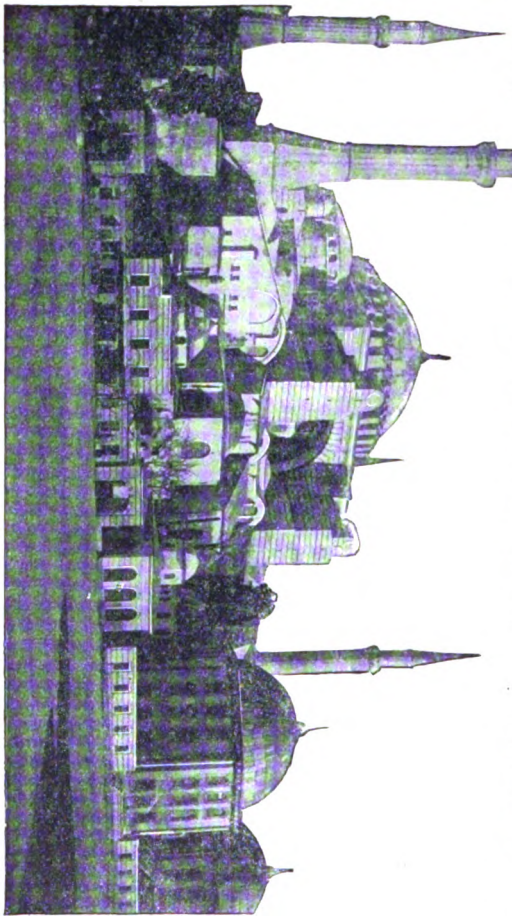
Hou! Hou! Hou! Always the same word bursting from their throats, and bending, at times, their heads to a level with their knees. All this was continued without an interval; three strong-sounding tambourines and cymbals, together with an unmusical flute, were the intended accompaniment, but became only an addition to the general confusion. This strange music had its effect, rendering the Dervishes at every instant more and more frantic. Some amongst them made such final efforts that they fol-



BROUSA, THE FIRST TURKISH CAPITAL.

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lowed the movements at random, and their cries were no longer in union with the others; even when the chief had commanded "piano," their bodies still moved obstinately, unaware of the change of movement.



ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

At one moment a young man moved forward into the middle of the circle with hands outstretched, eyes closed, head bent upon his breast. The Dervishes who occupy the other mosque of Cairo consider this exercise as their specialty. It is by these antics that they render praise and honor to Allah, and, by continually bending, are often thrown to the earth unconscious.

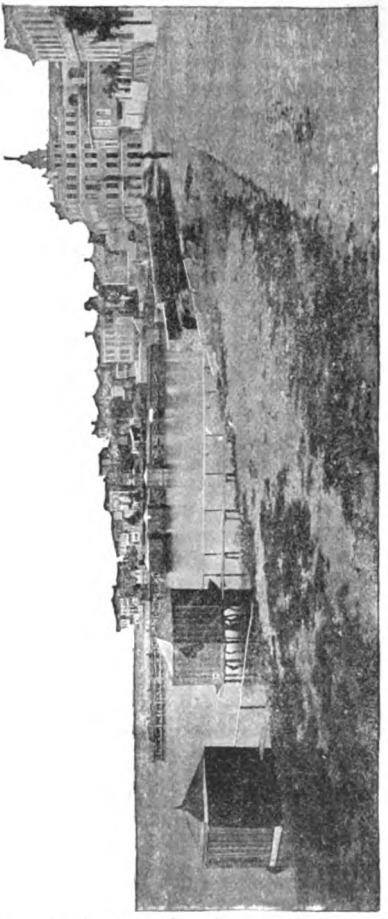
It is most probably one of the surest methods of creating an ecstasy, a state for which their ancient mystics longed and sought. The confusion continued during the space of two hours, and at the close, these poor, wild creatures seemed either in a state of delirium, or under the power of diabolic spirits.

It was then the most solemn of moments. One of the Dervishes advancing towards the crowd, snatched up a little child into his arms, and made the circle three times.

Is it a remedy against deafness? The poor child heard well, for it trembled with fear, and wept.

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A simple idler standing near, said to me impressively: "If those people don't go to Heaven—!" Had not the circumstances and surroundings been so burlesque, I might have answered him with a biblical reminder: "A great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake";[1] or I might rather have spoken to him of the fool of Bethlehem—a poor Arab who had lost in Europe both his little fortune and his reason, and knows now but two phrases of his language, "Ma la ski"; "Shi'lonahad," that is to say, "It is nothing"; "it is all the same."



SAN STEFANO. HERE WAS MADE THE FIRST TREATY BETWEEN RUSSIA AND TURKEY, AFTERWARD REVISED IN THE BERLIN TREATY.

The Dervishes, in repeating Hou! Hou! and Allah, seem to understand no better what they say. And does Allah understand their desperate gestures and cries?

Let us read the history of the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel.[2] "They called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, 'O Baal, hear us!' But there was no voice, nor any that answered, and they leaped about the altar; and it came to pass at noon that Elijah mocked them, and said, cry aloud ... peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked; and they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with swords and lances, till the blood gushed out upon them .... But there was neither voice, nor any to answer."

[1] III. Kings xix. 11. [2] III. Kings xviii.

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THE MOSQUE OF THE HOWLING DERVISHES.

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THE DOMINICAN CONVENT, ROSARY HILL.

REV. BERTRAND COTHONAY, O. P.

HERE on the summit of the hill
Thou hast arisen, Convent mine!
On thee the radiance of sun and moon
Doth fall like benison divine.

Well art thou named, dear Convent Home!
Thou art the rose,—and all we see
Of Nature's blooming loveliness,
But foliage surrounding thee!

Here in God's holy nursery
In beauty and in vigor grow
The young plants of His special care,
Borne from a land where fierce winds blow.

Eaglets driven before the storm
Find here upon this height a nest,—
What care they e'en tho' fierce winds blow?
Here in this shelter calm they rest.

Else o'er abysses dark and deep
Train they their eager wings to fly;
Nor tremble as their gaze doth meet
The splendor of the sun on high.

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Within this camp are soldiers brave—
The valiant Dominic's loyal band—
Trained to the warfare of the Lord
Here in earth's noblest, freest land.

Sheltered from dark tempestuous seas,
Here in this harbor calm and bless'd,
At close of studious and prayerful watch
Many a mariner finds rest.

I gaze on thy harmonious lines,
Dear Home! On thy enchanting site;
And to thy steeple lift mine eyes,—
There, glistening in the golden light.

Thy cross points unto God; thy bell
Silence of height and valley breaks:
Voice of our Virgin Queen! each heart
At its sweet call to prayer awakes.

The stranger travelling through the vale
Turns to this spot with questioning eyes
Thy bell doth seem the voice of God,
And heavenward his thoughts arise.

And in the stillness of the night
When chant of praise divine he hears,
More like to angels than to men
The matin choir to him appears.

My country, France! unjust thy law
That dooms thy sons exiles to be;
And yet thy children fond forgive,
And never cease to pray for thee.

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THE CATHOLIC WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

A DOMINICAN TERTIARY.

FOR years here in America the work of the Church consisted visibly in a material upbuilding, when places of divine worship were erected in settlements, or reared in forests even, drawing settlements around them. For yet other years her work consisted also in the foundation of charitable and educational institutions, and the development of conventual life, the object of which was to perpetuate these works of charity and education. Within the past few years she has reached another stage of existence: the time has come for the laity to supplement the work of priest and religious. This is a country of self dependence, and one of its noblest charities is "to help others to help themselves," and this is true charity. Let us guard against the danger of narrowing down the word till it is synonymous with mere almsgiving.

Brooklyn, New York, comes to the front in many of these later developments of the spirit and practice of charity. She is doing noble work in the line of Day Nurseries, to be considered later. It is the Catholic Women's Association, however, that appeals to us at the present time.

Although neither designed nor developed as a parochial institution, yet to one parish priest, and to one parish are the origin and development of this work due. For fully a year the need of doing something for the young working women of Brooklyn appealed to Rev. Edward W. McCarty, pastor of St. Augustine's Church, Sixth Avenue and Sterling Place. Already in the building-up of the parish temporally and spiritually, in the erection of a church, as novel and beautiful in architectural design and finish as it is substantial in construction, and in the organization of a club for Catholic men, according to advanced methods,[1] he had

[1] The Columbian Club is here referred to, the "Catholic Club of Brooklyn." It was organized by Father McCarty in October, 1881. Its membership roll numbers fully five hundred, represents all sections of the city, and comprises

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proved his ability in the ordinary lines of parochial and philanthropic work. It was no surprise when the charity so well developed at home reached out beyond home limits. Nor was it any surprise that the people of St. Augustine's went heart and soul with their pastor into this wider apostolate. Father McCarty made the first public announcement of this proposed work to his congregation, April 22, 1894. The enrolment of members began that day.



RT. REV. C. E. MCDONNELL, D.D., BISHOP OF BROOKLYN.
(From photograph by Anderson, New York.)

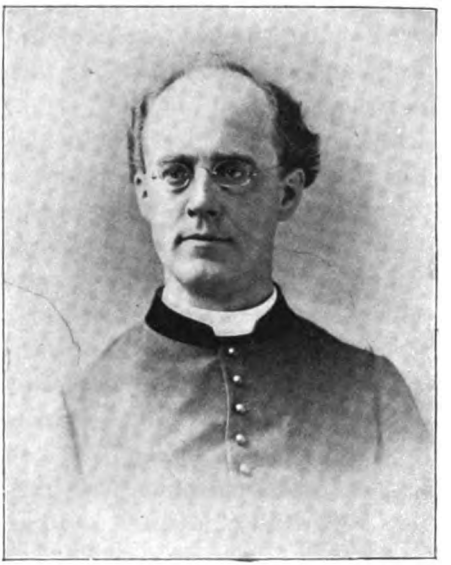
"To help the moral, mental, and physical development of women, and thereby to make them self-sustaining, and to add to their domestic and social pleasure and usefulness," such was the aim set forth by Father McCarty when he proposed to give the Catholics of Brooklyn an organization such as their companions outside the faith possessed, in that of the Young Women's Christian Associati n, in its educational and industrial training departments.

There are no unbridgeable chasms in this country, limiting the progress of the masses in material ways: the children of to-day's poor may be the housewives and mothers of to-morrow's middle or even highest class. So, too, the middle class of to-day may have been the poor, or the rich even, of yesterday. As the poor, and the middle class even, many advantages positively necessary for the material and mental well-being of themselves, their pres-

the best element of the Catholic community. It occupied, previously, the building, 10 Prospect Place, but possesses now a large and fine clubhouse situated on the corner of South Portland Avenue and Hanson Place.

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ent and future homes and families, are out of their reach, and never possessed are not appreciated, and in too many cases are left unsought, unwished for, even. Forced to work at an early age in stores or factories, toiling at poorly-paid work from early morning till evening, the nervous temperaments of our young people naturally recoil from the monotonous work of self-improvement in ways of study and industry; the result is that free hours are squandered in the pursuit of recreation, that cannot claim in its effects the name of rest or even of relaxation. The spirits are "kept up," the nerves held at a high tension, the forces of nature, mental and physical, are drawn upon prodigally, and yet there is no return in the way of future benefit.



REV. EDWARD W. MC CARTY,
Rector of St. Augustine's Church, Brooklyn, and Founder of the Catholic Women's Association.

Remove the dreariness of self-improvement by furnishing pleasant surroundings; relieve its monotony by providing congenial companionship; prevent its discouragement by supplying sympathetic instructors,—to do this much is to make of self-improvement an enjoyable recreation, a strengthening rest. And when this combination is effected in an atmosphere conducive to the growth of faith and the practice of religious duties, then indeed is a good work done; a work that cannot be estimated at its true value by its visible effects, for its deepest effects are in the soul; nor measured, so far into the future will its influence extend.

Pleasant surroundings, congenial companionship, sympathetic instructors,—all are provided for the Catholic young women of Brooklyn, in the rooms of the Association, 10 Prospect Place. And these are existent in an atmosphere that is truly Catholic. This does not mean that entrance is denied all who are not of our

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religious belief, for the bulletin of the work expressly states that "non-Catholic women who are older than fifteen years, who wish to enter the classes, will be admitted to membership." And this is a true interpretation of the word and wish of Christ: "And other sheep I have that are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice, and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd."

Before making a public announcement of the work about to begin, Father McCarty held a meeting, April 17, at the rectory, the purpose of which was to engage the interest of several prominent ladies in the parish, who in his judgment were well qualified to hold the position of Directresses. He was himself chairman of the committee; the ladies present were Mrs. Michael Bennett, Mrs. James Shevlin, Mrs. Thomas H. Hamilton, Mrs. Frank Avery, Mrs. Cadenas, Mrs. James Rowe, Miss Sara Read, Mrs. R. F. Downing. To this list as Directresses were added later: Mrs. John Kelly, Mrs. F. Troop, Miss A. Ryan, Miss Hull, Miss Carty, Miss Margaret Downing, Miss E. W. Balcom, Mrs. R. F. Russell, Miss Ella Kelly, Miss A. O'Rourke, Mrs. Edward Burns, and Miss Grace C. Strachan.

May 17 was set as the day for the opening of the Association. During the intervening month many meetings were held, and a committee was formed to see that the house, 10 Prospect Place, was put in proper order for that event. Many plans for the future of the work were discussed at these preparatory meetings.

It was through the generosity of Father McCarty that this building, formerly assigned to the use of the Catholic Men's Club, was devoted to its new purpose. The locality was all that could be desired: it was near St. Augustine's, and yet in easy reach from any part of the city. It is but a few steps from the St. Mark's station of the Fifth Avenue elevated road. Although not far from great thoroughfares, its immediate neighborhood is very quiet. The Directresses at once fitted up the house for its new purpose.

The informal opening took place, as previously arranged, on May 17th. The interior of the building was appropriately decorated, the Stars and Stripes being visible everywhere. There was a very large assemblage present, and the enrolment of members begun on the Sunday of the first public announcement, was re-

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sumed with encouraging results. Classes were at once formed after this informal opening, the best teachers having been secured, some giving voluntary service, others engaged under salary. The classes set earliest in operation were those of plain sewing, dressmaking, millinery, the ordinary branches of an English education, and physical culture. The formation of a good library was at once begun, the classification of the books proving the devotedness of the Library Committee and their friends.

At the Directresses' meetings of May 28th and June 17th, the important matter of naming the Institution was decided by vote: it would be known as "The Catholic Women's Association." And the title chosen is expressive of its mission. Though primarily intended to assist in many ways the great body of working girls, its scope is too broad to admit of its being called a Working Girls' Club. Its classes are open to all Catholic women who desire to be members of the Association, either for the purpose of acquiring needed instruction, or for the laudible motive of sisterly union in a good work. The so-called "accident" of better circumstances in worldly things need not stand in the way of the achievement of the noblest purpose in such a work as this. Not only does the Catholic Church aim in her philanthropic works of this nature to fit young women to earn a good livelihood while unmarried, and to economize in many ways when called to the post of wife and mother, but also to lead all women to develop the God-given energies that they possess, purely because they are God's gifts, and are not given for a dormant existence. This is a motive power capable of producing that democracy, the want of which holds apart our good women workers, preventing their co-labor in the cause of God, the Church, and their neighbor.

At the same meeting which decided the name of the Association, definite arrangements were made whereby a resident superintendent was secured for the headquarters of the work. The choice previously made by Father McCarty was then ratified by the Directresses. The officers were at the same time decided upon, and with two exceptions, have so continued. They are as follows, all excepting the superintendent, chosen from the body of Directresses, and all acting under the Presidency of the Spiritual Director, Father McCarty: Chairman of House Committee, Mrs.

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Michael Bennett; Chairman of Educational Committee, Miss Hull, replaced later by Miss Annie E. O'Rourke; Chairman of Membership Committee, Mrs. James Shevlin; Chairman of Library Committee, Mrs. Thomas Hamilton; Chairman of Entertainment Committee, Mrs. J. E. Rowe, succeeded by Mrs. R. S. Russell; Financial Secretary, Miss Carty; Recording Secretary, Miss Margaret Downing; Treasurer, Miss Sara Read; Resident Superintendent, Mrs. Blair.

Upon June 24th took place the formal opening of the Catholic Women's Association of Brooklyn. The whole building was thrown open, not as previously, to the view of the parish and the prospective members, but to the inspection of distinguished guests, and to the general public. The music was select, the decorations artistic, and again, as on the occasion of the informal opening, the national colors, the Stars and Stripes, were everywhere visible. Father McCarty welcomed Rt. Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, D. D., bishop of Brooklyn, the Reverend clergy of the city and other places, and the visitors among the laity. In earnest words he explained the aims of the Association, and courteously thanked all for the encouragement of their presence. The bishop, the chief guest of the evening, in reply expressed his warm approval of all that had been done and all that was contemplated, and gave assurance of his personal interest in the work. No stated programme had been prepared for the evening's entertainment; the guests visited the different departments, partaking of the refreshments served in several of the rooms. The reception extended over many hours.

The words of the Press are among the mightiest forces of commendation or condemnation in the present day, hence right here we shall let one of the leading dailies speak: "Never before in the whole history of Brooklyn, we believe, has a society been placed on its feet so speedily and prosperously, and with so little machinery."

Three evenings later, the members gave their first "social evening." After a delightful programme, the guests were invited to inspect the dressmaking and millinery departments.

These festive occasions gave a great impetus to the work of the classes. It is a familiar and a true saying that "nothing suc-

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ceeds like success." Success was theirs,—had not the voice of prelate, priests, and influential laity proclaimed it within the walls of their building? Did they not hear the welcome and cheering echo of these commendations and congratulations on all sides? Was not the Catholic and secular Press proclaiming far and near what their united efforts had done, and were bent on doing? Should they say "fail"? Should they go back out of the strong electric light of united endeavor to the wavering candle-light of lonely attempts at self-improvement, or worse, to the darkness of no attempt at all? No, no! And until the closing of the classes for a few months' vacation, there was a steady advance made by every pupil, while tickets of membership were constantly issued to new applicants for places in all the classes.

During the Summer the house was kept open, free access being accorded the members, the library and reading-room affording comfort and enjoyment to many. The library has grown rapidly under its efficient committee. By January 1895, it numbered twelve hundred well-chosen volumes; two hundred and fifty members were taking books therefrom. By that time there was a general membership in the Association of four hundred.

The work, as already stated, was not intended to be a parish work exclusively. Upon the broad lines marked out in the beginning was it constantly developed, and these lines had no limits placed to their circumference, hence we find names upon the membership roll that represent nearly every parish in Brooklyn, and many of the outlying towns. Let us say here, in passing, that the work merits recognition in helpful ways, in as many and widespread directions, that increased yet more may be its power of usefulness. At the close of vacation, work was resumed with vigor by all. The Directresses fixed upon the first Wednesday of each month as the time of their regular meeting.

Object and methods have been stated. The conditions of membership are as follows: Active members, Catholic or non-Catholic, are required to pay two dollars a year; contributing members, five dollars a year; patrons and patronesses, twenty-five dollars annually; and life members to make one payment of a hundred dollars. The first three present rolls of promise, but the last can as yet show but a unit figure.

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The above, while presenting the conditions for membership, also sets forth the means secured for material existence. In addition, the finances necessary for carrying on the work in a first-class way—and the Reverend projector will give the people a first-class work or none at all—are secured by the income from the pay classes, and from occasional entertainments. These latter are apart from those in the regular programme for Wednesday of each week, and which are free. For instance, a complimentary dramatic entertainment, a progressive euchre party, and a musicale, have been at various times given; in some instances the Directresses have held the entertainments in their own parlors. In the way of amusement, however, the largest financial help has been derived from the matinee given May 9, 1895, by Mr. Augustine Daly, whose generosity to many a good work claims for him in as many annals the catholic and honorable title of benefactor.

The scholastic year begins the first of October, and ends the middle of June. It is divided into three terms of twelve weeks each. But the classes are open to new members at any time during the term, the member being required to show her membership ticket. However, if the applicant be not sufficiently advanced to take up the lesson at the point reached by the class, she must await the beginning of another term. There are five days of study for women each week, divided into two sessions each: that of the afternoon commencing at 3.45, that of the evening at 7.45. To be in her place at the opening of the class is required of each pupil.

The course of instruction embraces pay and free classes. The former vary in price, according to the grade of the pupils, the study or industry taken up, the number of lessons in the term, and the session attended, for the afternoon session the higher price being charged. The pay classes consist of stenography and type-writing, French, German, book-keeping, physical culture, vocal music, embroidery, dress-making, millinery, and cooking. The free classes are, elementary English and penmanship, literature, arithmetic, and plain sewing. To cover the expense of materials a fee of fifty cents is charged each pupil in the plain sewing classes. In all the other free classes a deposit of fifty cents will be required, which will be returned at the close of the term,

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if the class card be presented by the member, endorsed by the teacher. This is done as a means of securing regular and punctual attendance. If a member leave the class, or withdraw from the membership roll without sufficient reason, the deposit is forfeited. In some classes, two lessons a week are given; in others, but one.

The Association has put into operation, for the purpose of instruction, a Bonnaz machine for braiding, embroidery, etc., and has secured the services of a competent instructor. Lessons in this work are not easy to obtain. The Association furnishes them at a moderate figure. This is a trade which furnishes employment to many.

One of the latest additions to the instruction in the culinary line, one that is rather an innovation on the previous routine, is creating not a little amusement: it is a chafing-dish class exclusively for gentlemen. The opening of this class was announced of late by the pastor of St. Augustine's. In view of the coming of the "new woman," so freely predicted, whose mission will be outside the home, he considered it a wise move to initiate the men in the art of cooking! He declares that the women will not be admitted to this class, even to look on. So many were the applicants for admission to this class that a second one has already been opened.

The regulations for the library are simple. The use of its books is restricted to the members. There is a Library Committee, which issues library tickets to any member on presentation of her ticket of membership in the Association, and holds the right to withdraw a ticket at any time for good reason. Unless a book is a new publication, it may be retained two weeks; after that time a fine of one cent a day is imposed. New publications may be kept but a week. The library now numbers fully two thousand volumes. Donations of books are always gratefully received and acknowledged. Persons desirous of helping the cause in this way, and yet not knowing what books are most needed, may confer with the Library Committee. The time has come when books can be looked upon no longer as a luxury to be dispensed with in home life or missionary work. The time is at hand when the Bread of the Word must be meted out according

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to the needs of Catholic minds, in their weakness or their strength. It is not now the mere demand suggested by impulse or craving that must be satisfied; there are poisons in the kingdom of literature as in the natural kingdom, that are sweet to the taste and slow-working, but death-dealing withal. There are minds that must be supplied with an antidote to such hurtful reading if already indulged in, and others that must be versed in the art of always seeking the healthgiving in mental food. The time has come, too, when minds will not sit down in content at a table spread with the strong cereals and meats of religious reading; these in a reasonable proportion, yes, but there must be side dishes and desserts: sketches, poetry, and above all, fiction. To furnish this food of good ingredients, carefully prepared, in quantity well proportioned to the need of the mind and heart and soul, such is the work of a Library Committee of an association like this, a work worthy of the most generous co-operation of priesthood and laity.

It is to be regretted that many to whom the spiritual and corporal works of mercy appeal in almost every other form seem blind to the fact that in the dissemination of good reading they will be performing and reaping the merit of, not one, but four of mercy's spiritual works: They will be admonishing the sinner, instructing the ignorant, counselling the doubtful, and comforting the sorrowful. A book taken out from the library of the Association by a member has not only a mission to that one person,—it goes out to a *home;* there it reaches old and young. A book, even when of fiction, if uplifting and pure, can of itself do good, but when sent out blessed for its work by the power of a good intention and prayer, we cannot measure its ability as a missionary. Let us till the ground and sow the seed; by our deeds we can do that. Let us do our part towards winning from God the increase, by sending upward a prayer while we send out on its mission the Printed Word, be it in the form of leaflet, paper, or book.

The utmost vigilance is exercised by the Library Committee in the selection and examination of books. Those found to contain anything antagonistic to religion or morality are not only debarred from the shelves, but are "black-listed." The Library Catalogue is a pretty, portable little volume, with cover of white,

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blue lettering. Its contents show careful classification. The leading magazines, Catholic and secular, may be found in the library.

By the way, blue and white are the colors of the Association, chosen because they are our Blessed Lady's colors. It is a delicate tribute of devotion, therefore, that is paid in the choice of blue ink for the printing of leaflets, tickets, etc.

From ten till twelve every Saturday morning a good work is being done for children between the ages of nine and fifteen, a graded sewing-school being then in operation. With the exception of the small tax of twenty-five cents a term, to meet the expense of materials, these classes are free.

The members of the Association enjoy many advantages among which may be mentioned the attendance, in illness, of a physician of their choice from a splendid corps, who generously make a discount of one-half their regular charge. The names of these physicians and surgeons, one may read on the bulletin-board placed in the hall of the Association building. In the way of instructive entertainment, members are entitled to attend the lectures, readings, and amusements of various kinds, furnished Wednesday evenings, in the parlor of the Association. Some of the best available talent has been furnished on these occasions.

An interesting feature provided by the Entertainment Committee in an informal way, is the " at homes " of the Association For " every other " Wednesday evening a programme is scheduled for three months ahead. The intervening Wednesday evenings are spent by the members in a delightful social intercourse. Conversation is interspersed with vocal and instrumental music, games, etc. Personal acquaintance is thus formed, mutual interest created and sustained, and social distinctions merged into family union.

The bulletin-board makes the visitor familiar, also, with the names of those who gratuitously, or otherwise, devote their experience and ability to the work of teaching the classes. Here one may learn the evenings assigned to the different lessons, and the materials needed for each. Other information on various matters is given on the bulletin-board. The assignments of classes are as follows, classes marked P. M. being held in the afternoon, evening, or both:

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MONDAY, A. M., Ladies' Chafing-Dish. P. M., Literature; Millinery; Stenography and Typewriting; Physical Culture; Elementary English and Penmanship; Plain Sewing; Men's Chafing-Dish.

TUESDAY, P. M., Preparatory Class in Dressmaking; Dressmaking; Cooking; Literature; French; German; Arithmetic.

WEDNESDAY, P. M., Lectures and Entertainments, and "at homes"; Men's Chafing-Dish.

THURSDAY, A. M., Housekeepers' Class in Cooking. P. M., Millinery; Cooking; Stenography and Typewriting; Physical Culture; Elementary English and Penmanship; Plain Sewing; Book-keeping.

FRIDAY, P. M., Dressmaking; French and German; Arithmetic; Literature.

SATURDAY, P. M., Embroidery; Vocal Music; Dressmaking; Book-keeping.

Not yet have we taken our readers on a tour of inspection through the building where so much that is helpful is being done. When at the bulletin-board, which is in itself a bureau of information, we are standing in the hall of a substantial house, 22x60, one of a block, red brick with brownstone trimmings. It contains twenty-two rooms. To the right is a spacious parlor, with reading room adjoining, forming double parlors. These are utilized as a hall on the evenings of entertainments. Leading from the reading room is the library with its well-lined shelves; to the left of this is the office of the resident superintendent. Here are received applications for membership, and issued the membership tickets; much of the general correspondence is done here. This floor throughout is comfortably and attractively furnished. One flight above are the large, well-lighted rooms allotted at the time assigned to the various classes in dressmaking, millinery plain sewing, elementary English, embroidery. The flight above we find as well adapted to its classes: type-writing, stenography, plain sewing, vocal music. On this floor is the cosy suite of three rooms assigned to the use of the resident superintendent. Yet another flight and we are in the dainty housekeeping apartments of the establishment; here, too, are the rooms of those who do the domestic work of the house. Retracing our steps, and descend-

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ing to the basement, we find a spacious apartment devoted at different times to physical culture and dressmaking, and a kitchen which is the classroom for cooking. A long table is provided, with a line of gas-stoves in the centre; a number of drawers are supplied with the necessary implements for the work. A fine modern coal range, an improved gas range, cupboards furnished with chafing-dishes, china, glass, tin, etc.; lockers for caps, aprons, towels, etc., are also here. The sanitary arrangements are all that can be desired.

Among the movements contemplated, but not yet fully set into active operation, two are given a place in the bulletin of the Association: a Needlework Exchange and an Employment Bureau. Graduates from the classes of the Association will naturally receive the preference. One would need to know the life of the working girl in our great cities to realize the need of the latter. Long hours and poor pay fall to the lot of many young women who are striving not only towards self support, but also to keep life in one or more dear ones. To suggest an advance in wages they do not dare, knowing a discharge would be the result. To the Association was brought of late, by a Protestant lady, a young girl fifteen years of age, working a long day for one dollar and a half a week. She had a blind mother from whom she does not wish to part, —all honor to the child for her filial devotion! The blindness is a late affliction; they had not proclaimed their suffering and their need; they were receiving a little assistance from non-Catholic sources, but they were living on "bread and tea," and sooner than display their poverty at lunch time, the child often went the long day without lunch. Through the influence of friends she is now receiving two dollars and a half a week, and the Association is teaching her a remunerative means of livelihood, one that will bring her a weekly salary of ten dollars.

Two other proposed works, not mentioned in the Bulletin, are (1) classes for juniors, in typewriting and stenography, millinery, dressmaking, cooking, and the languages. Father McCarty would provide young girls, while still at school, with the above advantages, so that upon leaving school they may be prepared to enter at once upon some chosen avocation. (2) The development of the Physical Culture class into a fully-equipped gym-

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nasium, when circumstances shall warrant such an advance. Exercises in dumb bells, wands, rings, etc., are already given, and the usefulness of this department of the Association is fully estimated by the Reverend Founder.

September, 1895, brought a proof of Heaven's benediction deeply prized; nothing less than the blessing of His Holiness, Leo XIII. Mrs. Troop, one of the Directresses, going on one of the "Brooklyn pilgrimages" to Lourdes, which visited the Eternal City before its return, bore with her for the Holy Father a brief history of the Association, its aims and projects for the future, etc. This drew forth the much-prized blessing. It was resolved to have the written benediction framed and hung in the parlor of the Association building.

After this, the regular business of the meetings being despatched as soon as possible, the directresses gave all the remaining time to the work of framing the constitutions of the Association, a work never undertaken till then. Past experience had taught Father McCarty the wisdom of adapting constitutions to the needs of the organization. These needs can not be always foreseen. This was a work of earnest thought and prayer. At the January meeting, 1896, it was declared completed.

Our task, too, is done, though imperfectly. With the works of the present day, in which the laity take a prominent part, will that of the Catholic Women's Association of Brooklyn take a leading place. It is self-supporting, and yet it is missionary. Its working girls paying their assessments for membership or lessons, can feel that they are building up a work that will continue its usefulness long after they have left its classes. Its members in "better circumstances" of life can feel that they have made a step towards the solution of the social problem that is occupying and agitating the greatest minds of the day,—a solution not to be fully reached till men and women recognize the universal family life expressed by the lips of all in the opening words of the Christ-taught prayer: "Our Father, who art in Heaven." In the well-ordered home life, love and union are not disturbed, even though the disparity in God-given talent of the children of the one father and mother be fully recognized. So, too, should it be in the great human family of God and holy mother Church: disparity in worldly means and station should cause no barrier to love and union, to be expressed by co-labor in many a good work.

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TELL FOR ME THE CHAPLET.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

WILL you tell for me the chaplet
When I am called to rest?
Others may care for other prayer,—
I've loved the Beads the best.

For the heart of God's dear Mother
With rapture divine must stir
Each time we repeat the message sweet
That brought Christ unto her.

And when for all our needs, dear,
The Master bade us pray,
Solicitous, He chose for us
The best of words to say.

And I can never think, child,
That other words can be
So full of love for God above,
Of help for you and me.

So when I'm called to rest, child,
Yet kept from God's dear feet
Till, every stain burned out in pain,
My soul for Heaven is meet;

When I am, oh, so helpless!
In that seeming endless hour,
'Tis then I will need that you intercede
With all God's given power.

Tell, then, the *Paters* and *Aves*
Of your Beads, child,—they are best,—
Till my soul is meet at God's dear feet,
For evermore to rest.

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THE MONROE DOCTRINE—A SWORD WITH TWO EDGES.

ITS BEARING ON THE RIGHT AND DUTY OF AMERICA, TO AID IN RESTORING CHRISTIAN SOVEREIGNTY THROUGHOUT THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

WILLIAM GILES DIX.

To John Quincy Adams and to James Monroe all the Spanish-American States that had won their independence, and were in danger of losing it, were and are under obligations of never-ending gratitude. The Monroe Doctrine won its object; and then its work was done. It was not and never has been national law, but national policy only; and it cannot become international law without a conference or consent of all the Christian powers.

The Monroe Doctrine has been so enlarged by logical or illogical development, that it has come to mean that, in all affairs of organic or of administrative government, of civil liberty and civil order, the western hemisphere must keep to itself, and the eastern hemisphere must keep to itself. That is to say, the Monroe Doctrine, as now understood and applied, denies and defies the brotherhood of nations. Yet, Almighty God made the whole world, the eastern and the western hemisphere; and He made this world one, and one to be until the end of time. The Monroe Doctrine rebels against the divine law—"what God has joined, let not man put asunder." The Atlantic Ocean does not divide the Old World from the New any more than the wide ocean of space divides the stars from each other. How wide apart soever the stars may be, they all are but one starry universe, each star being bound in harmony to one central power, and all going and glancing in their bright orbits by one universal law. The Atlantic Ocean is a bridge of blue, bright waves, over which fly eagles of steel on wings of fire, to bear to each hemisphere the blessings of the other, for reciprocity is not a political policy of recent time. Reciprocity is a law of the world, enacted in the

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grand council of Heaven, on the very day of creation. The Monroe Doctrine is an endeavor to turn the Atlantic Ocean into a solid wall of rock, bound by bolts and bars of iron, a wall three thousand miles long and three thousand miles wide, to keep out from Europe American civil liberty, and to keep out from America European civil order. The Monroe Doctrine, then, being an endeavor to substitute a continental isolation of man's invention for God's united world, must follow the way of all man's efforts to supplant, by human devices, the laws of the Infinite God. Of course there is a never-ending conflict going on between the laws of God and the laws of man, as regards the government of this world. Man's law is, that might makes right. God's law is, that right makes might. Human history overflows with vivid illustrations of both contending forces.

Now, to come to the case in hand. The Monroe Doctrine has no more to do with the question of the Venezuelan boundary, than has the old fable of "Puss in Boots," or "Jack, the Giant-Killer." The boundary of Venezuela is simply an historic and geographical question, a question of right and not of policy. It is, indeed, a proper subject for arbitration, that is, to find out what is and where is the right in a case undecided for many years; but the Monroe Doctrine should no more interfere in a case of right or wrong than should a policy of government interfere in a case before a judge and jury.

If England is right on the point in dispute, she cannot be put in the wrong by a policy, never even put into the form of national law, of any American Government, not even of the United States, outside of the State directly concerned. If Venezuela is right, she makes her case weaker, not stronger, by a reliance, beyond her claim of right, on a policy of the Government of the United States. What kind of government should exist in any of the American States has nothing whatever to do with a case of disputed boundary between two of those States. Would any court in Christendom dare to decide that the plaintiff in a case must be sustained if a republican, and that the defendant must be defeated if a monarchist, whatever may be the facts of the case, or whatever essential principles of law and right may be involved?

If there were, as there ought to be, and as in due time there

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will be, a Supreme Court of all Christendom, making of all the nations one nation, as regards the rights of God and the rights of man, all such policies, national or international, as the Monroe Doctrine and the Balance of Power, designed to bring outside influences to bear upon a question of intrinsic and absolute right, would be driven out of court by that supreme tribunal with just and fiery judicial anger as the Divine Majesty drove the devil and his angels over the battlements of Heaven.

The Monroe Doctrine is a sword with two edges. That is why it is more a foe than a friend to the advancement, power, and honor, to the rights and duties of the United States. Influence outside of one's self or of one's native land is the true standard of power among men. The work and the glory of Homer, of Dante, of Shakespeare, are not confined to Greece, to Italy, or to England. Thanks be to God, there is no Monroe Doctrine in the realm of original thought, of ideal insight, of spiritual beauty, of divine or human intelligence. Otherwise, Homer's influence would have been confined to "Scio's rocky isle," Dante's to the Appenines and the Adriatic, Shakespeare's to the "gem set in the silver sea." Ideal insight, a birthright from God, is as free as the air, as bright as the light, and knows no boundaries but the boundless universe. The same rule applies to nations. As intellectual power among the master-minds of the world knows no bounds of space or time, so civil power, if right, and alike conservative of what is good and progressive in what is better, should never try to bind itself to its own hemisphere.

How small was ancient Greece contrasted with the mighty empires before it and after it; yet, the humblest township in the wildest wilds of America is pervaded and irradiated by the civil genius of Greece, in its recognition and protection of human right, of human liberty, of obedience to law. Greece had some terrible faults, indeed, but from the soil and soul of Greece grew and expanded the blended blessing of civil right and civil authority, which is the special benediction of all civilized society on earth to-day; though, indeed, this benediction for all mankind was itself transplanted from the land of Abraham and Moses, of David and Solomon, to the land of Pericles and Solon, of Socrates and Plato.

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How small was the land of Judah, contrasted with the vast Roman Empire; yet how fade all the splendors of Roman dominion before the light of the Star of Bethlehem, and before the Sun of Salvation, which dawned from the terrible noon-day darkness of our Saviour's Cross, till it illumined, as it now illumines, all the world with its celestial glory.

There was no Monroe Doctrine to confine the intellectual power of Greece or its civil influence to the Acropolis and to the Ægean Sea. There was no Monroe Doctrine in the Holy Land to confine the blessings of our Saviour's life and death to the land where He lived in sorrow, and died upon the Cross of agony, that ransomed souls might reap eternal life and light and joy.

So, when our fathers fought for independence, they fought for no vagaries of demagogues, though contending against the prerogatives of absolute power; they fought for the precious heritage of English liberty, which had come from England to America. There was no English Monroe Doctrine to keep the cavaliers out of Jamestown or the pilgrims away from Plymouth Rock. That precious heritage of English liberty was inspired by England herself, through all the ages of her history. America drew the breath of her free civil life from Runnymede. Never forget, never forget, that during the American Revolution, as it is called, though it more properly was the American Preservation, the great traitor to the rights, duties, and principles of English freedom was not the American patriot George Washington, but the King of England, George the Third; and the influence of George Washington, a loyal son of English liberty, and of the victory which he won by the aid of his armed fellow-citizens, can be traced to this very day, not only in America, but in every hamlet, in every home throughout the British Empire, in the far-off islands of the seas, and in every land beneath the sun.

ALGIERS.

By what right from God, who inspired and nerved George Washington to do His great and glorious work, does America try to bind her own hands, and all the rest of America, as political, aye, as Christian powers, not only in this western hemisphere, but throughout the world? A few years before the announcement of the Monroe Doctrine, the Republic of the United States did the

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most glorious work it ever did, by direct force, in the eastern hemisphere, by breaking up the Algerine piracies. If there was at the time any Monroe Doctrine in Algiers, to warn the world outside to keep off, the Republic of North America trampled it down. That great and noble work was done by the youthful Republic of the West, and won the enthusiastic applause of all the old monarchies of Europe, which saw the degrading Algerine tax which they had so submissively paid abolished, and the terrible captivity of Christian mariners ended by brave Decatur. Yes, when old Europe awoke from her dreaming and dozing, and saw what that bold, bright lad, Young America, had done, she clapped her hands in a frenzy of delight, swung her night-cap in the air, and shouted in all the tones of the gamut of exultation, "Bravo! Bravissimo!"

Now, that grand and noble work of Decatur, the agent of the Republic of North America, was done in direct defiance of the policy afterwards put into the shape of the Monroe Doctrine; for, of course, the sword of two edges, if it must keep Europe out of America, must also keep America out of Europe, Asia, and Africa. If the Monroe Doctrine had then been in force, it would have forbidden our country to act by her own free and noble will, as a resolute nation and as a Christian power, in putting down a piratical tax on the commerce of all Christendom, and in putting an end to chaining captive sailors in Algerine dungeons.

With Decatur's illustrious work in view, one may safely deny the right of the Monroe Doctrine to bind the heart, will, and hands of America in the eastern hemisphere, without being a traitor to his country. Yet, if the Monroe Doctrine had been recognized as American law, if not national, yet as executive law, in 1815, Decatur, by doing what he did, would have been a traitor to his country, by defying and breaking it. Will any American who reveres the memory of that brave American commander, and of his brave companions, admit that Decatur was a traitor in principle by doing what he did, seven years before the announcement of the Monroe Doctrine? No, no, no, will sound over all the land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf.

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THE MONROE DOCTRINE A DENIAL OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD OF MEN AND OF NATIONS.

The Monroe Doctrine, as now applied, denies the sublime Christian truth, that all men are brothers, and that, as individuals, as nations, they are bound together, to advance justice and to punish injustice. The Republic of the United States, by the Monroe Doctrine, repudiates all the claims and demands of right against wrong, of lawful possession against robbery, of liberty against tyranny, except in cases where an American State, if Republican, and not otherwise, may be the victim of wrong, of robbery, of tyranny; nor, even then, will the Republic of the United States render or offer any aid, unless this wrong, this robbery, this tyranny, comes from some European Monarchy. Only let an American State be a Republic, and the Government of the United States will look with serene composure upon all the deviltries which may be done within its borders. The Monroe Doctrine, by a kind of alchemy with double power, a sleight-of-hand working two ways, turns wrong into right, if done by American Republicans, sanctifies sin itself if committed by a Spanish American Republican, while it judges beforehand, that a European Monarchy must be wrong, because a Monarchy, in all that it has been, or may be, in all that it has done, or may do, in America. Yet, look at the history of Spanish America, since was first proclaimed the Monroe Doctrine.

The Spanish-American Republics have played with revolutions and rebellions, with human lives and human homes, like sporting men with nine-pins. They have pierced with daggers and hung on gibbets men who put their lives in peril for independence. Some of the Spanish-American Republics are playing with revolutions in this year 1896, as they did fifty years ago. I was living at the capital of a Spanish-American State. Visiting a country house of a prominent citizen of the Republic, I entered a room, where, on the walls, were many portraits of generals of the army of independence. A son of a former President of the Republic pointed out to me the persons portrayed, and gave their names. I inquired what became of them. It is fearful to recall how often the answer was "*asesinado*"—assassinated. Why? Because they differed in politics from parties in the ascendant. Is such independence, such liberty as that, worth fighting for?

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The Republic of the United States has looked quietly on, while these Spanish-American atrocities have been done before their eyes, and said nothing, done nothing to stop such barbarity on the very continent over which it claims sovereign and supreme control. Is that the way to show the brotherhood of nations? For, consider that nations are the people. Citizens may be robbed and murdered in an American Republic, and the United States will hear their cries of living agony and their dying shrieks, and will lift neither will nor hand to act with Christian vengeance on the robbers and assassins, or with Christian loving-kindness to the dying and despairing, while claiming all the time that the sublime Monroe Doctrine is the celestial defender of American liberty in all America. That is the brotherhood of man, the brotherhood of nations, according to the Monroe Doctrine. That is the way in which the Monroe Doctrine applies the precept of our Saviour, that all men are brothers, and, if all men, then they are all brothers, whether Monarchists or Republicans; and they are not only bound by divine duty to help each other and protect each other, but also bound by right divine to rebuke each other.

Every thinking man knows that the very best thing that could have happened to the Spanish-American States, when they threw off allegiance to the crown of Spain, would have been to become integral portions of the British Empire, living, laboring, and advancing, in all prosperity and happiness, under the protection of English law and liberty. As I said above, I lived a while in a Spanish-American State, one, like all the rest, where revolutions of one kind or another, in one place or another, were about as frequent as holidays; and I know that thoughtful and upright citizens of that Spanish-American State, deploring the distractions of political life, with which it was daily threatened and yearly tortured, avowed to intimate friends, that, in all that constitutes true life, liberty, and happiness, the Republic was worse off than as a Spanish colony.

Of course, I do not mean that the Republic of the United States must become the Don Quixote of nations, going about to relieve imaginary distress; but, I do mean, that it is the right and the duty of all the nations of Christendom to have watchful eyes upon each other, to condemn all outrages against God's eternal

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law of right. When England and other nations of Europe condemned American slavery with unsparing energy of denunciation, they were doing what they had a right to do, and what was their plain duty to do. Yet, amid all the transcendent glories of England, one dark and damning blot of shame appears in her history, that, when by the decree of Almighty God, American slavery was doomed to destruction by the fires of war, England, by the direct act or indirect permission of her government, upheld the glaring iniquity that the slaveholders were right, and that Almighty God was wrong. Yet, Almighty God conquered in the conflict; and England herself now sees and deplores her terrible error in trying to break asunder the Republic of North America, and to form of its Southern portion a dominion having chattel slavery for its corner-stone.

The Monroe Doctrine is the same, as if a government of a city should affirm that it will protect from outside injury all the western part of the city, but will leave to destruction, despair, and death all life and liberty in the eastern part of the city, in defiance of the plain truth that all the world is one great city. All the energies of true Christianity are devoted, as they ought to be, to make that great city, all the world, what St. Augustine calls "the city of God," where Christian truth and right are the law of the soul and of the state, in distinction from the city of man, which ignores all thoughts and words and deeds divine. When our Saviour told His disciples, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," He did not mean by those words the Gentiles of Asia alone, but, literally, all the world; and He plainly meant to confirm the truth, that the Gospel of Salvation is also the Gospel of good-will to men, and that it should go as far and be as bright as the sun in his daily round of reviving light and ripening heat. Aside from the wild delusion of the Monroe Doctrine, the Republic of North America claims to be the evangelist of the Gospel of civil liberty under the Christian rule of love and right and light. If so, she is required to defend, when and where they may be assailed throughout the world, the rights of God and the rights of man.

The Monroe Doctrine means, as it is now universally understood by its advocates to mean, that, in case of any dispute be-

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tween an American Republic and a European Monarchy, the American Republic must, of course, be right, because a Republic, and the European Monarchy must, of course, be wrong, because a Monarchy. The Monroe Doctrine denounces the maxim of Monarchy that "the king can do no wrong," while it avows with equal frenzy, that Republics, especially American Republics, can do no wrong. Yet, right is right, wherever and by whomsoever done; and, wrong is wrong, wherever and by whomsoever done. That principle of universal equity the Monroe Doctrine denies.

Look at the record of human history. Have Republics been always and everywhere immaculate, and Monarchies always and everywhere steeped in wrong and infamy? Did there ever live a more fiend-like tyrant on a throne than was the Paris Commune of less than forty years ago, wielding its sceptre of rapine and murder inflamed by the malignity of the bottomless pit? Above I have spoken of Greece, and of her immeasurable and praiseworthy influence in behalf of civil liberty; yet, where on earth has there been a Monarchy stained with greater crimes than the ancient Republic of Greece? Most cordially and frankly I admit that, in every instance of public wrong, committed by the rulers of Greece, however chosen, or by the people, acting as a representative assembly, repentance came, and, as far as possible, wrongs were righted, and character unjustly assailed and condemned was vindicated; and that fact makes the political value of Grecian freedom to counteract, to a vast degree, the injury done by Grecian ambition, hate, or envy; but, Greece yet remains not only an example to honor and admire, but, also, an example of warning and danger, an example to avoid.

Did the Roman Empire do anything worse than the Roman Republic? As regards the rights of civil liberty, as far as it depended upon human government, was there ever a greater crime than the assassination of Julius Cæsar? Why was he assassinated? To prevent him from advancing and protecting the rights and duties of Roman citizenship over all the Roman world, instead of keeping them as the patrician and exclusive prerogatives of Rome herself. Julius Cæsar, no doubt, had ambition, but he also had a love, earnest and sincere, for the rights of the people of the whole Roman dominion, and not for the rights alone of the

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city of Rome. That is why he was put out of the way by murderers, who were jointly traitors to him and traitors to the welfare of the wide Roman domain. He knew that popular rights, in the place of aristocratic prerogatives, could be secured only by a strong right arm. That strong right arm he had; and had he lived and done all that he saw the need of doing, and was determined to do, the tyrannies and crimes of the Roman Empire could never have been, or, at least, to so great an extent, as have made the name of the Roman Empire an execration for all time, notwithstanding the record of honor, genius, valor, and power, and notwithstanding the services of the Roman Empire, even before it became Christian, in behalf of civilization and political order. He could have founded a dominion in which the rights of the people and the rights of government would have been effective and accordant—democracy without the tyranny of demagogues, and sovereign government without the tyranny of absolute power. Look at the other side of the picture. Where is the democratic Republican who has done more good, as regards honest government for all the human race, than was done by Alfred the Great and by Charlemagne? Let me not say one word against republican devotion to the highest good of man or of nations. I mean nothing of the kind; but, I do insist that the civil welfare of the world, all that makes nations justly great and illustrious, has been, over and over again, secured by a royal sceptre extended in the faith and fear of God. So have I set forth the Monroe Doctrine, denying its essential principle, on which all its policies depend, that Republicanism alone is the proper form of human government, the only one by which national prosperity and national honor have been or can be promoted, an affirmation against all the history of mankind.

ALGIERS AGAIN.

Now, let us return to Algiers. The forever-illustrious act of the forever-illustrious Decatur was a plain and direct application of the brotherhood of nations in saving all commercial Christendom from piratical extortion, from dungeons and despair. Do you say that the brotherhood of nations would have required the United States to respect and protect Algiers? The answer is plain: civilization and social right and order do not require the

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protection from punishment of outcasts and enemies from civilization, social right, and order. Otherwise all institutions for retributive or remedial punishment would be against the brotherhood of nations instead of being, as they are, the bulwarks of national and international brotherhood against traitors to mankind. As men may be traitors to the welfare of mankind, so may dominions. So was Algiers. So is Turkey.

Decatur defied the principle of the Monroe Doctrine, even in the mild form in which it was announced by President Monroe, and far more he defied it, as it has been and is now understood. The executive and the popular opinion of any measure may widely differ; but, the difference does not annul the injury of a principle or policy, once right, which has become wrong by its own distortions and developments in the progress of nations. Neither tyrants on thrones, nor demagogues, can hold back public opinion. There was, no doubt, a public opinion in Rome that condemned Nero and Domitian; and every thinking man can see the profound meaning of what Wilkes, the great English agitator, told George the Third, that "he himself was never a Wilkite." It is not probable that Martin Luther himself would ever have lifted his voice and hand against the Catholic Church, had he foreseen the uncontrollable consequences of his words and deeds. The Monroe Doctrine has assumed meanings and proportions never dreamed of by John Quincy Adams and James Monroe.

A year after Decatur's action, England herself confirmed, by the brave and resolute act of Lord Exmouth, what America had done. Now, let me ask, was that noble act of Lord Exmouth, as the agent of the British Government, any the less noble and praiseworthy, because the act was commanded by a European Monarchy? Is that Monarchy to be blamed, because she had the public and magnanimous spirit to complete a work of justice for all mankind, of which the pilot was the resolute and Republican Decatur, the agent of a Republican government? Every sensible man, Monarchist or Republican, will say no. The only blame that can be attached to the matter is, that England did not go far enough; not that she did what she did, but that she did not do more. England should have ordered Lord Exmouth to lift the

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Red Cross Banner of the British Empire, as the sign of perpetual sovereignty over Algiers, so that it might since have been a colony of England, as it has since been, and is now a colony of France. Algiers had forfeited her right, if ever she had any, to be one of the brotherhood of nations; and she should have been outlawed from that brotherhood. I will go further than that. I maintain that it would have been a righteous and glorious act, if Commodore Decatur had been ordered, the year before, himself to raise the Star-Spangled Banner over Algiers, in perpetual civil sovereignty, the first colony of the Republic of the West on the soil of the eastern hemisphere.

EGYPT.

Thanks be to God! since that time, Great Britain has awakened to her duty as a Christian power in the Mediterranean. She holds Egypt, but, she must, in the name and for the sake of all Christendom, change her protectorate over Egypt into actual and unrestricted sovereignty, making Egypt what it ought to be, and ought to have been for more than fifty years, an integral member of the British Empire. The most bitter foes to England's expansion admit that there never was so much liberty, prosperity, and justice in Egypt, since it lost its Christian rule, as since it has been under the power of England. The only oasis in the historic desert of Egyptian government for centuries was when Napoleon Bonaparte occupied it; but that time was brief. The hopes of Egypt were blasted by the Battle of the Nile, a famous event as regards the naval renown of Nelson, but, an infamous event as regards the restoration of Egypt to Christian civilization. France has no right to complain of English supremacy in Egypt, since, of her own will, she withdrew from joint control with England of the land of the Pharaohs and the Pyramids. France bitterly complains of England for doing the very thing which she was compelled to do by the cowardly course of France herself.

Even the Mohammedans of Egypt, except those who have been deprived by English control of opportunities of extortion and villainy, look with horror upon the possible full return of Turkish authority, just as in British India, if the wishes of the Mohammedans, far outnumbering the Turks in the Turkish Empire, could be expressed by a popular vote, the preference would be almost,

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if not quite unanimous for the continuance of the rule of the Empress of India, rather than to be the subjects of the Sultan of Turkey. Yet, even some Englishmen, who had no sympathy with the far-seeing wisdom of two great Englishmen, of different politics and parties, yet united in love and effort for the security and advancement of English power in the world, Lord Beaconsfield and the Honorable Mr. Gladstone, talk even now about what they call "the temporary occupation of Egypt" by England. "Temporary!"—yes, rightly so, if you use the word "temporary" as opposed to eternity; but, only so, for these men may be sure that England will wield sovereign power over Egypt until England, Egypt, and all the rest of the world shall be torn in pieces by the final tornado of the material universe.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN EMPIRE.

Whence comes this terror felt by citizens of the Republic of North America over the advance of English power throughout the world? Have these people no eyes? Do they not see that all which England has justly acquired or may acquire of territory and power throughout the world will one day be not only hers, but ours, when shall come that most grand and glorious consummation of all political history, since civil society on earth began, the Anglo-American Empire of the East and the West, of the North and the South, to be the ruling Power of the world until the end of time. Anglo-Saxon civilization will reach the culmination of its beneficence and splendor, when shall be combined in one mighty and magnificent domain, the whole English-speaking world throughout the world. God speed the day! Then will the mighty energies of the New World and the vast resources of the Old World be blended in the grandest work of human civil history. Among the great and enduring reforms of the future Anglo-American rule in the East and the West, the wrongs of Ireland, if not sooner redressed, will be righted by a mightier unity of dominion than now binds her to England. The fair, green island of Erin will bloom and glow with peace, prosperity, and happiness. Then in the island of emerald beauty and of golden brightness no longer will that anti-christ of human history, political economy, dare to arrest the power of Christian justice and goodwill.

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STORY OF A BRIDAL VEIL.

L. M. POWER.

CHAPTER XIII.



N Mrs. Carlton's cheerful company the day passed quickly, and Ethel was surprised when she found it was time to return to Dayrell Court to meet her husband.

It was nearly six o'clock when she arrived; so, ringing for her maid, she hurried up-stairs to change her dress for dinner.

"I think Sir Edward likes this best of all," she said to Martha, pointing to a rich black silk, with crimson ribbon and steel ornaments, "so I shall wear it to-night."

"Very well, my lady; it is surely lovely. But first let me arrange your hair in the new fashion."

Lady Dayrell submitted in silence to this tedious operation, and nearly an hour afterwards, stood in the drawing-room, watching the hands of the quaintly-carved timepiece, on which her eyes were fixed in anxious enquiry.

The firelight made a pleasant glow on the delicately-tinted walls, adorned with rare pictures and works of art, and lighted up in fitful gleams the sweet face and graceful pose of the young woman standing in expectant attitude, with fingers tightly clasped.

The dark dress contrasted well with her fair complexion, and the needed touch of color was supplied by knots of bright ribbon and flashing steel.

The picture of his home, and the fond welcome awaiting him, came frequently to Sir Edward's mind during the course of the day, and he resolved at all costs to return at seven o'clock, according to appointment.

And so Ethel waited till the hour struck, and waited till the

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great hall clock rang out the half hour, and waited till the first stroke of another hour vibrated on the listener's ears with the solemnity of a knell.

"What can be keeping Edward?" she sighed wearily, as for the twentieth time she drew aside the damask curtains, and gazed wistfully out on the moonlit avenue. But no sound of approaching hoofs broke the stillness of the night.

"Something dreadful must have happened, I feel certain. He promised faithfully to be here at seven, and it is now long past eight. Oh, my darling, why did I urge you to go!"

Just then the butler came to ask when dinner was to be served, and mechanically Lady Dayrell answered: "Not till the master returns;" then she resumed her watch by the window, while a dark fear settled on her heart.

Few amongst us but have felt the sickening suspense of waiting. Waiting and longing for the homecoming of some dear one, whose absence has taken away the gladness of our life, and whose presence once made the sunshine of our existence.

Waiting and yearning for a long-expected visit, the thought of which has revived our sinking courage, and sustained us in many a lonely hour.

Waiting and praying for a promised letter, that would, we think, be almost a substitute for the loved writer, so filled should it be with his spirit, and the impress of his individuality.

Often and often most of us have known all this, and known, too, how the sad years of waiting and the long-deferred hopes have ended in bitter disappointment and blank despair.

Nine o'clock came, and still her husband had not come. Ethel grew desperate. Rising, she opened the French windows that led to the sloping lawn beyond, and rushing out into the keen night air, paced restlessly up and down the deserted terrace. Suddenly the sound of wheels on the avenue set her heart beating wildly, and retreating to the drawing-room, she hurried to the front hall, and stood watching. Slowly a covered carriage came in sight, followed by a rider who held another horse by the bridle. This last Ethel's quick glance at once recognized as Hotspur. But the saddle was empty!

The truth that instant flashed on her mind—her husband was

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injured, or perhaps killed, and the day of retribution had come, weighted with the rigor of God's judgments.

When the door was reached, the horseman dismounted, but started back dismayed on seeing Ethel, and meeting the gaze of her startled eyes.

"Sir Edward has met with an accident," he began hurriedly, and Dr. Hayes ordered him to be placed in his brougham, and brought home."

"Tell me the truth, Captain Hamilton; is my husband dead?"

"Oh, no, Lady Dayrell, not so bad as that, thank God! But he is badly hurt, and I came on to see if I could be of any service. I was riding next Sir Edward when he was thrown, and I helped to carry him to Dr. Hayes' house, which was fortunately near."

By this time the carriage was drawn up, and the medical man sprang out.

"Hamilton," he called out, "tell Lady Dayrell at once, but don't alarm her."

"I am here, doctor, and I know all," Ethel answered firmly. "Let me go to my husband."

"Not yet, my dear," the old man said kindly. "Send out the servants, and we will get him to his room first."

Strong hands lifted the unconscious baronet, and bore him gently back to the home he had quitted a few hours before in the pride and vigor of manhood.

Ethel's heart seemed turned to stone, but she shed no tears as she followed the group, and saw the rigid figure laid on the bed.

There was no external injury beyond a deep wound on the forehead, and the face, so deadly pale, wore a peaceful expression.

The wife stood motionless, and when the doctor beckoned her to come away, she went quietly towards her husband, kissed him once, and then left the chamber.

In a few words Dr. Hayes explained what had happened.

Sir Edward, as usual, had led the field, and been in at the "finish," and having been awarded the fox's "brush," was returning in high spirits.

He was making a short cut across Boxton Common, as the light was failing, so Capt. Hamilton advised him not to attempt the high fences dividing it from the main road. But Sir Edward said

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at all risks he should get home at seven o'clock, or Lady Dayrell would be uneasy at the delay.

Accordingly, he put his horse at the next ditch, which he refused to take. But the baronet was resolute, and spurred him back to it again.

Hotspur made a bold effort, and Capt. Hamilton saw him mount the bank. Then he heard a heavy fall, and horse and rider rolled together from the top, and lay motionless on the opposite side.

Dr. Hayes and the officer hurried to the spot, and found Sir Edward helplessly crushed to the ground by the animal's fall. At once they thought he was killed, and having got the hunter to his feet, they lifted the prostrate man, and carried him to the house hard by. After a while he was placed in a brougham, but showed no signs of life beyond a few painful groans when they raised him in their arms.

Ethel heard the account of the accident in silence, and when her companion ceased speaking, she asked calmly: "Is my husband dying?"

"I won't conceal from you, Lady Dayrell, that he is in great danger, and has been severely hurt. But he is young and healthy, and I don't despair of saving him. I have sent for Dr. Cruise and Dr. Harding, and there is every chance we can bring him round."

"Thank you, doctor, for all your kindness," she answered gratefully. "You have always done your best for us, and I am glad Sir Edward is in your care."

"God spare you this fresh trial, my poor child," the old man returned, and tears gathered in his eyes as he looked at the sorrowful face, and saw, too, there was little hope in the wife's breaking heart.

All that night, and all that day, Lady Dayrell sat by the bedside, waiting for the first gleam of returning consciousness, but no change came over the marble features.

She took the cold hands in her warm clasp, whispering his name, and kissed the pale lips, as she gently smoothed back the soft brown hair; but no response came. For the first time, her caresses were disregarded.

The physicians agreed that the spine had sustained fatal injury,

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and the heavy weight of the horse, as he rolled over his master, had caused concussion of the brain. After a lengthy consultation, they were forced to acknowledge that medical skill could not avail in this case, and no mortal power could save the patient.

Ethel, from the beginning, had despaired of recovery, and hour by hour realized that she was watching by the bed of death, while the fabric of her earthly happiness was slowly falling in ruins around her feet.

Chapter XIV.

The following evening, as Dr. Hayes entered the sick room, Ethel started up and ran to meet him. But he turned aside to avoid the eager question he read in her eyes.

"Don't deceive me," she said faintly. "I am prepared to hear the worst; only tell me, will he speak to me; will he know me again before he dies? Surely he cannot leave me without a word of farewell, without being aware that the hour of parting is come!"

"Dear Lady Dayrell," and the doctor's voice trembled, "may God give you strength to bear this sore affliction that will make you lonely, indeed. But," he went on, "I have every hope that Sir Edward will soon regain consciousness, and his mind grow clear before he is taken from you. The state of stupor has spared him great agony, and this knowledge will bring you comfort. I cannot encourage you to be sanguine, for I greatly fear he is sinking fast; and if he recovers his senses, that ugly cut on the temple will become very hurtful."

Sadly the wife returned to resume her watch, and no sound broke the stillness of the darkened room, save the ticking of the clock, marking the approach of the hour she dreaded.

As she sat there, gazing on the motionless face, suddenly a low moan caught her ear, and slowly the sick man raised his hand, and pressed it on the wounded forehead. A growing light seemed to break over his countenance, like the first streak of dawn chasing the shades of night, and gradually life and animation came back with returning consciousness. Then the eyes opened, and met the glance that awakened his memory from its long sleep.

"Ethel, my wife," he murmured, and the weak hand tried to clasp hers. "Ethel, forgive me for all you have suffered through my fault."

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Passionately she bent over him, welcoming his words with loving kisses, but all the while feeling that he had been restored only for a little time.

"Edward, all pain is forgotten in the joy of feeling that you know me again, that you are able to love me as you always did. You seemed to have left me all alone."

"Yes, Ethel; I indeed love you now, as I have ever loved you since the first time we met, and my affection has been unchanged through all the years of our married life. How happy we have been together, dearest!"

"But, Edward, surely that happiness will return when you get well and strong."

She almost guessed the answer before it came.

"Darling," he said feebly, "don't be deceived by anything the doctors may say. I know my own case best, and I believe that I am dying. Nobody with my symptoms could hope to recover; I feel my hours on earth will be few. I am sinking rapidly, but I bless God that my consciousness has returned to bid you good-bye before we are parted forever."

The dying man ceased speaking, and Ethel's wild sobs were heard in the silence that followed.

An expression of tender pity came into his face as he looked on her grief, and felt how inevitably the bitter waters of death rend asunder the closest human ties.

"Edward! Edward! it must not, it cannot be that you should go, while I am left behind lonely and desolate! God is too cruel to me! He took my child, now He is taking you, breaking the affections He Himself has formed. Stay with me, dearest, for remember my very soul is centred in you!"

"Well I know it, Ethel," her husband answered; "but we must bow to God's will, Who orders all things for the best. Believe me, the sacrifice is no less to me than it is to you, but I hope I am resigned to offer it bravely. You have been the joy of my life, and leaving you makes the sting of death."

After a pause, he went on:

"My dying blessing will rest on your head, and humbly I pray, when your earthly pilgrimage is over, that we may through God's mercy be re-united for eternity. Oh, my love, be near me——"

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The voice broke off suddenly, and Ethel knelt down in silent fear that the end was come; but the eyes again opened, and were fixed on her with a look of deep affection, while the shadow of death crept slowly over the worn face.

"Ethel, I am suffering more than you can understand," he whispered, "but it will all be over soon. Kiss me once more, and say farewell till we meet in Heaven. Freddy and I will be waiting for you, and our meeting there will be a blessed one."

He tried to raise himself from the pillow, and Ethel caught him in her arms, and pressed a last kiss on the feverish lips.

"Good-bye for a little while, my sweet wife. You will come to me some day in a happier world. Meanwhile, God will bless and comfort you in His own good time."

He lay back exhausted, and Ethel was thankful to see that in a few moments a calm sleep had brought temporary relief.

The night wore on, and Mrs. Carlton came frequently to entreat her daughter to take some rest, but she resolutely refused to quit her post, and sat by the bedside, with a world of tenderness in the tearless eyes.

"I will never leave him, mother," she said firmly. "I will stay near him to the last, for our time together is short, and very soon we shall be parted for ever."

The patient still slept on, but towards morning he grew restless, and at intervals a spasm of pain crossed his features.

Gently, Ethel bathed the throbbing brow, and held the wasted fingers in her own, keenly aware that the supreme moment had come, when all joy and all brightness were passing away with his fast-ebbing breath.

Suddenly a strong, deep groan broke from the trembling lips, then all was silent.

A solemn hush fell on the darkened room where life's great drama was drawing to a close.

Yet a last faint sigh, and one heart had laid down its burden, while the other was given a duplicate weight to bear alone.

When Mrs. Carlton entered, an hour later, the first streaks of daylight were stealing into the eastern sky, lighting up the face of the dead and the motionless figure of the widow, still clasping the lifeless hands.

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Chapter XV.

Two years after, we find Lady Dayrell walking by her mother's side in the shrubbery at Norwood Park. She is still clad in her mourning dress, and the traces of grief and anxiety are plainly marked on the pale face that still retains much of the beauty of former times.

She is sadly changed from the laughing, careless Ethel whom we saw a few years ago, seated under the old beech tree, where she now recalls her chequered career of love, sorrow, and death.

Yet looking back on her girlhood, it seemed but a short while since, in this same shrubbery, she had waited her lover's coming with beating heart, listening with keenest delight as he whispered the "old, old story," and forgetful of all else in the world, save each other, and the happiness that promised to be at once complete and permanent.

The memory of that time, and the joys and hopes and anguish that followed, all came clearly before the young widow's mind on this calm summer evening. And yet, contrasting, as she did, the deep gladness of old days with the loneliness and sorrow of the present, she could still acknowledge that God had ordered all things rightly; that His mercy had pursued her through those long years, till finally it had prevailed, and, crushed beneath her trials, she had returned to His arms, humble and contrite.

Often, as she reviewed the past, a rush of memories brought back too vividly the fleeting brightness of her youth, and once again a bitter sense of desolation would temporarily replace the hard-won influence of resignation.

The thought of her dead husband revived the passionate grief of those first days of widowhood, the saddest and darkest of her life, when she had watched by his bedside, and slowly realized that the hour of separation was at hand.

She had loved him with the strength and fidelity of an ardent nature, and such as these must grieve with an intensity unknown to souls of duller emotions.

The loss of her only child was still a fresh wound in the mother's heart, a daily cross to sanctify her future and adorn her crown.

"And when do you intend going away, Ethel?" Mrs. Carlton

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was saying, as she stood with her daughter under the golden shade of the walnut trees.

"I think I ought to leave in October, mother. I don't wish to squander any more time, though Father Vincent told me I need not make any move till after Christmas."

"Do just as you think best, dear, for I could not give impartial advice on a matter so near my heart. Your departure will indeed make my old age lonely, but I must not stand in the way of my child's best interests."

"Mother, darling, the parting with you is what makes this change so difficult," her companion returned. "I do believe I shall find it as trying as if I had left home when I was a young girl, because my affection for you has increased with time, and sorrow has united us more closely."

Here Ethel Dayrell's voice trembled as she remembered the dreariness of her mother's lot when she would no longer be near to soothe her declining years.

"What does Sister Agnes think about it, love?" Mrs. Carlton asked presently.

"In her letter this morning she urges me to go at once. She naturally dreads my deferring a step which she tells me repeatedly ought to have been taken when I was eighteen. I often think, mother, of her warning words a few days before my marriage when I visited St. Dominic's, and I remember feeling strangely impressed by her manner, as she said so solemnly: 'Ethel, I feel certain you will yet return to God, confessing your unfaithfulness, but not till His hand has touched you in mercy rather than in anger.'

"How truly her prophecy has been fulfilled, and by the thorny path of adversity I have been led back to the truth! I am convinced no milder remedy could have subdued my rebellious will.

"What a wasted existence mine has been!" she went on wistfully. "But there is no advantage in dwelling on that thought. As Father Vincent says, I can only hope God will allow me to consecrate the remainder to His service."

And so it came to pass that when the joys and sorrows of her brief married life had come to an end, and all her dearest ties were broken, Ethel Dayrell's soul had been moved to repentance,

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and humbly she returned to the faith so long neglected, resolving in reparation to devote herself to God in religion.

Soon after her husband's death, her former friend, Father Vincent, had come to offer his condolence.

Gradually she felt herself influenced by his gentle compassion, and found relief in pouring out the tale of wrong-doing and misery. Patiently the old priest listened to the story of her short-lived happiness and the dreary desolation that followed.

His ready sympathy touched the suffering heart, and his words of wisdom told where alone resignation could be found, and past sins and trials converted into stepping-stones to Heaven.

Well may a writer of our own date exclaim,—"Oh, blessed influence of one true, loving human soul on another! Not calculable by algebra, not deducible by logic, but mysterious, effectual, mighty as the hidden process by which the tiny seed is quickened, and bursts forth into tall stem and broad leaf and glowing tasselled flower. Its presence is a power that draws us with sweet compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame."

Once again St. Dominic's son became the instrument of God's mercy to recall His wandering child, and guide her erring feet into the way of penance.

The cross had come on its secret mission of love, and Ethel's faith rose triumphant from the ruin of her earthly hopes.

The sacred duties, so long forgotten, were now resumed, and with generous ardor she set herself to the task of lifelong atonement.

From henceforth her time and energy were employed in the cause of religion and devotion to the poor and afflicted, ever mindful of our Lord's promise, "For the rest, give alms, and lo! all is made clean to you."

Promptly and without reserve, the mistress of Dayrell Court laid aside the vanities of the world, embracing austerity and labor as her portion.

In the sad-eyed gentlewoman, dressed in plain mourning weeds, few could recognize the beautiful bright-spirited girl that a few years ago had been the ornament of fashionable society, and the object of its adulation.

Time passed on, and Ethel's heart craved for a more perfect,

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a more mortified life wherein to repair the guilty past, while her thoughts went back to her school days, and to the high vocation she had then discarded.

If God would but send her a second call, how willingly she would respond!

Father Vincent read the mind of his penitent, and encouraged by his advice, she determined to enter religion, and offer herself as a postulant at St. Dominic's. A few months later we find the young widow arranging her coming departure with her mother, and nerving herself to break the last link that bound her affections to the things of earth.

Great was the satisfaction of her faithful friend, Sister Agnes, on learning of Ethel's resolve, and joyful tears were shed by the nun and her old pupil, as they knelt together by Aunt Lily's grave in the silent cloister, a few days before her niece entered the noviceship.

The following June, the white marble altar of the convent chapel was all aglow with waxen tapers and the bloom of summer flowers.

Roses and azaleas and geraniums and dazzling lilies clustered round the golden tabernacle, with slender ferns and trailing ivy interspersed through the mass of rich, glowing color.

The old building, as well as the church, seemed "en fête" that sunny morning, and Sister Agnes in particular looked supremely content.

Her prayers, fervent and unceasing, had been at length granted, and her own favorite child was to receive the white veil of the Dominican Order, and in memory of her aunt to bear henceforth the name of Sister Catherine.

Lady Dayrell's second wedding day had come, and after much sin and suffering and deep repentance, she knelt before God's throne, humbly petitioning the gift she had scorned many years before, when a fatal glamour had deceived the trustful eyes of youth.

Now she returned in contrite love, making the offering she had so long denied. And never had earthly bride looked fairer or more radiantly happy than did Ethel Dayrell on the day of her spiritual espousals.

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Clad in a robe of shining silk, she glided up the nave, and prostrate in the sanctuary, pronounced the vows that would be her sanctification in time, and her glory in eternity. The abundant auburn hair was concealed by a veil of finest lace, that fell to her feet, covering her figure in its ample folds.

It was the veil she had worn on her wedding morning, when she had chosen a mortal lover in preference to a purer and holier destiny,

When next she had seen it, it hung as a shroud over the face of her dead child; and now she wore it on this other nuptial day, when God's voice had again called her name, when His heart had again asked for hers.

Readily she had answered, and after sad years of wandering, knelt in trembling gladness at the feet of the heavenly Bridegroom.

And so it happened that Lily Neville's veil had fulfilled its mission, and once more it was restored to the altar where it had been consecrated by her early sacrifice.

In the time to come, it would still adorn God's dwelling-place, recalling the story of two suffering hearts now resting peacefully in the convent cemetery.

THE END.

QUEEN OF MAY.

EUGENE DAVIS.

WHITE lilies of the valley richly rare,
The budding rose that blushes to be born,
Wee buttercups, sweet with the balm of morn,
The hawthorn's snowy blossoms passing fair;
Trim violets, too, that gem the forest's floor,
Each cowslip-star, each young and slender vine—
Such are the gifts in rev'rence evermore
We fain would bring, dear Mother, to thy shrine.

Whiter than whitest lily flecked with snow,
More modest than yon violet in the grove,
The rosiest rose that greets the dawn of day,
Immaculate in all thy radiant glow,
Art thou, O Fair! Wherefore with filial love
We weave green laurels for thee, Queen of May.

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OUR LADY, HELP OF CHRISTIANS.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.



THE history of Christendom might be written from the Litany of our Lady, since every invocation has been a memorial stone of some dogma defined, or some great calamity overcome, thus making our invocations acts of thanksgiving as well as of supplication;—fair memorial stones indeed, like those which are set in the pilasters of the renowned façade of the Cathedral of Orvieto, each sculptured slab being a story which the world, through its artists and poets, is never weary of repeating.

The one invocation specially in mind is that which commemorates the victory of the Christians over the Turks on the 7th of October, 1571, or the victory known as that of Lepanto. To-day, when the civilized world is exercised over the horrors committed in Armenia by the Turks under their Sultan, we may well bring home to the minds of thinking people, the same horrors saved, not for one nation like that of Armenia, but for the whole of southern Europe, that fountainhead, as we may say, of civilization for the entire world; that garden wherein the choicest arts have put forth their choicest blooms, borne their most perfect fruit. How often have we heard decried the zeal of the Popes in successive ages for the Crusades in behalf of the Holy Land, and the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Moslem, with the taunt: "After all, what did it amount to? The Moslem still rules in Jerusalem, and we Christians can only share with them the privileges they enjoy in the Holy City"! This is true; but let us remember, that if no crusade had been undertaken, if no let or hindrance had been placed before these hordes of Mahometans, what would have been the fate of Europe herself? In the pious attempt to save the Holy Sepulchre from profanation, the Popes actually turned the covetous eye of the invader

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from their own beautiful shores, and thus the civilization of Europe was preserved; and this far-seeing zeal of the Popes was justified by an event of which Europe keeps a clear and emphatic remembrance.

Under Soliman II. and Selim II., his son, as we read in the history of the Abbé Darras, the progress of the Musselmen had become alarming: "The Mediterranean was covered with their fleets. Masters of Greece and of Hungary, it only remained for them to conquer the islands of Malta and Cyprus to throw themselves upon Italy." The attempt upon Malta was defeated by the heroism and admirable military manœuvres of the grand master of the Knights of Malta, La Valette. Baffled, but not defeated in their grand aim, the Turks made a descent upon the fair island of Cyprus, and here they vented their rage occasioned by their repulse at Malta, by the most awful slaughter of all who opposed them. The reigning pontiff, Pius V., lost no time in sounding the note of alarm, calling upon the Venetians and Spaniards, both greatly exposed, to join with his own Italian forces in making their best resistance to the Turks. By his personal appointment the expedition was put under the chivalrous leadership of Don John of Austria. The squadron thus brought together was joined by the Knights of Malta, exhilarated by their expulsion of the Turks from their island, and also by the galleys of the Duke of Savoy, and actually met the Turkish fleet of two hundred and forty-five galleys and eighty-seven ships of every class. There was an awful preponderance of power on the part of the Moslems; but here comes in that divine agency, which, from the time of Moses, has wrought out the divine decrees in the history of nations. The call of Pius V., from his pontifical palace, had not been made to men of arms alone, or to strong nations or valiant leaders. While inspiring all these by his appeals to their love of country, the heart of Christendom had been stirred by the voice of the Dominican pontiff—whose fervor was constantly renewed by his retreats in his old cell at Santa Sabina on the Aventine Hill,—calling upon them to vanquish the navies of the Sultan by the recitation of the Beads, until Rome resounded with the public and most solemn singing of the Rosary mysteries and prayers. It was on this 7th of October, 1571, that the procession passed

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directly below the windows of the pontifical palace, when Pope Pius V., who was at that moment engaged in a council which he was holding, suddenly broke off the conversation, approached the window, lifted his eyes to Heaven, exclaiming: "This is not a time for business; let us go and return thanks to God in His temple; our arms have just been blessed with victory!" and the holy pontiff, shedding tears of pious joy, threw himself upon his knees in his oratory. A few days after, as soon as they could be communicated in those ages of couriers instead of telegraph wires, the tidings came to Rome, that at the very hour thus announced by the pontiff, the cross had triumphed over the crescent on the Gulf of Lepanto. The combat had lasted five hours, and in the heat of the combat the two flag-ships of the contending forces found themselves in actual contact, hand to hand conflict. The Turkish commander, Ali Pacha, was slain, and his head displayed upon the mast of a Christian galley proclaimed their defeat to his followers. As declared by Darras: "The victory of Lepanto crowned the work of the Crusaders, the work of Charles Martel, of Charlemagne, of Godfrey de Bouillon, Tancred, and St. Louis,—which was no less than the defence of Christian humanity, of Catholic society, against Mahometan barbarism."

In gratitude for this signal victory under the acknowledged auspices of Mary, Virgin and Mother, Pius V. decreed that throughout Christendom, the feast of the Rosary should be celebrated on the first Sunday of October; while to the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary, known as the Litany of Loretto, he added the invocation: "*Auxilium Christianorum, ora pro nobis*"—"Help of Christians, pray for us."

How powerful this invocation has proved in the mouths of Christian armies, is again attested by history, which relates that, when in 1683, during the reign of Leopold I., Vienna itself was besieged by the boastful Moslem leader, Kara Mustapha, the ambitious Vizier of Mahomet the IV., Leopold and his court had fled from their capital, doomed, as it seemed, to destruction, when King John Sobieski of Poland listened to the entreaty sent to him to come to their relief. One hundred and thirty thousand Turkish soldiers were encamped near and far around Vienna, when King John came with his eighteen thousand Poles to join an

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army of Christians which, even then, numbered only about sixty thousand. Forgetting the number of the enemy, confiding altogether in God and the intercession of Mary, Help of Christians, he prepared himself and his army for the conflict, by commanding an altar to be erected on the summit of the mountain overlooking on one side Vienna, on the other the Turkish forces, and during the Mass it was John Sobieski who first approached to receive the Bread of the Strong, followed by all the leaders and many of the soldiers, and who afterwards encouraged them by promising them the assistance of Heaven through the intercession of Mary, Help of Christians, who was on that very day publicly invoked for the success of their arms in the city of Munich: the brave Sobieski conquered, dispersed the Turkish legions, delivered Vienna and the Austrians from the tyranny of the Moslems, and never did he cease to attribute this victory to the powerful intercession of Mary under her glorious title, "Help of Christians."

Thirty years after this, the Emperor Charles VI. obtained another victory over the same enemies of Christian people, when this Help of Christians was solemnly invoked for him in Rome; while shortly after, Corfu, calling upon Mary under the same invocation, saw the Turks, by whom it was besieged, put to flight.

The memory of these glorious victories had stimulated the courage of Pius VII. during his years of struggle with Napoleon and his exile at Savona, and when, on the 24th of May, 1814, he made his solemn entrance into the capital of the Christian world, he resolved to honor Mary by a new festival under her title of *Auxilium Christianorum*—"Help of Christians," appointing this very day to be kept, therefore, by universal Christendom, thus confirming and glorifying the invocation which Pius V. had introduced to her honor into the Litany of Loretto more than two hundred years before. But the devotion to Mary, Help of Christians, has not been limited to pontiffs or kings or the leaders of armies. Christians of all nations have laid up these wonders in their hearts, and the miraculous picture of our Lady of Perpetual Succor has accentuated this devotion, during the present century, to such a degree that we may call it, to-day, one of the favorite and most widely spread devotions to our Lady. This picture had been for

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centuries an object of special love and confidence on the island of Crete, whence it was brought to Rome to be venerated there for three centuries in the Church of St. Matthew, whose gospel gives so many touching incidents in the life of the Blessed Virgin. During the French Revolution this church was destroyed, and the picture lost sight of for sixty years, when, on the 20th of April, 1866, by the order of our late Holy Father, Pius IX., it was again exposed to public veneration in the church of the Redemptorist Fathers, dedicated to St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori.

From this time there have been few prayerbooks which have not contained a reproduction, in color, of this miraculous picture, very often one which has touched it, while altars, public and domestic, have testified to the veneration in which it is held by the ever-burning lamp swinging or standing before it. To how many a weary heart, burthened with cares and anxieties, has it been not only a sweet solace, but a never-failing inspiration to courage and perseverance under difficulties, to a cheerful conquest of what would have seemed, otherwise, veritable impossibilities, overwhelming contradictions; lifting the mind, at the very instant of trial, to one who has never wearied in behalf of those who have trusted to her! Anxious hearts have been relieved of their solicitudes while ejaculating that petition: "Help of Christians, pray for us," and the lips quivering with a sense of helplessness under dangers to soul as well as body, have touched the little copper medal on the Rosary cord, to relax gently under a consoling sense of the presence of her who protected the Infant Jesus through all the perils of the flight into Egypt. Above my head, as I write, in the lovely Dominican convent of St. Mary in New Orleans, this beloved picture turns its gracious face towards me, and I feel that she will be to me still what she has been through so many years, a perpetual help and an everlasting succor.

JESUS is obscured because Mary is kept in the background. Thousands of souls perish because Mary is withheld from them. It is the miserable unworthy shadow, which we call our devotion to the Blessed Virgin, that is the cause of all these wants and blights, these evils and omissions and declines.

—*Father Faber.*

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MISS MACTAGNE'S "WAY OUT OF IT."

SARA TRAINER SMITH.



Miss MacTagne is a lady. A chance encounter reveals this, and the closest intimacy but strengthens the conviction. Just and true in all her dealings, scrupulously exact in the fulfilment of every promise, generous to the limit of her time, her energies, and her purse, she lives with a wholesouled simplicity that defies circumstances. Whatever she has to do she *does*—without littleness or meanness of any kind.

She lives in her own house, and keeps it in order with her own hands. Originally, there were two Miss MacTagnes, but early in their orphanhood, one married an artist, and went abroad. Left to herself, the other bought an acre of ground in a suburban neighborhood, and built a house upon it in which she practices other people's theories of "plain living and high thinking." She makes no secret of limited means and the impossibility of luxuries (she looks upon the freedom and privacy of a home as absolute essentials of a decent life), but waited upon by her own deft fingers, and surrounded by daintiest order and freshest cleanliness, she considers herself well provided for in this world, and accepts gratefully the minor self-denial and annoyance which household cares involve. Nor is she too often left to face them alone. Whoever once visits Woodsedge is always ready to repeat the visit, and to prolong it into a visitation. Outsiders complain *for* her that she is completely at the mercy of the "wandering tribes" who afflict suburban dwellers; she says, however, that she knows "exactly where to draw the line," and, small as is her income, she by no means holds herself exempt from either hospitality or charity.

Miss MacTagne is far from old. She is in the very prime of life, slender and straight and tall, walking with a brisk steadiness and dressing with a studied plainness which suits her "style," and keeps her always well dressed, since it is quite inconspicuous.

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She has a fresh, sweet, somewhat high voice (a "breezy voice" it has been well called), and she has many, many friends. In truth, she counts no one an enemy, for she makes it an object to deserve no enmity.

Such is the lady who was walking briskly home from the nearest village, one crisp, bright morning in early winter. She had taken the field-path, and, secure from interruption, was busily revolving various schemes, and mentally solving various problems of "ways and means" which the last two hours had presented to her in a new light. She had started out with the intention of hastening to a close her small preparations for the real winter season, sharply, if beautifully, brought home to her by the nipping frostiness of the dawn in which she had commenced her household tasks. But scarcely had her feet pressed the village sidewalk when she was seized by a kindred spirit, hurried off to inspect a case of dire distress and poverty, and detained (most willingly) through all the consultations and arrangements required for its relief. A sick man, a sick woman, twins but a few hours old, and three other babies of less than five years, in an old house without fire, without food, without money, ought certainly to move even the coldest heart to pity. Miss MacTagne managed it so as to move all Pennicott, both heart and pocket. She and her friend had just parted on the doorstep of the forlorn hovel, exultant and sympathetic, leaving it far more comfortable than they found it, and pledged to further efforts.

As she walked, Miss MacTagne saw always before her, across the gray fields, her cottage nest, with its background of grayer trees—her *own* trees, that narrow strip of woodland which had decided for her the question of purchase ten years before. Cozy and warm and sheltering as it looked, her heart bounded at the thought of its far cozier and warmer reality contrasted with all she had seen so recently.

"It *is* a real, true *home!*" she said, half-aloud, emphasizing her thoughts to herself as usual by uttering them. "It would have been a comfort to get those odds and ends worked up before a snowfall, but I cannot engage Jim Brock now. What a blessing Meg caught me just when she did! I should have seen him in another ten minutes, and—it is too long until pay-day for me to

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do both. I must give up Jim Brock for the Ferris party. That wood I promised! Where is it to come from cheapest and best?"

She paused and put her hand in her pocket for her purse. With it there came a letter. She had slipped her mail in her pocket while "stirring up" the lazy old postmaster to a just conception of poor Ferris's need, and quite forgot it until this minute.

It was a thin, pale, shy-looking letter,—everybody knows the kind. It was, however, very short, and, of course, very unsatisfactory.

"*Dear Miss MacTagne:*

I am in such trouble! If I could only see you—for, indeed, I do not know what to do. Will you be at home to-morrow, if I take a run out to Woodsedge? If you have any engagement, do not stay at home for me, for I may not be able to get off.

Affectionately, as ever,

ALICE E. KEYS."

Miss MacTagne, read it, standing still in the path. She folded it, looking vaguely around her.

"Decidedly 'as ever, Alice E. Keys'!" she exclaimed, addressing herself to a solitary bird. "No date, no time, no *sense* of any kind. Poor little Alice! I wonder what it is now? And I wonder if you have come out by the other road and are sitting on the porch? It is more than likely!"

Miss MacTagne quickened her pace almost to a run. But she thought as rapidly as she walked, and had time to see before her perplexities and difficulties arising from conflicting claims of hospitality and charity. If Alice needed a home for a time—as she had more than once already—what could be done? Where was the money to come from for extra bread and butter, and the wood for the Ferris's? Yet the wood was promised. And Alice was helpless, and an orphan. Miss MacTagne was no stranger in labyrinths such as these. She spent many an hour wandering through their mazes, but always, sooner or later, she found a way out—found it or made it, very often in a most new and startling fashion to less straightforward and more self-conscious natures.

As she turned in at the gate, she raised her eyes to the cottage

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roof. Beyond it, a tall tree raised its leafless withered top. Like an inspiration, flashed upon the solving of one question.

"If the worst proves true," she said to herself, "I will get Jim Brock to cut that down and split it up for the Ferris's. It will do very well, and I *can* manage that, I believe."

She turned the corner of the house, and there *was* Alice, huddled in the sunny doorway under cloak and furs and veil, but pale, timid, helpless, and pretty as only a girl in her first youth can be. Miss MacTagne welcomed her heartily.

"O Miss MacTagne!" she began at once. But Miss Mac Tagne stopped her.

"No, Alice, not one word until you are safe behind the stove for a good warming. I know you do not come to me needlessly. There! give me your wraps. It is too cold now for any open-air lounging. It was summer time when you were here last."

She moved quickly about, putting away wraps and parcels, adjusting a curtain here and there where the light had changed since morning, and bringing an air of greater cheerfulness and comfort from the very chairs she pushed into more inviting corners and angles. Then she sat down by her guest, and took her little cold hands in a warm clasp. Alice was trembling with nervousness and chill.

"Now, my dear! What has happened? Is it *very* bad?"

Well, it really was very bad. Alice told it weeping, and Miss MacTagne grew warmly indignant as she listened.

Alice was governess in a wealthy family, and had given them her very best (it was a pure and earnest best, if not overpoweringly wise) for the two years since she left school. It had never been a home to her, but it had paid her very well, and there had been no biting fault-finding, but now the eldest son was at home. That changed everything. He was a handsome, genial fellow, and meeting Alice on the stairs, in the garden, in the library, had found her very pretty, and had chatted pleasantly with her, to the disgust of his sisters and the alarm of his mother. Alice, poor child! had been ignorant of all danger and innocent of all wrong until the day before, when they had all set upon her in a terrible manner—terrible to her, at least.

"Oh, I can't tell you what they said!" she sobbed. "It was

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shameful—it was cruel! Miss MacTagne, I never, *never* thought of such things! *You* know I did not, don't you?"

"Yes, Alice, I do know it. Your friends will all be quite sure of that."

"And he was only *pleasant*. He just laughed and talked about the pictures in the magazines he used to bring me, or about the children. Buff is such a 'comical little chap,' he used to say,—but he never said a word or looked a thing of *that* kind."

"Well, did his mother send you off, Alice? Did you *wait* for that?"

"No, Miss MacTagne, I did *not*. I—I—am afraid I was almost impertinent. I was frightened, but I was angry, too, and I said under the circumstances, no doubt it would be a great relief to her to get me out of the way, while he was in New York—he went yesterday morning,—and it certainly would be a great relief to me to go immediately, and I just walked out of the room while she was talking, and out of the house as soon as I could get my hat on. I spent the night at Nurse Bantry's. I *could not* go to any of the girls, you know; and I wanted to see you before Aunt Margaret heard of it."

"Ah, Alice, you little goose! you must have a backer always, even in a good cause. But Aunt Margaret *is* rather trying when she is not the *moving* cause, whether good or evil. I must say, I think you did the proper thing. So rest yourself while I get something for our dinner. The worst is over for you, I hope."

Alice smiled so sunnily and nestled so lovingly close to Miss MacTagne as she started to rise from her seat, that she felt warmed and encouraged to struggle through the labyrinth into which she plunged as the door closed between them. Such a very little money in the purse! So many days before pay-day for her modest interest! Alice was utterly alone in the world, so far as *useful* relatives were concerned, for "Aunt Margaret" was also a governess, therefore homeless, and bitter sharp besides. Back and forth, back and forth, went Miss MacTagne from pantry and cupboard to kitchen and sideboard, an animated shuttle weaving away at the web of Fate for three households—her own, the Ferris's, and the splendid Melvilles. But she was a shuttle guided by the All-wise Hand, and, more than that, a shuttle willing and longing

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to be guided. "It isn't that I am afraid of what *is* God's will in the matter," she thought, pausing an instant before a lovely head of our Lord which hung in a quiet corner she often passed; "it is because I am afraid of not doing *my* best to find out that will, and *do* it." Then with a whispered prayer, she hurried away, finished her preparations, and called Alice to her pretty table.

They made merry over their meal, and then busied themselves together during the short afternoon. That evening they consulted. The next morning Miss MacTagne was off to the city very early, and the Melville matter, Aunt Margaret, Alice's few belongings, were all attended to before her return. She came in at the gate, a little slowly and heavily for her, and paused. Alice watching from the window, saw her gaze intently upward, and half regretfully, she thought. Then a curious brightening seemed to flash over her face, broadening to a smile of merriment. She came up the path with rapid and decided step.

"Well, Alice, you are free for the time being. You are your own mistress until you get another. Mrs. Melville is somewhat afraid of her own action now, and more than somewhat snappish with her daughters. There was very little said. I *would* not say it, so they *could* not. Here is a check for you, and your trunks will be here to-day."

"O Miss MacTagne, how very, very kind! I cannot stay here!"

"Have you any where to go, child? Now, Alice, I have not cared for you and helped you so far to leave you just at this time, when you most need a staunch friend and a home, beyond question. You know I cannot give you much—we may have to live plainer than usual for a little time,—but what I have, you share. We will hope for something to 'turn up' for you, too. And *some day*, when you are the fortunate princess, you can repay me tenfold. You can take me to Europe to see Bessie, for I am sure I shall never manage it myself."

Alice could only kiss the cheek of her friend as a loving child kisses its mother. Childless women *do* win such caresses when they bear within them the mother-heart.

"What amused you so much, Miss MacTagne, as you came to the gate? What did you see on the roof?

Miss MacTagne's face beamed again.

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"I had an idea," she said, laughing. "That was all. It just came to me. And I believe it is a good one. It was, originally, one of Gladstone's." But she said no more, and Alice soon forgot it.

That idea was Miss MacTagne's way out of the labyrinth.

The next morning, just at daybreak, Miss MacTagne opened her back door and stepped into the morning air. It was cold—very cold. She shut the door carefully, and listened a moment. There was not a sound astir. Then she went into the closet under the porch, and brought out two or three tools of different sorts. She was warmly, but trimly dressed, and wore a trig, tight-fitting cap. Standing for a moment in the gray light, the active strength of her whole being came out impressively.

"If I fail, I shall be sorry," she said, softly; "but I shall not fail, if I can help it. I can dig, I can plant, I can cut grass and paint fences. I can sew and cook, and I *have* written things for the papers that were used (but not paid for), and I intend to cut down that tree."

Without further pause, she struck into the woods by the garden path, and stopped at the foot of the dead tree. In a few minutes the strokes of an axe, weak and "choppy," but gaining in vigor, rang through the frosty air. Miss MacTagne was fairly committed to her new enterprise.

"Rome," as we have all heard, "was not built in a day" Miss MacTagne's work was of like importance in this crisis, and it called for time. A brave spirit nerves a weak arm, and steady purpose already sees the end of a beginning. She accomplished her task, and, although farthest removed from most people's conception of a lady's employment or attainment, she did it in a lady's way. She did it quietly and neatly and thoroughly. At the earliest hour possible, she slipped into the woods and began. At the exact minute needing her presence in the house, she was there, and Alice, coming to breakfast, found her always ready for it, and always ready to talk of the thousand and one topics they were interested in. A little more rosy than usual, Alice thought her, and, on one or two mornings, a little stiff and angular in her movements.

"Miss MacTagne, why do you take the trouble to bake these

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light biscuits in the morning? I am sure you get overheated; your face is quite flushed. If you would let me, I could do it, I think."

"What, Alice? What I have been doing? Oh, no, my dear! Thank you for the thought."

She laughed a little, but blushed rosier than ever. Indeed, Alice never saw her blush so often as during that week.

"Who is cutting wood for you, Miss MacTagne?" she asked, one day. "I hear the axe early in the morning, but I never see Jim Brock."

"No," answered Miss MacTagne. "Jim is busy somewhere else just now." Alice saw her face flush, and thought she smiled. She wondered if there was any story connected with Jim, who had been the village factotum for years. But Miss Mac Tagne was out of the room when she turned to ask.

And, after all, it came to light. Miss MacTagne guarded her secret well, but it escaped her in the grand finale of her crisis, which lasted only a week, after all.

She was out in the woods in the full sunshine of the day, looking with well-pleased eyes upon the fruits of her toil. There it lay before her, reduced to a heap of well-cut fuel—not exactly even, always, but small enough to handle easily, and with a goodly pile of chips and twigs beside it.

"I have only one thing more to do," she said, half-laughing, "and I really cannot carry it or haul it myself. It seems almost too bad I cannot 'finish the job.' What on earth would Bessie say! And I can never tell her to enjoy the fun."

"Miss MacTagne! Miss MacTagne!" called a pursuing voice. "Miss MacTagne! Oh, I see you!"

Alice came flying through the trees, rosy, breathless, bright-eyed, and precipitated herself upon Miss MacTagne with a force unexampled in all her former experience of the maiden.

"O Miss MacTagne, *please* come in, won't you? Oh, I never, *never* was so surprised! *He's* come! He's in there."

"Who is *he?*" asked Miss MacTagne, briefly but pointedly.

Alice stood up, her color paling.

"Gerald Melville," she said, softly,—"young Mr. Melville. He—he only came home from New York last night. And—and they told him *everything*."

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"It seems to have taken effect," said Miss MacTagne, after a moment's thought.

"O Miss Mac Tagne, I never thought of such things—you *know* I never did! But he says—his mother knew him better then I knew him."

"Then he *did* think of 'such things?'"

"Yes!" whispered Alice. "Please come in! I told him you would."

"Indeed, I will. I should very much like to see this 'young Mr. Melville,' who certainly acts as promptly as his mother, in a much better cause."

They hurried to the house together, and Miss MacTagne found a splendid young fellow, indeed, in her pretty brown and gold parlor. So eager he was, so indignant, yet so anxious to shield his mother, so outspoken as to his feeling for Alice, so earnest in soliciting Miss MacTagne's favor for *his* side of the question, that she could not but like him very much. Alice behaved very well and very sensibly, with not "an air nor a grace." The end of it was that he went away, a suitor accepted, but on short probation.

"Miss Mac Tagne," suddenly questioned Alice, turning on her as they sat together that evening in happy silence, "who is cutting wood for you out there by the dead trees?"

"Who—is—cutting—wood—for—me?" repeated Miss Mac Tagne, slowly (she was dozing, being quite tired after such a day of excitement).

"I believe," said Alice, solemnly, "I *do* believe you have been doing it *yourself*. O Miss MacTagne, how *could* you! Why—why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you let me go away?"

"Go away? Why, Alice? Because you don't wish the bride-elect of 'young Mr. Melville' to be the guest of a *lady* who cuts wood?"

In spite of herself, Alice joined in the laugh which bubbled through Miss MacTagne's words. "Oh, *no!* But—but you must really—be so—so—" Miss Mac Tagne was merciless, and she had to say it—"so *poor*, if you cannot hire Jim Brock to cut the wood."

There was a moment's silence.

"Alice," said Miss MacTagne, breaking it with no laugh in her voice, but a very sweet and earnest seriousness, "I am not 'poor'

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at all. I have everything a human being needs for comfort and health and happiness. I am a woman in full possession of her senses and her appreciation of them. I have my God always near me, and many, many to love me and care for me. Am I *poor* because I have not money? No, indeed! What I have done is not a usual thing, but it is a very small 'eccentricity' in my path. I will tell you frankly all about it. It is nearing the end of the year, and I must be careful of all expenditure, because I *always* 'make both ends meet' at whatever cost to myself. I was not counting on your trouble, and the very day you came, I promised to send wood to a poor, poor family, the cost of which would have used up every cent I had to spare. You came, and I had promised. That altered everything. What a trifle *will* do that! Of course, you must come to me; that I knew to be the will of God. And I must keep my promise if it lay in my power. I saw Jim Brock about cutting that tree the day I went in to see Mrs. Melville. He charged as much more than I could spare as would have made me his debtor for three months. I came home very blue, I assure you. Just at the gate, I looked at the tree, and remembered that if Gladstone stood in my shoes, he would walk out there and cut it down himself. One of the many advantages men have over women is their power of doing such things. I inwardly grumbled, and, grumbling, became fiercely 'women's rights,' and independent. I did not know that I *could* do it, but I made up my mind to *try*. I have done it, and I don't believe I have been very slow about it, either. But it was a very slim tree."

Alice sat very still for some time.

"Miss MacTagne, you are very different from— other people. You just *do* things when it *seems* right, and they *are* right. How is it?"

"Alice, dear, there is always a *can*, a *cannot*, an *ought*, or an *ought not* to everything. I first ask if I can or cannot do the thing before me. If I *cannot*, that ends the matter. There is no further question, of the ought or ought not. If I *can*, then I go further, and it soon 'settles itself.' What 'people' may say or think, whether I like it or dislike it, I long ago determined should not complicate any question I have to decide."

"May I tell——"

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"Young Mr. Melville?"

Alice nodded, smiling and dimpling.

"Why, yes, if you wish to have a good laugh over it, and will ask him for an alms for the Ferris's. My dear, I was not ashamed of doing it. If it had been for my own fire, I should have made a joke of it, and called you out to see. I must get Jim Brock to haul it away to-morrow."

"I will do that. Let me *begin* to help others. It will not interfere with your promise, will it?"

Miss MacTagne laughed, and kissed her good-night. Alice thought over it a good bit, and did tell young Mr. Melville, and tell it very effectively. They did not laugh at all.

"You see, Gerald," she said, "in what a beautiful spirit she lives. And how brave and simple and contented she is, yet so clever and so bright."

"Yes," he said; "I have heard of her before. She is pretty well-known for some things she has written—very clever things, indeed. But, as you say, it is the spirit of the whole life that tells on those who know the real woman. Money makes no difference with her; fashion, folly, caprice, other people do not hinder her. She looks *above* and *within*."

"And—" Alice hesitated—"always *above* first."

"Do you know," he said, admiringly, "I believe you have caught a *little* of it, at least—of that truthful, simple, single-mindedness. That is the reason for——"

Well, many things that he said, very sweet to Alice, and very noble and pleasant to hear—if any one else had heard them.

It was after this visit of "young Mr. Melville," (as Miss MacTagne always called him in speaking to Alice with gentle teasing) that Alice told her a part of his conversation.

"I told him about the tree, Miss MacTagne. But we did not laugh, not once. I told him that was always your way out of a difficulty, the one you *could* take and *ought* to take because you could."

"And what did he say?"

"Oh, a great deal! He said— he said——"

"Do tell me what!"

"That I am to be the fortunate Princess, and take you to Europe next summer."

"I think *he* is taking my way out of a difficulty, too," said Miss MacTagne; "I mean the one nearest to him."

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THE RESURRECTION AND THE ASCENSION.

VERY REV. J. M. L. MONSABRÉ, O. P.

He is not here; He is risen.—Matt. xxviii., 6.



HAT must have been the astonishment of the holy women when they heard those words of the angel! They looked into the sepulchre with a heart divided between hope and fear, and saw there but the winding-sheet and bands that had been wrapped around our Saviour's inanimate Body. Jesus was truly risen.

Let us admire the prodigy, and to draw profit therefrom, let us listen to St. Paul's commentaries upon it. "Christ," he tells us, "has risen for our justification."[1] His return to life confirms the work of His death. His victory over death gives Him the right ever to apply His merits to mankind, who looks for its efficacity. We are justified in the Blood of our Saviour.[2] But that Blood would have been ineffectual had it not resumed its place in the sacred channels whence it had come forth.

Christ risen, principle of our justification, is also its exemplar. His new life is the model of that we should live, who have had the happiness to issue from the death of sin, and live again to God s grace.

Christ is sought in the tomb wherein He had been placed; He is there no longer. Thus the converted sinner should no longer be found where his bad habits had settled him; no longer in the same company, at the same feasts and the same pleasures; no longer in the same dangerous intimacies, the same occasions of sin. "He is not here; he is risen: He is not there; he is risen."

[1] Rom. vi., 4. [2] Rom. vi., 9.

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And where then is he? In more quiet, healthy, and safer places, walking with a firmer step on the ways of a new life.

All is changed in the flesh of the risen Christ: "He dieth now no more; death shall no more have dominion over Him." Not only can He no longer die, but suffering can no longer take hold of His glorified Body. That Body, but a while ago meeting on all sides impenetrable resistance, becomes a mysterious power, penetrating everywhere as a spirit. Distances vanish under His steps; He traverses them with the rapidity of thought. It is no longer an obscure mass, enlightened for a time by the splendors of the transfiguration; it is a brazier of eternal light eclipsing the very sun, and causing the stars of the firmament to grow pale.

Such becomes the soul truly converted: immortal, impassible, subtile, agile, luminous. It prevents, by all the precautions suggested by Christian prudence, the humbling faults which dry up the life of grace and engender spiritual death; it renders itself insensible to those attractions which only yesterday had the power to seduce it; it courageously traverses the obstacles which only yesterday terrified its cowardice. In order to repair the time lost with creatures, it precipitates itself towards God, more eager from day to day, from hour to hour, abandoning itself to the quick and all-powerful breath of the Holy Ghost in order to go faster and arrive more safely. It no longer walks; it is carried, so much does it hasten towards the perfection until then delayed by its faults. Instead of the fatal examples given to those who were the witnesses of its guilty life, the edifying brightness of its virtues is substituted. So changed is it as to be unrecognizable. Pride, egotism, anger, giddiness, dissipation, licentiousness, love of pleasure, spiritual apathy and coldness,—all these have given place to humility, charity, meekness, gravity, recollection, pious reserve, strength, mortification, zeal, and fervor. Its life formerly sterile, is filled with good works, and its conversation is in Heaven. Surrounded by a luminous atmosphere, it points out the way of salvation to those who too long accompanied it on the way to perdition. "I go to the Father," does it say; and all feel urged to answer: "Let us go together."

It has truly risen; not like Lazarus, nor the son of the Widow

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of Naim, who were to die again; but like Christ, "Who dieth now no more, and lives to God."

This Jesus who is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come as you have seen Him going into Heaven.—Acts i., 11.

By these words we are transported by the angels of God to the last day of the world, and hear the announcement of the supreme reparation due to the honor of Jesus Christ. To ascend triumphantly to Heaven, in presence of those He has so loved, is doubtless an immense honor. But God reserves Him a greater glory. He was dishonored by an ignominious and unjust judgment,—He shall be rehabilitated by becoming our Judge. To appear before His Father, hear the sentence pronounced against Him repealed, see His accusers and judges stand confounded, would be but an insufficient reparation. He would thus resemble all the innocent unjustly condemned by the world. This cannot be. Equal to His Father, the same Divine Majesty outraged in His person, He must come to meet mankind clothed with that same majesty, and His attitude of culprit must be changed in that of Judge, the better to bring out the crime of His enemies, and that His revenge over the world of sinners may be more dazzling.

Besides, it is to wisdom judgment appertains, and Jesus is increated eternal Wisdom, the subsisting and living rule whence proceeds the perfection of all judgment.

The first judge of a society is he who holds the sovereign power. Magistracy is but an active representation of his rights. It is he, finally, who tries cases, who interrogates, who pronounces, absolves, condemns. Jesus is the sovereign Master of creatures. He has made them conjointly with His Father. They are His inheritance and His possession as to the most perfect and deserving, as to Him, who, at God's very invitation, petitioned by the irresistible instances of His prayers, sufferings, blood, and death: Postula a me et dabo tibi gentes hæriditatem tuam.[1]

The magisterial power of judgment rests in the head of a society. Jesus is the Head of the entire world. In Him, God has

[1] Psalm. ii.

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summed up all things, and the Church, perfect form of the human race, glories in Him as its Head: Ipse est caput Ecclesiæ.[1] He is the Head, and we are His body, His members, the dependencies of His life: Vos estis corpus Christi et membra de membro.[2]

It belongs to the benefactor to require an account of His benefits. Jesus is the cause of all the graces of salvation: Ipse causa salutis.[3] He knows their price, and alone, above every other, is capable of pronouncing on the use or abuse we have made of them.

The measure of our judgment is the law upon which our life is to be formed. In the person of Jesus Christ, God has brought His typical perfection close to our weak sight. We have seen Him in the splendor of His virtues,—poor, humble, obedient, chaste, devoted to His Father's glory and the salvation of souls. He offered Himself as our living law: Exemplum dedi vobis.[4] "Codes are dead letters; magistrates render them living. Were codes living, magistrates would not be needed; the codes themselves would judge us. The code of the Christian life is living; it is He who will judge us."[5] "For neither doth the Father judge any one, for He hath given all judgment to the Son": Pater non judicat quemquam sed omne judicium dedit Filio.[6]

This Judge of humanity will certainly come—veniet. What will He come to do? To regulate our ascension according to His judgment; to choose among the bewildered crowd of mortals, those to whom He has prepared a place, and whom He is to associate to His eternal triumph. As He went, so will He come. With the same majesty, the same power, the same authority. To His apostles He said, "Go"; "Come," shall He say to His elect. It will be a sovereign command, none shall dare gainsay. The conclusion of His last apparition will be the same as that of His Ascension. He will take with Him into eternity, those He will have delivered from the slavery of time; He will leave below those He rejects. But the apostles preserved the hope of seeing Him again; no hope is left to those forsaken at the last hour.

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[1] Col. i., 18. [2] I. Cor. xii., 27. [3] Heb. v., 9. [4] Joan xiii., 15.
[5] Cf. Summ. Theol., iii., P. quæst. lix. De judicaria potestate Christi.
[6] Joan v., 22.

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Whilst with an envious eye they contemplate the last ascension, the angels coming shall say to them: Why do you stand there looking up to Heaven? This Jesus, who now goes, will return no more. All is over for you; depart into the eternal exile.

What is to be done, O Christian, that these words of despair be not heard? It is very simple. Let us each day call our Saviour to the tribunal of our conscience. Come, my Jesus, come and pass Thy invisible judgments in my soul. Grant me to reform my life according to Thy sentences, that when Thou comest visibly, I may not fear Thy rigor, and that I may be among the blessed captives Thou wilst enslave by love to Thy eternal glory, at the supreme ascension: Christus ascendens in altum captivam duxit captivitatem.[1]

MARY,—MOTHER!

JEAN E. U. NEALIS.

O GENTLEST Mother of all motherhood,
Till time shall cease, and mothers' pains be done,
Turn thou thine eyes of mercy, sweet and good,
On every mother pleading for her son!

Who knows like thee her heritage of pain,—
That agony of love that mothers bear?
Who knows like thee (forever without stain)
The bitter-sweetness of her load of care?

Comfort of earthly mothers! Mary blessed!
How could we bear our burdens without thee?
From that first hour, when to our happy breast,
We clasped our precious one so rapturously!

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[1] Ephes. iv., 8.

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To when,—some-day, with streaming tears we fold
Thy blessed Beads round little fingers white,
And kiss the baby lips, so mute and cold,
With wistful tenderness, a last good night!

Then turn to thee!—all other comfort naught!
For none have ever turned to thee in vain;
But found far sweeter solace than they sought,
And stronger faith, to face the world again.

But oh, to mothers with a loving grief,
Whose sons on downward paths have gone astray,—
Where shall their silent anguish find relief,
Through sleepless night and sorrow-burdened day?

Where, but with thee, O Mary desolate!
On Calvary's hill, thy dead Son on thy knee;
There they can learn to suffer, and to wait
The will of God, whatever it may be.

Thou who for three dark days didst suffer loss,
And sought thy Holy One in tears and pain,—
Oh, help poor mothers, with their bitter cross,
And bring their wanderers back to them again!

But most of all, sweet Mother, comfort those
Whose eyes dim with long watching, tearless, burn,
On life's long disappointment, soon to close,
Whose wandering sons will never more return!

Offer their hearts' last sacrifice with thine;
Bring thou their wanderers from land and sea,
Won by their poor dead mothers' prayers, to find
Pardon and peace and "MOTHER," still in thee.

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A CHILD'S REQUEST TO MARY.

JAMES H. FLATTERY.

MARY, Mother, guide me,
Watch o'er me to-day:
Guide my little footsteps,
Watch o'er me at play.

Mary, Mother, help me
All the busy day:
Help me in my lessons,
Help me when I pray.

Mary, Mother, bless me
On this sweet May-day,
For it is thy blessing
Makes me light and gay.

Then when falls the twilight,
And I kneel to pray,
In thanks for your protection
My rosary I'll say.

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A MAY GREETING.

Mary, dearest Mother,
From thy heavenly height,
Look on us thy children,
Lost in earth's dark night.

Mary, purest creature!
Keep us from all sin;
Help us erring mortals
Peace in Heaven to win.

—*Father Faber.*

DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN OF THE ROSARY:

As this is the month of our Blessed Lady, your loving Mother, we wish for all our young Soldiers of the Angelic Warfare, our brave little Fishermen and Maidens, every blessing that only the Heavenly Queen can send. And that you may deserve these precious favors, we ask you, dear little Rosarians, to make a special present to your dear Mother in Heaven during this, her own month of May. What will it be? Only one thing we ask, dear children: that each day you will say a part of the Rosary, each day you will say five decades of the Beads, giving them freely to your dear Queen of the May, telling her how much you love her, how you desire to win her favor, and how you long to love your Blessed Lord, who is her Beloved Son.

If you cannot go to the Blessed Virgin s altar every day, you will go as often as you make a visit to the church. You will pray before your own little altar at home;—you will offer to your dear Lady, the gift of sweet flowers and lights, to assure her that you wish to make her sanctuary lovely.

But you will particularly give her your hearts. Loving her as dear little Rosarians, fighting as brave soldiers, and fishing as skilful catchers, how glad will the Blessed Lady in Heaven be when she knows that her dear children are making their hearts beautiful by prayer and goodness for her sake!

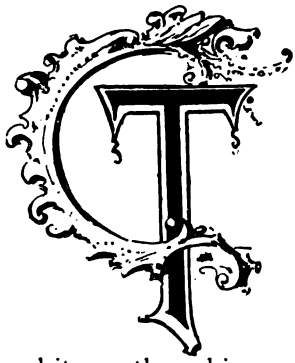
Remember, dear little ones, that the more you love your Blessed Mother, the more you will love your dearest Lord.

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"LITTLE FISHERMEN AND MAIDENS."

A MAY CATCH.

AQUINAS.



E-WEET!—te-weet!" Far up among the as yet bare branches of the great elm, two bright little eyes and the brilliant crimson of a downy breast caught their glance, as guided by the sweetly shrill "te-weet! te-weet!" they all looked upward.

Spring is here, lovely, joyous spring, and it was the robin, sweet harbinger of still more beauteous days to come, who had long ere this borne the first glad tidings. Yet they paused in their stroll through the winding country lane, to listen again for the melody to which "te-weet! te-weet!" formed the enticing prelude.

It came,—pouring forth, full, rich—a song of songs. Beneath its entrancing spell, upward seemed to shoot the tiny blades of fresh green grass, outward burst the tender saplings; the dark brown earth, so lately hard and unyielding, became in a moment soft and spongy and charged with electric thrills, while over all arched a canopy of clearest, tenderest blue.

A minute, though, and away in the distance died the music of the song, as the robin with outspread wings skimmed through the quivering, vibrating air to awaken in other hearts the glories of returning spring.

But though the robin had gone, the echoes stirred by his sweet song died not away.

The oriole, the blue-bird, and a myriad of our northern songsters all seemed to unite their liquid notes in one grand carol of welcome.

The tiny violets and blue-bells bowed their sweet little heads in happy greeting; the soft, balmy wind came up from the South whispering in tender tones: "Welcome! welcome! sweet May! All hail our Lady's own dear month!" The voice of the whole

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world seemed to sing: "All honor to thee, O fairest among women!... How beautiful art thou, my love, how beautiful art thou!"

As our "Little Fishermen and Maidens" paused to listen, their hearts glowed and swelled within them with the high and noble and beautiful thoughts which came with the coming of May.

They were a band of seven,—a country band, who pitied indeed their city cousins at present.

Daisy drew a deep breath, and her eyes shone and sparkled with pleasure.

"Is it not beautiful just to be alive to-day?" she cried.

Bob pushed his cap further towards the back of his head, and gave a whoop of delight.

"There's something about it that gets inside a fellow and that *will* come out in a yell," he explained vaguely, as an apology for the shout.

Dorothy laughed, her own happy, silvery ripple, which seemed but another echo of the bird songs.

"Don't you think," she said, thoughtfully, "that when we are so happy that our joy has to bubble over and out, it is a sign we ought to share it with some one else?"

Ned dropped the young switch he had just cut, and turned upon her.

"Look here," he demanded, taking her gently, playfully by the shoulders, "can't you ever enjoy *anything* without wanting to go shares?"

His laughing eyes were met full.

"Not when it is so easy to go shares," was the answer.

"But *how* pray?" put in Bess, inquisitively.

"Why, with poor children, and children who are ill, and children who live cooped-up in those terrible city tenements," said Dorothy, gently.

There was a short pause,—one of those speaking silences when the very air seemed to breathe. "With poor children, with poor children."

Will was the first to break it.

"What's the idea?" he said. "Trot it out, sis; it must be a good one when it comes out of that little brown head."

Even boyish tones grew gentle when addressed to Dorothy.

"It's not mine," objected she, modestly; "many good, kind

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people do it every summer,—people who haven't half as much country room to spare, either."

"Grow a flower-garden,—I do believe that is what she means," put in Hattie, abruptly.

"Fiddlesticks! grow your granny!"

Ned was expressive, if not elegant.

"No; this is what I mean," said Dorothy, in full, soft tones, and blushing sweetly: "You know we belong to the Rosary 'Fishermen and Maidens,' and though we caught some fish on Easter, and perhaps some since, I think we ought to try and catch our very biggest during this month—our Lady's month, you know."

"A whale, for instance," put in Bob, roguishly.

"Do hush, you tease, and don't interrupt!" cried Daisy, eluding the mischievous fingers that were trying to pull one of her curls. "Tell us, Dorothy, tell us quickly."

"Then, to tell you quickly," continued Dorothy, "I think it would be lovely if we could have two or three or four poor children from the city up here a while with us in the summer. I—I talked to mamma about it," she went on hurriedly, seeing the amazement depicted upon the faces around her, "and she says that if we *all* wish it, she will allow it; but—but only on condition that we earn the favor."

Dorothy paused, and Bess drew back with a gesture of disgust.

"Dirty little poor children!" she cried; Dorothy Dutton, what will you suggest next!"

"If they're dirty, we can wash them, Bess," was the simple answer.

"And how are we going to earn this *tremendous* favor?" demanded Hattie.

"By fishing," retorted Dorothy, with a merry twinkle. "Mamma says we shall have to catch her heart by the way we act this month, and, indeed, you all know what that means better than I can tell you; don't you?" she ended appealingly; "and won't you please?" she added, a bit vaguely.

"We *do* and we *will*," declared Ned, promptly. "Guy, won't it be a picnic, though, to be tooting around a young poor-house!"

If the girls did not all acquiesce so readily, it was perhaps because they realized better than their brothers, just what such visitors in a family might mean. It might be a "picnic" in a way for Bob and Ned and Will, but Bess, especially, failed to see it in that light as far as she was concerned.

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Dorothy's arguments and pleadings, however, gained the day, and caught the hearts of her sisters and brothers, and so the gay crew embarked on their month's cruise, on the cruise during which they were to catch in their nets a mother's big heart.

From the prow of their little fishing-boat floated the white and blue banner of our Lady; on its stern shone in golden letters the magic name of Mary.

* * * * * *

N. B.—Although we have already received numerous letters from "Little Fishermen and Maidens," who are competing for the titles, "Captain of the Fishing Fleet," and "Queen of the Nets," we have nevertheless decided to allow the competition to remain open for another month or two, after which the names of the winners will be printed in THE ROSARY MAGAZINE.

CHILDREN OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



CHILDREN of to-day, merry, romping lads and lassies, who burst into a room like young whirlwinds, who talk and laugh and shout unrestrainedly; boys who—young rascals—call their father "pop"; girls who very often consider themselves by far the most important members of the family,—listen, all, while I tell you the rules by which your great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers, and great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers were "brought up in the way they should go."

First, says the rule, "children must always bow on returning home; they must never be covered in the house; they must not sit down without permission; they must never address their parents without a title of respect, as, sir, or madam; they must not approach their parents or elders without a bow."

Second, "they must not sit down to the table till they are bidden, nor till grace is said, nor must they ask for anything, or help themselves, or speak at table, or look at others eating."

Third, "when in company they must enter the room with a bow; they must not speak till they are spoken to; they are not to cross their legs or sit with their kness wide; they are not to laugh aloud, but silently smile; they are not to point or boast or interrupt."

Boys and girls, try this just for one day.

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CROWNING THE QUEEN.

ANNA CECILIA BROWNE.



AMMA, we are going to have a May-party, a real May-party, and I am to be queen. You'll let me wear my white dotted swiss with the blue ribbons, won't you, mamma dear? You look as though you were going to say no. Ah! please, please, mamma!"

Mrs. Hart looked gravely down at her little daughter's flushed and eager face. Two golden curls had escaped from the ribbon, and persisted in falling over the dancing blue eyes. Again and again Regina brushed them back, but they seemed as determined to hide the eyes as Regina was to gain her mother's permission.

"You know, mamma," she continued, "my name means queen, and the girls all say I look like a real queen in that dress."

"You seem more interested in the dress than anything else," said Mrs. Hart. "But tell me about the party."

"Oh! we are going to have it on the first of May, on Lake Hill," said Regina. "It is a lovely place, lots of shade trees, and there is a spring near; but the best thing is an old oak tree, which grows so queerly that the lower part of the trunk is just the shape of a chair, and that is to be my throne, and we are to have a May-pole, just like the ones you read about, and—"

"But," interrupted Mrs. Hart, "of whom does the party consist?"

"Not many; just Mary, Bessie and Jenny White, Birdie and Susie Smith, the three Stevens, Ella Clark, Jessie Coyle, and myself. We asked Frank Smith, and he said he was not going to 'dance around a stick like a lunatic girl,' so we won't admit any boys. I said I would like to be queen, and, of course, all the girls said they wanted me."

Mrs. Hart smiled. "So you elected yourself."

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"Oh, no, mamma! We voted afterwards, and every one voted for me."

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Hart, "that my Regina is a very vain little girl. But about the white dress, that is entirely out of the question. It is much too cold in the beginning of May for light dresses; moreover, you would all get your death of cold sitting on rocks, and as for shade trees, I think you will need more sun than shade. But don't look so disappointed; you shall have a May-party—a new kind of May-party."

"And shall I be queen, and wear my white dress?" asked Regina.

"About the dress, may be; but you shall crown a real queen."

Regina opened her eyes in wonder.

"A real queen?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hart, "a real queen. Now you must not ask any more questions, but to-morrow, after school, bring all the children up to the sitting-room, and when you are all together I shall tell you my plan."

It was hard for Regina to keep from asking questions. At length her curiosity got the better of her, and as she went to kiss her mamma good-night, she whispered: "May I ask one question? Is it the queen of England, or Spain, or what country?"

"The queen of all countries," said Mrs. Hart. "Now no more questions."

"The queen of all countries," said Regina to herself, as she went slowly upstairs. "I wonder who she can be?"

By half-past three the next afternoon all the children had assembled in Mrs. Hart's sitting-room. They felt very important, for they were going to hear a secret; besides, were they not going to crown a queen—a real queen, Regina had told them? All eyes were fixed on Mrs. Hart's face as she began to tell about her new May-party.

Her plan was as follows: All the children were to assemble at her house about ten o'clock on the morning of the first, where two carriages would be awaiting them, which would take them out into the country to the different places noted for violets. She would prepare a lunch for them, and when they had gathered as many flowers as they could, they would return, and to the one

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who had gathered the greatest number of violets would be given the honor of crowning the queen. At the words, "crowning the queen," the children moved excitedly in their chairs.

"Can no one guess who the queen is?" asked Mrs. Hart. "To what queen is the month of May dedicated?"

"To the Queen of Heaven," answered Jessie Coyle.

A prolonged "Oh!" came from the other children.

"Could you have a better queen?" asked Mrs. Hart.

"No, no," cried the children. "And the flowers will be for her? How lovely!"

"I knew you would be pleased," said Mrs. Hart. "But I have not told you all yet. I shall erect an altar in the sewing-room, and convert the room into a little chapel. On the altar shall be placed a statue of our Lady, and when you return we shall decorate the altar with the violets, the best being laid aside for the crown. You may all wear your white dresses at the coronation," continued Mrs. Hart, glancing at her little daughter.

Regina had entered into the plan so enthusiastically that she had quite forgotten about the dress. "Oh, I don't care about that now," she said, "for we are going to have such a lovely time!"

The children had only three days to wait for the first of May, but those days seemed like three years. At length the longed-for date arrived. Long before ten, they had assembled, and were waiting impatiently for the carriages. Each was provided with a basket to hold her flowers.

"I ont to go too," said little Clare, Regina's baby sister; "I ont to pick flowers for our Blessed Mudder."

"You can't go," said Regina; "you are too little."

"I am not; I am a bid dirl," said Clare, angrily.

"Ah! let her go," pleaded Jessie Coyle.

"My three-year-old baby?" said Mrs. Hart, "why, she would be in the way."

"Indeed she won't," said Jessie; "I'll take entire charge of her. So do please let her go?"

"That is just the way with Jessie," said Ella Clark; "she always wants to have a baby with her. But if she is willing to take the whole responsibility, we are only too glad to have the little darling."

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So it was decided that Clare should go. What a happy morning they did spend! They gathered violets as though their lives depended upon the number they picked. Baby Clare worked with a will. She seemed as anxious as any of the children to crown the Queen. Indeed, her basket was full long before the others though the contents were chiefly grass and weeds. Nevertheless, baby was just as happy, and her little red face told how hard she had been working.

The children never enjoyed a lunch so much as the one Mrs. Hart had put up for them. When they had finished, they went back to their labor of love with renewed energy.

About three they considered that they had gathered sufficient, and that it was time to return. They reached home about four. Clare was carried into the house, sound asleep.

"How tired she looks!" said Mrs. Hart; "I should not have let her go. But who has the largest bouquet?"

"We don't know exactly," said Bessie White, "for Ella's and Regina's seem the same size; so we shall have to count the flowers, and that will take so very long."

"Suppose we decide it in this way," proprosed Mrs. Hart,—"the one who has worked the hardest; for you know some can pick more quickly than others."

"If you decide it in that way," said Ella, "then little Clare shall do the crowning, for she certainly worked the hardest."

"Would not that be lovely!" cried Jessie, "for surely our Blessed Mother loves her best."

So it was settled that Clare should have the honor of crowning the Queen.

"Do you mind?" whispered Jessie to Regina.

"Why should I mind?" said Regina; "I am not fit to crown the Queen of Heaven, because you know I am vain, and mamma says our Lady does not love vain people. Baby is just the one."

"Mrs. Hart," said Jessie, "Clare is too small to reach the statue, so cannot Regina have the honor of lifting her when she crowns our Queen?" And so it was arranged to every one's satisfaction.

After the crown was made and the altar decorated, the children arrayed themselves in their white dresses, and formed in ranks for the coronation. First of all walked little Clare, re-

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freshed by her nap. The baby face was radiant with smiles as she glanced proudly from the pretty crown to her best white frock. Behind her walked Regina and Ella. Ella had been given the honor of lighting the candles.

As the children entered the little chapel their eyes were fixed on the altar ablaze with lights, and upon the face of the statue, which seemed to be smiling down upon them. When Clare reached the altar, Regina lifted her, and the baby hands placed the crown of love, while the hymn, "O Mary! we crown thee with blossoms to-day, Queen of the angels, Queen of the May," rang forth from those happy children's hearts. Then they all knelt around the altar and asked for some special favor for the coming month. The procession then moved slowly out of the chapel.

"Now, children," said Mrs. Hart, "follow me to the dining-room."

In the dining-room they found a table draped in blue and white and covered with everything that children love. Each napkin was tied with a blue ribbon. To say that they enjoyed themselves is indeed needless.

After the feast, they played games and told stories until nine, at which hour they started for home. Each carried a picture of the Queen of May, and declared that she had never spent such a happy day. They all agreed that a new May-party was far better than an old one, and that the Queen of Heaven and earth would always be their Queen of May.

A STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL FLOWER.



It is called the "Espiritu Santo," or "Flower of the Holy Ghost." It grows in Panama, and while growing there rests upon its heart the form of a snow-white dove, pure and exquisite, with outspread wings. "It is," says the traveller who tells us of this wondrous blossom, "but a feeble image of Mary, the Lily of Israel, an image of her whose purity lured the Eternal Dove from Heaven, and who is really the true Flor-del-Espiritu Santo."

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A CROWN OF AVES.

DEAR Christ-Child, whom Mary's arm enfolds!
See! in one little hand He holds
A string of His Mother's beads;—
That loving lips may oft repeat
His Mother's *Aves*, bless'd and sweet.
How tenderly He pleads!

With fragrant flowers shall Mary be crowned?
Roses are lying all around,
But *Aves* are sweeter than they!—
So let them shed their fragrance sweet
E'en as they die at her dear feet—
Aves we'll twine to-day.

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A GARLAND OF MAY.

THE HAWTHORN.

M. A. POWER.



EVERY child of the country knows the May-blossom, with its clusters of white bloom and pencilled stamens. On each prickly stem grow the flowers; and though the thorns are sharp, they lie in ambush, sheltered by a mantle of green leaves.

In May the hawthorn bursts its sheath, and from this sunny month it derives its name—the "May."

On stunted bushes, in green hedgerows, and swaying on long branches the blossoms gather; and when the flaky petals melt away, then follows the ruddy fruit—the haw.

Children of the city, in common with their country cousins, can weave a garland of May to adorn the altar of the Blessed Virgin. Thorns will abound, because such is the genus of the hawthorn, but they can be disguised under clusters of bloom.

Such children will smile incredulously when I maintain that they can weave a garland for Mary's feet without quitting the slums of a town.

Yet this feat may be accomplished, and the flowers are often fairer and more fragrant than those culled in the heart of the country.

A *spiritual* garland differs from the fading wreaths of earth in two respects: first, each one must raise her own posies; secondly, when once matured, the flowers never wither, unless stricken by the hand that planted them.

In plain language, our deeds of grace cannot perish unless we ourselves shatter them by mortal sin.

This fate will not befall our garlands, with God's help.

To induce the Children of Mary (especially those of the city) to bind a nosegay for Mary's altar, I shall glean some hints from the book of a spiritual gardener, which, if practised, will

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produce a bower of hawthorn to enshrine our Lady's statue.

During the month of May artificial flowers should be discarded. They speak of the tawdry hues of earth. which pale before the lilies of the field, more beautiful than Solomon in all his glory.

True, the roses of June have not yet blushed; but we have primroses, hyacinths, and bouquets of hawthorn.

I shall present each reader with a measure of salutary advice—in other words, spiritual seed. This seed is not of my saving. Long ago it was hoarded by the master-hand which penned "Little Sufferings," and many a harvest of flowers has since been culled by the docile florists who followed his guidance.[1]

Here is a sprinkling of the seed, with instructions how to nurture the plant when it peeps above ground:

"The many little sufferings that lie along our daily path are so many links in that golden chain of love that binds us to God; so many thorns planted around our hearts, to protect the precious flower of the friendship of God against the ravages of its enemies; so many steps of the ladder by which our Lord wishes us to ascend to the royal abode of His glory; so many jewels of the crown with which He will encircle our brows for all eternity.

"Give to these reflections all their right efficacy by keeping yourself constantly in the presence of God. What strength may you not gather from the thought that He sees you, and that He counts your every effort to bear with the weaknesses of others, to compassionate their infirmities, to identify yourself with their little miseries!

"Have you ever had occasion to remark the skilful husbandman in his care to propagate and strengthen his choice plants? With what patient care he prunes off every straggling shoot which might absorb the nutriment of the stock and branches!

"The heavenly Husbandman does the same to your soul each time He visits it by mortification, and lops off the false growth that self-love engrafts on the plant of virtue.

"To goad yourself on in the rude way of suffering, remember frequently the question of St. Bernard: '*Would you do so if death were to follow immediately?*' If you were sure of dying

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[1] Author of "Little Sufferings" unknown.

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to-day, would you speak a bitter word against those with whom you live? Would you show them ill-nature, neglect, or disdain? Would you complain of the length of the Mass if you knew it to be the last at which you would ever assist, or of the hardships of confession, if you were assured that never again would you be able to implore the pardon of your sins at the sacred tribunal? Amidst all the contradictions that crowd around you, repeat to yourself constantly, 'To-day I must die.'

"This will be a counterpoise to all your crosses and trials. But above all, seek in Holy Communion, as in the fountain-head, the constancy and generosity needful in your combat; for the Sacred Banquet is, 'by excellence,' the Bread of the Strong. If it gave to the holy martyrs heroism to bear the most cruel torments, can it not much more strengthen you to put up with crosses infinitely less than theirs?

"This thought will arm you with invincible courage, and be the crown of all the others that have gone before.

"Let each one, then, make to herself an invariable rule to repress the first emotions of temper that arise, whether they spring from a change of temperature that has upset our plans; or from pet projects that have failed; or a lost article that we cannot find; or a trifle that our awkwardness has broken; or something that is not at hand when we want it; or the deafness of the old, to whom we have to repeat the same thing perhaps a score of times; or the instrument which does not yield the right tone to our touch; or the pen that daubs our dainty fingers; or the insects that buzz us into a state of desperation when we had hoped to enjoy a nap. He who aspires to entire devotedness to the service of God, must learn to please Him in *little things*.

"St. Jerome tells us that the soul that truly loves God proves it as much in *little things* as in matters of real moment. Even when the action itself is trifling, its merit is not in proportion to its magnitude, but rather by the spirit of sacrifice that animates the willing soul. It is often much harder to overcome one's self in painful little acts of frequent occurrence than in graver matters, that happen more rarely. Hence, when we immolate our will to God in these lesser details, we give Him undoubtedly what is dearest and most precious to ourselves and most meritorious in His sight."

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Such is the advice of the author of "Little Sufferings."

Surely, we ought to scatter this seed, wafted to us by this spiritual gardener on the breezes of May.

Words fail to picture the brilliant flowers that will unfold if we prepare the soil and set the seed in the loam of a good intention. Not only hawthorn buds will open, but primroses, meadow-sweet, and blue hyacinths.

The seed of our resolutions must be watered by prayer, or it will decay for want of moisture.

This point needs our earnest consideration. How often do we find, when delving in garden clay, the shrivelled kernels and withered husks of unfruitful seed?

So it comes to pass with the soul that neglects to pray. God will not nourish our seedlings unless we ask Him.

During this month of May we shall prune our hawthorn sprays. Though the thorns of mortification prick us whilst we work, we must rejoice in the snowy blossom and crimson haws to follow.

Thorns, flowers, and fruit form a trefoil, which we shall bring to Mary's feet each day.

Before the month closes, our garland will be woven, and hawthorns, primroses, and bluebells will smile on each other, then on us, and, lastly, on our Lady's face.

A BOY AND HIS QUESTIONS.

CYRILLE LAVIGNE.

ARE the stars the Moon's dear children?
And do their winking eyes
Close after we have gone to sleep,
To dream of sunlit skies?

And does the Mother Moon go 'round
And tuck each star-child tight
Within its bed of fleecy cloud,
And kiss it sweet "good-night"?

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A MAY-DAY JINGLE.

Oh! April showers
Have brought May flowers—
I told you 'twould be so!
And children bright
Shout with delight
As to the woods they go.
And bye-and-bye
They homeward hie
With blooms of rose and snow.

Oh! their hearts are gay
This fair May-day,
And their eyes, how bright they shine,
As with songs of glee
They daintily
In fragrant nosegays twine!
The May's delight
In pink and white—
That deck th' arbutus vine.

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MAY-DAY IN JAPAN.

EVEN in the far-off pagan land of the "Rising Sun," May is a time of rejoicing. On the fifth of the month is celebrated the boys' festival. It is called "Nobori-no-sekkn," or festival of flags. Before the door of every house in which any boys have been born during the past seven years is erected a tall bamboo pole, from the top of which are flung to the breeze flags in the shape of carp-fish; these are made of paper of brilliant colors, a different color for each son.

This fish, the carp, is chosen as the boys' symbol because it is such a plucky member of the finny tribe. Nothing discourages it; it always swims stoutly against the stream, and even up rapids, and leaps cascades to reach the higher waters.

This means that the boys, in the same way, must be sturdy and courageous, allowing themselves to be deterred by no difficulties that may confront them in life's current. Perhaps this is one of the secrets of their success as soldiers in their recent war with the Chinese.

* * * * * *

While we are speaking of Japan and the Japanese, it is perhaps not out of place to mention here the heroic work of caring for the lepers in which some brave priests and nuns are engaged in that distant land.

Some day we shall tell our young people all about the terrible leper settlement, and all it means to those men and women—great, true heroes as they are, who give up home and country and life itself to go and care for these, the most sadly afflicted of all God's creatures. In the meantime, Father Corre, of the leper mission, has appealed to the Editor for contributions for the continuance of this good work; and we will add that the Editor counts on his "Little Fishermen and Maidens" to make a fine catch for the good Father.

The catch, big or little, may be sent to St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass.

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Puzzles.

ANSWER TO MARCH PUZZLE OF HIDDEN NUMBERS.

(1) (4)
One day be*fore* Christmas, a kind landlord sent the following articles, in a basket, (2) (1) *to one* of his (10) *ten*ants: (2) (10) *Two ten*derloin steaks, (6) *six* rolls, some cakes, d(1)*one* up in ribbon, (1) (10) *one ten*der chicken, (3) *three* oranges, (7) *even*. Some candy also was put in(2)*to* the basket, with raisins and nuts on top. He tried (2) *to* make everything a*s* (7) *even* as he could be(4)*fore* sending the gift (2) *to* the poor (10) *ten*ant, who upon receiving it, offered up his thanks (2) *to* God be(4)*fore* he (8) *ate* a single mouthful of the tempting things.

The answer to above puzzle is 99. Prize for its correct solution is to be awarded to Miss Isabella Mahoney, 294 Bunker Hill St., Charlestown, Mass.

PUZZLE FOR MAY.

WHO AM I?

My first is in ass, but not in ox;
My second is in quit, but not in stop;
My third is in union, but not in strength;
My fourth is in in, but not in out;
My fifth is in line, but not in page;
My sixth is in snarl, but not in whine;
My seventh is in Saxon, but not in German.
My whole is a name much loved by our young people.

A prize will be given for the first correct answer to the above.

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With Other Young Folks.

An exceedingly well-written account of the history of the Lætare Medal forms the principal feature of a recent number of the *Notre Dame Scholastic*. Would we not be proud if, in the years to come, some man or woman who had formerly been one of our Rosary boys or girls, were to win this coveted honor—an honor which is given to some "child of the Church, who has distinguished him or herself in literature, art, or science, or in his benefactions to humanity"!

To General Rosecrans, one of the bravest heroes of the late war, was the medal awarded this year.

Besides being a brave hero, this aged and distinguished man has ever been a devout child of our Blessed Lady, and we have it from one who knows that he has never allowed a day of his life to pass in which he did not say five decades of the Rosary.

Our Animal Friends is a welcome exchange. In the March number, horses, storks, monkeys, birds, mules, fish, and strange Esquimaux dogs—all come in for a share of notice.

An engaging little story about a mule, by S. Jennie Smith, shows very conclusively how this animal, usually judged so unpleasant and stubborn in disposition, has also his gentle, kind, sympathetic, and even *polite* side.

A paper on "Wings of Birds" ought to be interesting to little Miss Vanity, who *will* wear the wings of sweet songsters to adorn her *chapeau*,—a very cruel as well as vain custom.

"Something for the Boys," by Louise J. Kirkwood, in the young folks' department of one of our esteemed exchanges, is a fine idea, splendidly developed. It tells how some boys banded together to furnish other boys with the means of enjoying a "wash."

Of course, many boys, we know, have not the reputation of being over-fond of water—at least for cleansing purposes, but perhaps their biographers slander them—poor fellows!

Although the well-edited monthly, *Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart*, does not yet boast of a department exclusively for the young folks, yet it devotes a small space every month to its youthful readers. "Talks to the Boys," by Uncle Loveyouth, makes breezy, interesting, inspiring reading. Long life to this brave little magazine of our Lady!

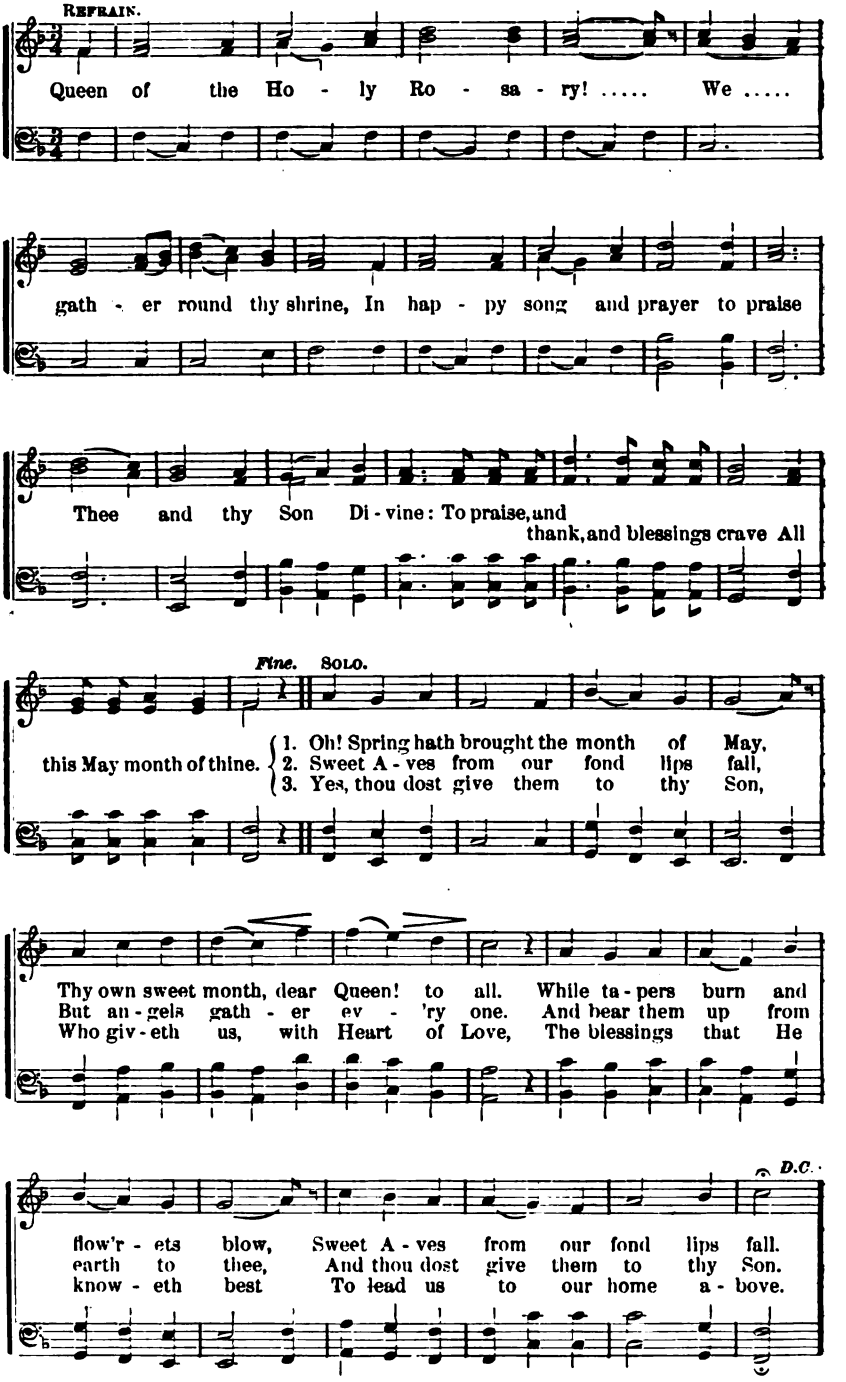
Two or three weeks ago we read a story in the *Youth's Companion*, entitled, "Miss Benedict's Rule." It was cleverly told and interesting, as are all the stories in this first-class publication; but, nevertheless, we do take exception to the moral conveyed in this little tale. One of a party of school-girls breaks a rule *unintentionally;* she is, of course, to be punished in consequence. Her bosom friend, the heroine of the story, thereupon proceeds to break the same rule *intentionally* in order that the first offender may not be without a companion in her punishment. Certainly the incident is told in a charming way, and all the other girls think it "too sweet and lovely for anything," but we ask our young people, Is it ever allowable to do wrong—even to bear company to a companion in misfortune? We think not. Such an idea does not ring true.

CONDITIONS FOR BECOMING SOLDIERS IN THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

1. Send your full names to be enrolled.
2. Wear around the waist under the clothing, the little white linen girdle that must be blessed by a Dominican priest, or by a priest who has permission from the Dominicans.
3. Strive in every way to be pure in soul and body.
4. If you cannot buy the girdles in your neighborhood AQUINAS will buy them for you. When you write enclose ten cents to cover the expense of the girdle, leaflet, and postage. You may send stamps. But let no child hold back from becoming a Soldier in the Angelic Warfare on account of poverty. To those who cannot pay we shall send all free.
5. Address your letters to AQUINAS, ROSARY OFFICE, 871 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK CITY.

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AT OUR MAY QUEEN'S SHRINE.



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This number of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE opens the sixth year of our work in honor of our Lady of the Rosary and in behalf of the Catholic home, whose interests we have faithfully considered in our efforts to encourage and spread wholesome reading among our people. This crusade, for it has been a campaign under the cross, has been rich in opportunities for observation and experience in various parts of the country. Wherever we have travelled we have received, through the zeal of the clergy and the earnestness of the people, encouraging assurances urging us on in the good fight. Evidences of need have not been wanting, but we are happy to state that the growing spirit of intelligent enquiry, the practical appreciation of good reading, and the diligence and devotion of many in striving for the higher life of the mind, are among the most gratifying signs proclaiming the grace and influence of the Apostolate of the Catholic Press. We are therefore resolved, with the help of God and our Lady of the Rosary, to continue, so long as we may, the campaign that has brought consolation and hope through years of struggle and hardship. We are convinced of the sacredness of our cause; we are hopeful of heavenly help in every recurring difficulty. Thus do we bend our best energies, and willingly do we devote ourselves to the toil and sacrifice that must be a foundation and corner-stone and head of the arch, in building up a home auxiliary to the pulpit and the school. It is an apostolate for the success of which Catholics should consider it an honor to labor. We cordially invite our readers to a share in this blessed undertaking. We ask their prayers; assuredly these will not be refused. We ask their friendly word to neighbor and acquaintance; a slight service in itself, but one that we shall gratefully appreciate. We ask even a little genuine "campaigning"; how many will join the band of active workers?

We remind our friends of the world's unceasing energy, and of the evil spirit's ceaseless efforts. Can we not rival them in our holy cause? Alas, that so few, among Catholics, realize the power they possess for doing good, by inducing others to become readers of Catholic literature! The nimble emissaries of Satan are fleet-footed and quick-tongued in doing his nefarious work. Catholic activity and zeal should be as prompt in generous opposition. But sloth and selfishness and indifference are strong factors in many Catholic lives, killing devotion and chilling zeal, ignoring the interests of God and souls, and going blindly through life, unconscious of the Church's great mission to all mankind, and ignorant of the meaning of the oft-repeated words of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy kingdom come." Oh, if there were more earnestness, more care for the welfare of others, less self-absorption, a fuller understanding of the insufficiency of school and Church unaided by the Christian home when the battle of the world, in passion and temptation, rages; if there were greater solicitude for the young, and more anxiety for the future; if parents would only believe that they cannot absolutely guarantee their children's faith because it is a birthright; if the conviction would only come to them that souls and minds and hearts are crying for very hunger, and often there is no one to break to the little ones the bread of Truth; if the Holy Father's utterance that the work of the Catholic press in the Catholic home is the work of a religious mission, were ever sounding in their ears, how much would be done, in loving generosity, to make the success of the Apostolate of the Catholic Press splendid beyond our present most encouraging dreams! Readers of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE, we appeal to you, and

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we ask in the name of our Lady of the Rosary, your earnest co-operation in advancing the cause for which we are laboring. We appeal to you on reasonable and spiritual grounds, because of Catholic principles. To all our subscribers we appeal, and to each individual we say: Good reader, what will your answer be?

In development of the admirable article on slavery, by Mr. John A. Mooney, which appeared in our April number, his next paper, which will be published in June, will deal in an effective and interesting manner with slaves—black, red, and white. This series by Mr. Mooney, which began in November, 1895, is a very valuable contribution to history. We do not exceed when we state that, in our deliberate judgment, Mr. Mooney has no equal among the writers of this country where historical accuracy demands deep research, careful analysis, critical acumen, and prudent discrimination. Moreover, he is a true knight of the pen, a loyal Catholic, as ardent a lover of Truth as he is a hater of shams ; a scholar whose devoted work is always presented in a vigorous manner, to which a polished and elegant style lends an added, but unneeded grace.

The article on "The Howling Dervishes," by Father Perier, will give an insight into the lives of these strange people. The pictures accompanying the text are given for the purpose of illustrating the present scene of so much activity in the East. The eyes of the civilized world are on the Turkish government and nation ; whatever contributes to bring the subject before our readers in an agreeable way, will be appreciated by them. On the same line the following sad details, taken from a well-known French journal, will quicken anew sympathy for the afflicted Armenians :

The weekly magazine, *Les Missions Catholiques*, publishes the following letter from a missionary priest of Constantinople regarding the terrible massacres of the Christians in Armenia. We think that this story, as related by a competent judge, will excite the interest and sympathy of our readers:

Terror and panic continue still to reign in all Asiatic Turkey. The famine and the severity of the Winter accomplish the work of extermination, to which are abandoned thousands of innocent victims. And the European powers who could prevent, if they wished, the renewing of these slaughters, have only coalesced to encourage the increase of such terrible infamies by the cool and disinterested manner with which they have regarded the whole proceeding. As for the rest, these enemies of Christianity, having witnessed this calm reserve which left full liberty to their rage, have not failed to utilize it against the poor Armenians. This is the general conviction of the Christians of the East whose opinion I only serve to interpret.

By the advantages arising from the pillages, and more and more emboldened by the impunity with which they have performed them, these wretched assassins have pushed their insolence so far as to openly insult the European ambassadors. Thus they are seen in the streets of Erzeroum, and elsewhere, assaulting the disarmed Armenians, and addressing them in bitter irony, as follows:

"Where now are your Europeans in whom you had such confidence? Do you not know that you are, and will rest always our slaves, and that whatever you have belongs to us? What we have done already is little in comparison to what you may expect from us."

It is necessary that the Christians of Europe may be fully informed of these facts, in order that they may sympathize with the misfortunes of the survivors; and since we are speaking of Erzeroum, I will add some fresh details of the recent disasters which have taken place here and in the immediate vicinity.

On the 9th or 10th of December, an Ottoman functionary arrived at the famous monastery of Hassan-Kalé, went politely to the superior, R. F. Timothy, and asked for hospitality. In the evening, after having called for a sumptuous meal, the Turkish worthy gave a signal to some armed men, who were waiting outside. They immediately made an irruption into the cloister, beheaded the religious, and twelve other monks; they plundered also the monastery, and set fire to it. That convent, ten centuries old, was changed, in a few hours, into a heap of ruins.

Father Timothy was held throughout the district, even by the Mussulmans, as an honest man. The porter of the monastery was on that day in town. The Government simply imprisoned him, imputing to him the crime. The judicial inquiries, as you perceive, are not complicated in these countries.

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It is now duly stated that the intended Turkish non-commissioned officer, whose mutilated corpse, the authority of Erzeroum had, on the eve of the great slaughter, exhibited to the foreign consuls, in order to justify the atrocities they were then plotting, was no other but an Armenian by the name of Georges, municipal agent. They had at first dressed him up in an officer's uniform, then murdered him, so that they might be able to accuse the Armenians of having first called forth the massacres. These diabolical plots, besides, or others similar, have been discovered in almost every centre.

The very day of the general assault, after three hours of a most horrible slaughter, public criers had engaged the Armenians who were concealed to walk out fearlessly, declaring that all was over. That was again an odious snare; the butchery was resumed immediately, and continued with rage. Streams of blood have washed the streets of Erzeroum.

But I have said enough of that town. It would fill a large volume if I were to draw a detailed account of that dreadful day, the 30th of October. I have already pointed out the devotedness of the consul of France; the Armenians of Erzeroum bless him as their saviour. Accompanied by Sister Eulalie, superior of the Armenian Catholic Nuns of the Immaculate Conception, he went in search of the wounded, and had them brought to the school-buildings, transformed into a hospital.

I must also point out the noble conduct of the Persian consul, who, during several days, provided with lodging and food, hundreds of Armenian families.

The situation of the interior of the province is still worse. In Toughasser there were 350 houses robbed, 380 killed, 65 wounded, and 28 young girls stolen. At Tedman there were 150 houses pillaged, 112 deaths, 42 wounded, and 7 young girls are missing. At Pourk 180 houses were pillaged, and totally destroyed by fire. Korassen, Khantzar, Bingueul, Oulagh, Govaan, etc., etc., have suffered the same fate.

By order of the governor-general, the president of the municipality of Guruna and the Captain Mourad Bey counselled the Armenian Catholics of the Orta-Choughoul district to hang the white flag at the windows of their houses. The eve which preceded the last attack, the Sheik Kurde Boyraz Ohlou Mehmed Bey, to whom the Armenian Catholics of Guruna had furnished nurture, returned his debt of thanks by reiterating the official warnings. They profited of their privileged situation by offering a generous hospitality to twelve thousand Armenians, Gregorians as well as Protestants, who took refuge under their protection, and they were not allowed to depart from this asylum before assurance was given for their safety.

The beautiful part played by the Armenian Catholics in this demonstration of veritable charity so forcibly impressed and touched the hearts of their schismatic and heretical compatriots, that a number among them determined to abjure their errors, and enter the fold of Christ; but the Rev. Arakelian, on account of the delicacy of the circumstances, thought better to refer the matter to the verdict of Mgr. Hadjian. The Turkish authorities endeavor with all their subtlety to gain these poor unfortunates to the faith of Islam.

More than a thousand houses, together with two Gregorian churches and three Protestant chapels, have been reduced to cinders.

Fourteen thousand Armenians, among which three Derders (married priests), were massacred. A bishop having refused to embrace the creed of Mohammed, was burned alive at the convent of d'Aschod.

Seven thousand Armenians of Gurnua without shelter, without clothing, deprived of beds to rest their weary limbs, and bread to sustain their failing strength, wander as vagabonds about the streets, preys to all the miseries of hunger, cold, and other wants.

It is not necessary to remark that the soldiers of the city garrison withheld from hindering or really resisting these disasters.

According to the last news, the number of victims in Arabghir amounts to about 3,000. The corpses were heaped up disorderly in a common grave. Some were left unburied; some were cast by the murderers into the flames of the houses on fire. A survivor of the slaughter, in a letter addressed to a friend living at Constantinople, writes a striking description of the lugubrious aspect of this important city the day after the butchery. Only three months ago industry and business were there in full prosperity. The witness writes thus: "It was an awful spectacle; innumerable ravens, brought on by the wafted odor of human blood, were hovering near the corpses and croaking sinisterly. They seemed to

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hurry, in order to perfect the barbarous work of the Kurds."

A priest, four Gregorian "*Derders*," and two Protestant ministers were slaughtered. The Mussulmans constrained one of the Gregorian "Derders" to put on a turban and to sing the Ezau (Mussulman creed) on the steps of the high-altar of the church. But not content with this act of apostasy, they inhumanly slaughtered him, saying he was already worthy to enter the paradise of the prophet.

Five churches and two temples were ransacked, and three churches delivered to the flames. The vengeance of these assassins was farseeing. They determined not only to carry destruction with their sword, but they strove to annihilate all future means of existence.

The cold combining its awful effects with hunger, snatched every day numerous victims from the ranks of these poor suffering beings.

The Armenian villages, which lay a league's distance from Arabghir, have all been ravaged, while those that are found at several hours' ride from the same, seem to have left no traces behind them, all excepting those that have abjured the faith of Christ, to fall down faithless adorers of the creed of Mohammed.

At Malatia, the atrocities of the fanatic Mussulman have been pushed to extremes. Here the massacres of the Catholics were frightful. On the 1st of November, an Armenian Catholic named Gregory was cruelly murdered, and two days after, the massacre commenced in all the Catholic quarters at the same moment. It lasted from Sunday till Tuesday evening, the 5th of November.

Three thousand Armenians, composed of Gregorians and Catholics, took refuge in the church, in the Archbishop's house, and in the Armenian schools.

Early on Monday, the 6th of November, the Mohammedans made an assault upon the church and commanded the Catholic Archbishop, Monseigneur Korkorouni, to deliver up all the Gregorians. The prelate having refused, the Turks commenced to set the building on fire. This made the situation of those in the interior desperate. Happily, the Vicar-general of Monseigneur Korkorouni opportunely opened a door leading to the garden of a neighboring Turk, and the whole multitude hastened to find shelter here, where they accidentally encountered the Governor and the military commander of the place. Owing to the entreaties of the venerable Archbishop, the Governor granted to those three thousand Christians, the favor of taking shelter in one of the military barracks. In this tumult, seventy Armenian Catholics fell victims to the assaults of the Mohammedans. But Monseigneur Korkorouni had the consolation of saving more than two thousand of his Gregorian fellow-citizens.

These unfortunate people had no sooner fled from their refuge than the fire had commenced its work of destruction, and the church, the Archbishop's residence, the Convent of the Nuns of the Immaculate Conception, and the two Catholic Armenian schools, were entirely ransacked, and devoured by the flames.

One-half of the Christians of Malatia are massacred, says the author of the letter from which I take these details, and the other half will succumb between this and spring, on account of the fright, the cold, and the famine. The fire has annihilated all the Catholic quarters.

Monseigneur Korkorouni, with those attached to him, was obliged to pass the winter in the corner of an inn, or public caravansary, totally destitute of all furniture. During three weeks he had not even the consolation of celebrating the Holy Mysteries, having neither the priestly vestments, nor a chalice. I do not believe that this holy old man, who has been so severely tried in his mission by so many successive scourges, will be able to long survive so many terrific misfortunes.

Monseigneur Arpiarian has invited him to come to Kharpoul, where are already returned, among their brethren, the Capuchin Fathers of Malatia. But Monseigneur Korkorouni has not dared to trust himself with his priests and his nuns on those roads, where there is not the slightest security, and besides, he does not wish, nor is he able to abandon his poor faithful Christians, as his departure would redouble their desolation. The things stolen or destroyed by the fire in the buildings of the Armenian Catholic Missions represent a value of more than 34,000 francs, or about 7,000 dollars. This mission is completely ruined.

We are indebted to the courtesy of THE PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for the use of the cuts illustrating "The Howling Dervishes." In making this acknowledgment, we are pleased to renew the friendly mention that we have frequently made in our criticisms of this magazine.

The month of our Blessed Mother, the

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bright and merry month of May, is sacred to our Heavenly Queen by the tender piety of her loving children in every Christian land. Here in the United States, this devotion is manifested in a marked manner. Individual piety is stimulated, family devotion grows apace, and the Church invites to her public services, young and old, urging all to mingle their voices in the song of loving praise to our Queen of the May. Sermons and instructions, special Masses and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the solemn recitation of the Rosary and ceremonial processions are the various public reminders that this is Mary's own dear month of May. While holding that every true child of our Lady is by that fact a true rosarian, we may yet admit that there are some in whose hearts love for our Blessed Mother is assured, but who fail in generous devotion to the Beads. Such piety needs encouragement, development. It is not sufficiently enlightened, nor does it possess that robust vigor which characterizes true devotion to our Blessed Lady in the mysteries of the Rosary. A mere sense of tenderness and reverence, the natural outgrowth of knowledge, that Mary is sinless and the Mother of our Redeemer, is not fruitfully crowned. Worthy in as much as it honors our Immaculate Mother, it falls short of the realization which comes to those who know her and love her and imitate her, for the knowledge and the love and the imitation of her Divine Son. This is the beautiful lesson of her Rosary, and therefore do we urge upon all our readers, especially during these glad May days, the study of those mysteries in joy and sorrow and glory, which present to us, through our Blessed Mother and Advocate, the life of Jesus her Beloved Son. In the knowledge and imitation of these is the true love of Jesus our Master found, and through His dearest Mother, our Lady of the Rosary, the beautiful and heavenly Queen of May.

The significance of our Holy Father's recent action in assigning the intention for the prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart during the month of April, should be particularly appreciated by the clients of our Lady of the Rosary. As is well known, a decade of the Beads enters into the work of the League in so intimate a manner, that the propagation of the Rosary is considered an essential part of the Sacred Heart devotion. As this is in obedience to the Holy Father's expressed wish, it affords another convincing proof of his desire that the reign of Jesus Christ in our hearts may be assured through the spread of the kingdom of our Blessed Mother's love. To our Rosarians, we appeal, therefore, with renewed confidence, to enlist in our warfare against error and vice. The royal battle of the Christian school, in broader way, is ours; the mission of the pulpit, in subordinate way, is ours; the splendid opportunities, through the Catholic Press, in the Catholic home, are ours; and to the development of this apostolate, we unite the energetic, intelligent, prayerful co-operation of our Rosarians. The Sovereign Pontiff pleads with his children, throughout the world, to pray that God may bless the labors of genuine Catholic writers and editors, devoted to the sacred cause of Truth in the Catholic home. Earnestly do we join our feeble voice to the solemn appeal of the Father of the faithful, and to every cilent of our Blessed Mother, Queen of the Holy Rosary, we say, do all that you can to promote the cause of sound, wholesome reading as a mighty factor in determining the preservation of the Faith among our people!

This present May is doubly honored in Rosary commemorations. On the fourteenth we hail our triumphant Redeemer gloriously ascending into Heaven, and ten days later, as, by His promise, the Spirit of Truth and Love descends upon the expectant disciples, to fill them with grace and strength for their mission to the nations, in the name of Jesus Christ, by the power of His Cross, for the establishment of the holy Catholic Church. Briefly, the lessons of these feasts are in reminder of our heavenly home, the object of the Christian's longing; in detachment from this world and its passing joys and fading pomps; in fidelity to the Holy Spirit, by whose grace we are able to cry, "Our Father who art in Heaven," and to walk in the way of His Son, Jesus Christ, our Model and our Guide.

In harmony with the spirit of the Paschal time, and in commemoration of our Lord's Ascension, we present to our readers a brief meditation by the celebrated Dominican, Father Monsabré, on the first and second glorious mysteries of the Beads.

The paper on the Monroe Doctrine, by Mr. William Giles Dix, which we publish in this number, is a contribution of

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special value, in view of pending events. We ask our readers to give it a studious consideration. The author is well qualified for his work; careful reading will therefore be well repaid. With some of Mr. Dix's conclusions we are not in entire agreement, but we feel that he is entitled to a full expression of his views.

The Finding of our Lord's Cross, and the Feast of our Lady, Help of Christians, are days of special devotion to Rosarians. Their spirit betokens the grace of the Cross and the powerful aid, in its every trial, that our Blessed Mother will lovingly obtain.

The newspapers have recently commented on the significant fact that many of the Abysinnian soldiers, who under King Menelek defeated the Italians, were armed with rifles formerly belonging to the Papal Zouaves, and subsequently sold by the Italian Government to the Abysinnian king. We add another fact, not so well known. It was on the twentieth of September, 1895, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the taking of Rome by Victor Emmanuel, that King Menelek issued his appeal and proclamation to his people to rally to the defence of their country. May we not say, "here is the finger of God"?

BOOKS.

From the J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, we have received BOTANY FOR ACADEMIES AND COLLEGES, by Annie Chambers-Ketchum, A. M.

This work is undoubtedly destined to command, by its intrinsic merits, the recognition of both students and teachers generally. It is methodical, thoroughly scientific and exhaustive. After a few brief prefatory remarks on the natural sciences, and their connective relations with botany, the author, by a few pen-strokes, hurriedly sketches the outlines of this science, and hastens forward to her subject, which she divides in two sections, namely, structural and systematic botany. The first is subdivided into morphology, which treats of the outward form of the plant; physiology, which treats of the functions of the organs; pytotomy, which treats of the anatomy of plants and their tissues; and finally, chemistry, which treats of the elements of which plants are composed. Systematic botany, on the other hand, is subdivided into taxonomy (classification), which distributes them in groups, and pythology, which gives the diagnosis or distinctive features of these groups. Thus its method is clear, and leaves nothing to be desired on this point.

Not least among the many and great merits of this work is that it is thoroughly scientific. For a long time our institutions of higher learning have felt the need of a text-book on botany fulfilling the requirements of the present advanced state of the sciences. This work is well calculated to supply this demand, as it is based upon the data of advanced modern science. It contains, as within a germ, the discoveries of the last forty years, whether in botany proper, or in domains of chemistry, geology, or biology in general.

Notwithstanding the compendious character of the work, it is nevertheless exhaustive, and here is manifested the complete mastery of the author over her subject. She moulds, fashions, and condenses it at will, presenting items of secondary importance in smaller print, thus giving a greater prominence to the more important data. The whole botanical domain is thoroughly ranged; each series—cryptogamia and phanerogamia, with their respective classes, orders, genera, and species, from the microscopic diatom to the centuried towering California tree being in turn submitted to dissection, and minutely described.

The chapter on fossils and their teachings, and the geological table there appended, showing the successive periods of inorganic and organic development, fully confirm the preceding inductions, and are replete with interest.

It gives at a glance the history of world formation and development of life throughout the geological periods. The student is transported back to the dim Archean period, when as yet no part of the world's crust had appeared above the surface of the deep; when the mighty waves yet swept their unobstructive course the world over, and there reveals to him the first movement, the first pulsation of life in the sea-weed and slime-moulds, subsequently companions of the protozoans, radiates, rhizopods, sponges, corals, star-fishes, etc. Arising thence through paleozoic, mesozoic, cenzoic periods to the present time, the student beholds as in a gigantic panorama, the cyclo-

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pean upheavals of the earth's crust, the birth of continents, and the development and transformations of vegetable and animal kingdoms, growing up gradually, side by side, till they reach, finally, their completion in the appearance of the clematis and magnolia on the one hand, and *man* on the other, "a being that could search earth's history, study nature's laws, investigate the system of the universe, judge of right and wrong in himself and others, and will the right; and who has thus the highest credentials of kinship with the Infinite Author of physical and moral law!"

The whole treatment is scholarly and entertaining; while the statements are concise they are always clear and intelligible.

Mrs. Ketchum has a glowing imagination and a graphic pen, and is thus enabled to clothe the subject, naturally inclined by its technicalities to be prosaic, in a charmingly poetic dress. Her inimitable pen-pictures pass before the mind as so many kaleidoscopic views.

The work is copiously illustrated throughout, and also contains rules for pronunciation, a table of etymons, a manual and a synoptical table thus constituting it the most complete text-book of its size treating of the subject.

VITÆ FRATRUM ORDINIS PRÆDICATORUM, NECNON CRONICA ORDINIS AB ANNO MCCIII. AD ANNUM MCCLIV. AUCTORE FR. FRACHETO, O. P.

This is a new edition, by Fr. Benedict Reichert, O. P., of Fracheto's celebrated lives, or rather sketches, of the early members of the Dominican Order, most remarkable for their learning and piety, during the first half century of the Order's existence.

The work also contains an account of the beginnings of the Order and its earlier monuments, and shows the spirit, sanctity, and devotional fervor of the first Dominicans. A brief sketch of the Order's rapid progress illustrates the great influence it soon obtained.

The first edition of this book was published by Fr. Fracheto in 1260. It is of unquestionable veracity, for its author was an eye-witness of nearly all he relates, and a man of great repute in the Order for his piety and sanctity, his prudence and learning. He joined the Order in its very infancy, having received the habit at St. James' Convent, Paris, in 1225, and was soon recognized as one of its great men. He held the post of Provincial of his province for a period of eight years, and that of Conventual Prior during many terms, and was intimately connected with all the great movements of the Order in its infancy. He was a bosom friend of Humbert de Romanis, fifth General of the Order, and author of a celebrated work on the religious life. When at a general Chapter of the Order, held in Paris in 1254, it was ordained that some one should be appointed in each province to chronicle its most notable events, Humbert de Romanis, who was then General, commissioned Fr. Fracheto to select and revise the most suitable documents then existing. To these he added the record of events personally known to him, and published his work. The result is a delightful compilation, edifying and instructive, especially to Dominicans and to friends of the Dominican Order.

From P. O'Shea, New York, we have received, ENGLISH LITERATURE: A MANUAL FOR ACADEMIES, HIGH SCHOOLS, AND COLLEGES, by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. An Introduction, by George P. Lathrop, is written in a strain of commendation that suggests a "mutual admiration society." The need of the Introduction we do not see. The book should stand on its own merit. The practice of introducing new publications by commendatory words from men of more or less literary reputation, is one that smacks of Grub Street recollections and noble(?) lords and subservient, struggling writers. In this case we elieve the author had worthy intentions, but even with its shortcomings he could have safely presented his own book. The field covered by this MANUAL extends from the early dawn of English literature, rude, and even barbaric as it was, down to the present day. Of course, within the compass of a moderate volume, detailed treatment cannot be expected. American literature receives considerable attention in this MANUAL, though the author acknowledges that this part of his volume is inadequate, and suggests a separate volume, in the near future, to be devoted to productions of American writers. The religious element in the literature of England in the nineteenth century is specially treated, while a chapter on the Catholic writers of the United States closes the volume. Touching the former, and without fear that we shall be accused of being too much imbued with "the fam-

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ily spirit," we venture to express our astonishment at the omission of one name.

It is a name so distinguished and so much beloved by all who have ever read any work over which it was written, that we are at a loss to explain its absence in a work of this kind. We refer to the distinguished Dominican nun, the late lamented Mother Drane.

Touching the American writers, we must also add that we miss notable names, while some that are given scarcely deserve the conspicuous mention they receive. It seems strange that John O'Kane Murray is passed over in silence. Twenty years ago he published an admirable study of English Literature, which is still appreciated for its solid scholarship.

There are other points, also, which we find open to correction. Speaking of John Gilmary Shea, the author says "there is but one Catholic Historian who has written in English and compiled his work on a broad, large-minded basis." We beg to call attention again to John O'Kane Murray, as certainly one other who has excelled in this line, and who has not confined himself to "an individual for his study." While not accomplishing the results that mark Shea's work, his labors were creditable. Again, we must take exception to the remark which treats the statements of Las Casas as "exaggerated," and his zeal as "erratic." These are strange epithets to apply to a tender sympathy for the oppressed and to heroic and successful efforts to obtain an amelioration of their sufferings. The man whose lifework is thus characterized is admitted, even by Protestants, to have been "a keen judge of men, with a standard of right and wrong as high as any attained in our own times." Were we disposed to be severe, we could indicate lapses from good style that mar this manual as a model for composition. However, barring its defects, it is a good book. One of its salient features, which we strongly emphasize, is the "Review" found at the close of each chapter. Thoroughly to master any branch of knowledge, it is necessary for the student at certain stages of his course to make a digest of all that he has acquired. Without this there can be no lasting acquisition. By this method only can he assimilate what he has studied, and the test of his assimilation will be the ability on his part to recast and give it forth in his own words. Notwithstanding the drawbacks we have noted, we are prepared to say that if the student of this MANUAL OF LITERATURE will conscientiously follow the directions given in these "Reviews" found at the close of the chapters, he will find himself in the possession and in the mastery of a good knowledge of English Literature.

A MAN'S FOES: A TALE OF THE SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY. BY E. H. STRAIN. NEW YORK: WARD, LOCK & BOWDEN.

The author of this work, as its secondary title indicates, has given us a story founded on facts—on the events and incidents of the celebrated siege of Londonderry, which occurred during the reign of James II. in the year 1689. Writing of the campaign of that year, McGee, in his History of Ireland, observes: "The story of the siege of Londonderry, of the heroic constancy of its defenders, of the atrocities of De Rosen and Galmoy, the clemency of Maumont, the forbearance of Hamilton, the struggles for the supremacy among its magnates, the turbulence of the townsfolk, the joyful raising of the siege,—all these have worthily employed some of the most eloquent pens in our language." In the work before us the author has made use of all the stirring events and exciting incidents of that famous siege, and with such material to draw from it is not a matter for wonder that he has produced an historical novel that is not only interesting, but also instructive, for the narrative has the merit of according closely with the facts of History. Being, as it is, a story of the strife between the Catholic Royalists and Ulster Williamites, it is necessarily a story of religious feeling, and in its tone and spirit it is thoroughly Protestant. There is, however, no display of bigotry or narrowness, and aside from a glowing panegyric of the "holy martyr," John Huss, and some slight mis-statements about some Catholic devotions, there is nothing in the story that would be objectionable to Catholic readers.

The author has endeavored to imitate the supposed language of the time of which he was writing, and has therefore given to his work an uncommon though not an unpleasant diction. A few phrases, however, will scarcely commend themselves to the taste of careful readers; they strike them as being too affectedly quaint. For instance, a gentleman who bowed politely is said to have "made his leg." We may note in conclusion that the book is well printed and neatly bound.

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DEFENSIO DOCTRINÆ SANCTI THOMÆ AQUINATIS, DE PRÆMOTIONE PHYSICA. BY THE VERY REVEREND FATHER DUMMERMUTH, O. P., S. T. M.

This is an intellectual treat on a much-discussed question. It is published as an answer to Rev. P. V. Frius, S. J., just as his book "S. Thomas et Doctrina Præmotionis Pnysicæ," written ten years ago, was a response to Fr. Scheeman, S. J. In both works Father Dummermuth defends St. Thomas from the charge of not teaching physical premotion.

It is not at all our intention to enter into any controversy on this celebrated question; for though we are Thomistic by intimate conviction, and it seems to us indisputable that St. Thomas held and taught physical premotion, pure and simple, we are at the same time convinced that the question is not at all practical, and that any controversy raised on the subject would be of endless duration, just as it has been in Europe, and would be fraught with much more labor and vexation than utility and profit. Our aim in this notice is merely to bring before those who are interested in such matters, a book well worthy of their careful study. The two books of Fr. Dummermuth may well be said to form an epoch in the history of this subtle question. He is one of the ablest theologians of this age. His knowledge of St. Thomas is profound. His interpretations of the Angelic Doctor's teachings are clear, vivid, evident, convincing. Throughout this book, where there is question of what St. Thomas taught, Father Dummermuth cites St. Thomas' principles in the very words of the Angelic Doctor. We have consequently the doctrine of St. Thomas proposed and propounded by himself, and not by this or that commentator. Father Dummermuth's book, especially the third, fourth, and fifth sections, is a collection of the various texts (and they are legion) found in different parts of the writings of St. Thomas, in which he seems unquestionably to teach the Dominican doctrine of physical premotion. Thus Father Dummermuth's book may be called a summa of St. Thomas on premotion. It may be likened to a resetting of jewels, by which they are put in new positions, or are newly arranged, without injuring or impairing in the least the precious gems.

A thorough study of Father Dummermuth's works will give to a student the intrinsic and extrinsic merit of the Thomistic point of view. Conviction may not follow, but there will be a feeling of respect for a system unjustly designated as absurd and obsolete.

In parts Father Dummermuth's works bear evidences of severity in dealing with his opponents. This we regret, though it is not unusual in such discussions. However, we commend it to those among our readers who may desire to know precisely what is the true Dominican doctrine on premotion.

From the Librairie Internationale de L'Œuvre de Saint Paul, 6 Rue Cassette, Paris, we have received LE TOMBEAU DE SAINT DOMINIQUE, by the Very Reverend J. J. Berthier, O. P.

Father Berthier, Professor of Theology in the Catholic University of Fribourg, Switzerland, has certainly earned the gratitude of all lovers of art and of all members and friends of the Dominican Order throughout the world by the publication of this monumental work on the tomb of the glorious patriarch St. Dominic. Let it not be supposed that we intend to give only a passing book notice to this important publication; in a later number of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE our readers will find an article, written by a competent hand, on this remarkable book. Father Berthier is an indefatigable worker; the list of books which he has published is long and creditable, and he is well known in the world of ecclesiastical literature. This volume alone would suffice to make him famous, and entitle him to an honorable place amongst the historians and archæologists of this century.

In the first part of the book we have a history of the tomb; the second gives a detailed description of the monument as it stands to-day, one of the glories of the Dominican Order, and an object of admiration to artists and lovers of art.

The whole makes one hundred and forty pages folio, to which are added thirty-five pages of valuable historical documents, and thirty-seven magnificent full-page heliogravures, showing in detail and with great accuracy the exquisite sculptures which make the tomb of St. Dominic the most artistic in the world.

The printing, the engravings, the paper, are all of the highest order. No lover of art or of St. Dominic should be without this work, which would be a valuable ornament to any library.

We gladly join in the words of praise, congratulation, and thanks addressed to the author by the Most Rev. Father Andrew Frühwirth, Master-General of the Dominicans.

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We have received from W. A. Pond, New York, the following pieces of music: "Annual Number 24, by Various Authors," containing very good Easter hymns for congregational singing or Sunday-school. "The Victor's Praise," specially adapted for Sunday-school. "Easter Carols," by Danks and Southwick, is simple and devotional. "Awake Thou that Sleepest," W. C. Williams; a good quartette, with soprano solo. Easter Anthem, "Begin, My Soul, the Exalted Lay," by John B. Marsh, quartette, with solos for alto, tenor, and bass; a good Easter anthem. "I Know a Garden Fair"; and "Beneath Thy Lattice Window, Lady Fair," R. M. Eversole, male quartettes, are delicate and sweet. "If Jesus is Near," soprano or tenor solo, by H. P. Danks; words and music are devotional. "He Liveth Forever," Easter duet, soprano and contralto; is very good, and we predict will be popular. Also, songs by Leontine Stanfield: "Ma Petite," "Gipsy Lullaby," "Happy as a King," "Norah O'Roon," and "Madeline,"—all very good. "Senor, so Gay," R. M. Eversole. "I Love Thee So," by Augusta Preston Bedell; and "Sweetheart to You," by Edouard Messelberg, are "Petit Bolero," Ravina, op. 62; "Étude de Style," C major; "La Danse des Fees," Jaell; "Minuet," "Gipsy Rondo," "Polish Dance"; are beautifully revised by Wm. F. Pecher. "Society Queen Waltz," Aronson, is good for beginners. "Souvenir for Piano-Forte," Becker. "Leap Year Schottische," Rosenbaum.

MAGAZINES.

We are always pleased to commend the good things found in *The Atlantic Monthly*, as in other magazines. The April number of this staid and usually solid periodical gives us one of Lafcadio Hearn's fine papers, "China and the Western World" being the subject. The other matter is of the usual standard, but on one contribution, "The Scotch Element in the American People," we desire to "make a few remarks."

We shall not dispute the Scotchman's place, as designated by *The Atlantic* writer, of such closeness to Jewish ideals in material things that where the canny Scot abounds the children of Israel have no standing, nor shall we question the fitness of the Scotchman to adapt himself to the modern conditions of civilization, which means, as *The Atlantic* hints it, ability to make money and to keep it, presenting "a good showing" in the mere material affairs of a gross, unspiritual, gold-worshipping age. Far be it from us to disturb this idolator or any other Catholic or Protestant pagan absorbed in his unholy worship. If these be his gods, let him adore them in the peace of his blindness and hardness. The free, generous children of Ireland need not shrink from the comparison. But on one point of *The Atlantic* article we wish to linger. Speaking of the Catholic Highlanders, the largest and purest body of Gaels outside of their native land, who occupy Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and who cling loyally to their mother-tongue and their mother-creed, *The Atlantic* writer relates an incident in his visit among these people: "I remember an all-night ride in a wagon with half a dozen of these unchanged Caterans, who mixed their whiskey with a ceaseless crooning of songs in their native tongue, and also their oppressive but fruitless desire to bring the stranger into their primitive fun. They have the singular endurance of alcohol which characterizes their kindred over the sea, as is shown by the fact that they are never too drunk to be clever. One evening I was puzzled to find all the men who were on the road exceedingly drunk, too much so to give any account of the occasion for the festivity. At last, selecting one of the revellers who was on horseback, I addressed him as 'Tam O'Shanter—a compliment which he fully appreciated in his toper's way,—and asked the reason for his own state and that of his neighbors'. 'What will ye gie me an I till?' said Tam. 'What do ye ask?' 'A drink o' whiskey.' 'Agreed,' said the questioner. 'Gie me the drink first.' When he had emptied the small flask, 'It's nae muckle,' said he sadly, looking at the little vessel, as if the pay were inadequate, but he gave the due. 'Din ye ken this is confession day? And doom a mon who will nae get drunk when he has confessed.'" So far *The Atlantic* writer. Assured as we were, that this fling was unjust, knowing, in fact, that there was in the reference a sort of joke, but realizing the bitterness of the insin-

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uation and its latent bigotry, we determined to answer categorically, as it were, and so far as practicable, this vaguely general charge. We wrote, therefore, to the Editor of *The Casket*, Antigonish, N. S., and referred the matter to him as one who would know whereof he spoke. We have great satisfaction in presenting his letter:

ANTIGONISH, N. S., APRIL 9, 1896.

REV. DEAR SIR:

"I cannot say much of the Island of Cape Breton from personal knowledge, for I have seen but little of it. I am, however, intimately acquainted with scores upon scores of representatives of the Catholic Highlanders of that Island. They furnish many of the best priests of this diocese. I have never heard—until I read the article in the *Atlantic*—that drunkenness was more prevalent among the Highlanders there, either Catholic or Protestant (for a very large proportion of them are Protestant) than among other people; and I am assured by those who know, that such is not the case. On the contrary, I am told, and have every reason to believe the statement, that there is comparatively little drunkenness among them.

"As for the incident referred to by the writer, I do not hesitate to pronounce it a lie out of the whole cloth. I say this confidently, in spite of the delightful indefiniteness as to time and place which makes such a statement so difficult to deal with.

"In the first place, every Catholic will perceive its intrinsic improbability, bordering upon impossibility. Next, it could not have happened in a town or village, for the towns and villages of Cape Breton are of mixed population, Catholic and Protestant; and in the country districts I do not believe there is such a thing as a particular day for confessions.

"One might suppose the explanation to be that 'Tam' was a practical joker, and simply 'gulled' the unsophisticated Yankee in return for his whiskey. But this supposition is precluded by the internal evidences of falsehood which the narrative contains. The expressions put in the mouth of this Highlander are distinctively Lowland. No Highlander *ever* says 'an' for 'of,' 'muckle' for 'much,' or 'din ye ken.' The story is a most clumsy and stupid falsehood.

"In addition to all the foregoing considerations, I am assured by those thoroughly acquainted with the Island that it is morally impossible that any such thing should have occurred there.

"The fact is, that Cape Breton for decades past has been the paradise of the mendacious magazine scribe. No corner of this earth, perhaps, has suffered so much from that pestiferous tribe. The fact that none of the craft has yet met his deserts within its borders speaks volumes for the Christian forbearance of its people."

Thus magazine history continues its work of enlightening those who sit in darkness. We are deeply indebted to the worthy Editor of *The Casket* for his esteemed favor; and while warmly expressing our sense of grateful appreciation for his kindness and courtesy, we congratulate him on the good work he is doing for Catholic literature. Again we commend his solid, truly Catholic paper to our readers as an excellent family publication, and to the great majority of our United States weeklies as a model on many lines.

The American Ecclesiastical Review for April contains an exhaustive discussion of the work for "The Education of Catholic Deaf-Mutes in the United States," by L. W. Reilly. We make one extract from this article that ought to set Catholics thinking, if not working: "We Catholics have neglected our deaf-mutes. If we had not, there should be in our schools more than 800 out of our 8,000 to 10,000. Only in eight out of forty-five States have we as much as one school for them." And in his own words we give his conclusion: "To sum up, therefore, for the Catholic deaf-mutes in the United States, who now number between 8,000 and 10,000, we have one priest who devotes to some fifty of them his whole time; three other priests who give regular instructions at weekly intervals; no Brotherhood; members of four Sisterhoods—the Sisters of St. Joseph, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart of Mary, the Sisters of St. Francis, and the Sisters of Notre Dame,—and seven young men—five clerics and two lay—who teach in three Sunday schools."

The April number of *Scribner's Magazine* contains a much-advertised article on "The Quarrel Between the English-Speaking Peoples," by Henry Norman. With the peculiar views of this peacemaker on Venezuela and matters various in the general political field we are not concerned. But with one point of his discourse we do take issue. Pretending to see in the "growth of the Roman Catholic power in the United States," a great but undefined danger, haunting chiefly the besotted brains of the venomous ignoramuses labelled A. P. A's—or better, Apes,—Mr. Norman vigorously and viciously sounds the note of alarm against Romanists and foreigners in general. Our reading of this article suggested a train of thought that so closely coincides with the sentiments of an esteemed correspondent, who wrote to us on the subject, that we embody his views with our own.

The power of the Roman Catholic Church, in this free republic based upon universal manhood suffrage, can increase by the accession to the numbers of the Church, first, of the children of Catholic parents residing here and citizens of the Republic, who are brought up in adherence to that faith, and continue therein during their lives; second, of those persons who having previously been numbered among non-Catholics, have been converted to the Church, baptized, and who purpose for the remainder of their lives to continue in it; third, of those persons who, being Catholics, have emigrated from their homes in foreign lands and taken up their residence in America with the purpose of becoming citizens. But this increase in

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numbers, whether by one or more or all of the means named, would be unavailing to promote the power of "Romanism," unless Roman Catholics, by their thrift and their intelligence, were able to make themselves independent of those influences which always assail poverty, and unless they were sufficiently patriotic to resent the insult to their character involved in the suggestion that their civic action is influenced by religious tests. To repress "Romanism," therefore, and to stop the "growth of the Roman Catholic power in the United States," it would seem that laws are needed which shall prohibit the rearing of children of Catholic parents in the Catholic faith; which shall prohibit any person from ever hereafter embracing the Roman Catholic religion, no matter how firmly convinced he may be of its necessity to his eternal welfare, or which shall debar all such converts from the rights of franchise, and disqualify them from holding any office of trust or profit under the State or the Federal Government; which shall absolutely prohibit the immigration hither of persons known to be Catholics, or at least deny to them, in their naturalization, benefits at present accorded to naturalized citizens. But these measures would not be sufficient, because the present Roman Catholic population of the country could, by numbers, influence the whole electorate, make their way to legislatures, constitutional conventions and Congress, and nullify every reform which might be enacted. Nothing, therefore, short of the immediate disqualification of all Roman Catholics, debarring them from holding any office whatever, and from the enjoyment of the electoral franchise, coupled with the confiscation of their property of every kind and character, individual, educational, and religious and charitable, would be sufficient. Is it possible that the American people, upon the suggestion of this cosmopolitan, who seems to have been born an Englishman, educated in America, travelled in the Orient, but who has always and everywhere retained the spirit of an Orangeman, are prepared for such lengths? But perhaps it will be said that Mr. Norman does not mean to suggest the inauguration of such a system of persecution as this, but would be contented with certain minor restrictions and tests which would show the world that America is alive to the dangers with which "Romanism" threatens us. There are various "movements" designed to check the spread of "Romanism" in America, in the hands of certain groups of patriots intent upon the salvation of the country, and it would be interesting to know if anybody believes they would ever stop short of the crimes we have outlined if they were ever permitted for a moment to secure the control of the machinery of government. Henry Norman's olive branch seems heavily laden with the fruit of the Citrus Aurantium.

The Olympian games are treated in the March number of *The North American Review* by the United States Consul at Athens; and in the April *Century* and *Scribner's*, with rich and plentiful illustrations. The daily press has given to American readers the creditable record of "our boys" who have competed in the revived games.

The Review of Reviews for March contains a notable character sketch of Cecil Rhodes; and the April number, of Murat Halstead. The South African statesman is also critically presented in the March number of *The Contemporary Review*.

Senator John Sherman contributes to the April *Forum* a long and able article, in which he tries to prove, as a Republican, that deficiency of revenue is the cause of all our financial ills. His case is presented in the manner characteristic of the distinguished ex-Secretary of the Treasury. "Two South African Constitutions" is a fine paper of the Right Honorable James Bryce, M. P., author of the "American Commonwealth"; it is a clear exposition of the principles and methods of the Dutch republics in South Africa. "Francis Joseph and His Realm" is an insight into the condition of Austrian and Hungarian affairs. "Holland's Care for the Poor" explains an excellent scheme of postal banks for the accommodation of the poor. "Foibles of the New Woman," by a woman, is not only a clever bit of writing, but a "knock-down" argument against that modern abomination, that wretched caricature, that miserable impostor, the new woman. In a general way, the April *Forum* contains valuable material.

Lippincott's Magazine for April departs from its usual custom in giving an illustrated article, the subject being "The Washingtons in Virginia Life," and the pictures, portraits of various members of the Washington family. It is a pleasant

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sketch. Under the heading "An Old Testament Drama," the story of the Syrian, Naaman the Leper, is presented as a type of the perfect drama. It is an interesting piece of criticism. The usual amount of fiction, some of it quite vigorous, and several articles of more solid value, are found in this number of *Lippincott's*.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for March continues the series of "Lee Articles," began in February. The story of the famous Virginia family is one of great interest. "Woman's Work and Ministrations" is the title of an intelligent, sympathetic study of woman's labor, especially in our cities. The writer prepared himself for his task, and the result is a valuable contribution. Statistical tables of various employments and rates of wages are given in confirmation of the author's just conclusions.

Mr. Francis Comyn, a man who has been a resident of Venezuela, gives in *The Nineteenth Century* for March, what may be called the finishing stroke to English aggressive pretensions, in his able article, "The Seamy Side of British Guiana." It makes excellent reading.

Other papers in the March *Nineteenth Century* are, an enjoyable account of the power and skill of the Boers in war, and a reply by Mr. Purcell, the author of the "Life of Cardinal Manning," to his critics. A letter from Mr. Gladstone adds point to the lively controversy.

An excellent paper in *Harper's Magazine* for March, is "Colonel Washington," by Mr. Woodrow Wilson. Outside of the intrinsic value of the article, as dealing minutely with a period of Washington's life less frequently touched upon, the effect of this, and all such bits of American biography, is good; a spirit of investigation is awakened which, followed up, ends in a familiarity with the lives of our own great men. Mr. Caspar Whitney's "On Snow Shoes to Barren Grounds," is the fourth of a series of papers which is proving most interesting. In "Money-Borrowers," by Junius Browne, we find some striking truths in regard to the professional borrower. "Arcadian Bee-Ranching," by Ninetta Eames, tells about the great honey industry of California. In the "Editor's Study" is a wholesome, vigorous editorial condemnatory of the morbid, immoral novel of the present day. Any word calculated to lessen or counteract the harm done by the general run of the latter-day novel, is welcome and commendable.

"A Phase of Modern College Life," which appears in the *Harper's Magazine* for April, is by Henry T. Fowler, and is explanatory of the growth of the Young Men's Christian Association an inter-collegiate movement. The American Association "aims simply," says Mr. Fowler, "to win men to become avowed Christians, to develop the spiritual life of its members, and to train them for religious work." How much more elevating a development this, than the inter-collegiate athletic movement which in the last few years has been holding such complete sway over the American Youth! "Mad Anthony Wayne's Victory," by Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, is the second of what we hope will be a series of American papers. Such articles are educational, even when making allowance for the proverbial inaccuracies of magazine history. "Mr. Lowell in England," is by George W. Smalley. The object of the article is mainly to disprove the accusation so frequently made against Mr. Lowell's "Americanism" during, and after his ministry to England, and as "an introduction to some of his letters presently to be published." Octave Thanet, William Black, and Mr. Brander Matthews are the safe and entertaining contributors to the fiction of the April number. Those magazines which have become so extremely lax in the matter of serial stories, would do well to emulate the example which *Harper's Magazine* gives in the present number of clean, wholesome fiction.

In *The Contemporary Review* for March there are two papers on Cardinal Manning: one by the Reverend Doctor Fairbairn of the Anglican Church, considering the Cardinal and the Catholic Revival in England; the other, personal reminiscences by Aubrey de Vere. Doctor Fairbairn gives, from his standpoint, what he evidently intended to be a fair estimate of the Cardinal; but he struggles with prejudices and misconceptions that detract from the value of his work. Aubrey de Vere writes in his best vein, tenderly and attractively, of the dead man who had been his lifelong friend.

Our Irish exchanges have brought the interesting particulars of the splendid ceremonies with which the memory of the

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illustrious Dominican, Father Burke, was honored in his native city of Galway on March 22d. On that day a beautiful high altar was solemnly consecrated in the Dominican Church of Galway, by the Most Rev. Doctor O'Callaghan, O. P., Bishop of Cork. The Bishop of Galway, the Most Rev. Doctor McCormack, celebrated the Solemn Pontifical Mass. The Irish clergy were well represented.

The memorial altar is a work of much beauty, the materials being Mexican, Italian, and African marbles, artistically blended. The design is Romanesque. On the same occasion a handsome stained-glass window was unveiled as a part of the memorial.

Thirteen years have passed since Father Burke's death, but time has only confirmed the enthusiastic judgment formed during his lifetime. Love for the man, admiration for the orator, veneration for the saintly priest, are quick to-day in the Irish heart, the world over. The memory of Father Burke will be a precious and lasting heritage for the race he so well served and so nobly honored.

One of the glories of the Dominican Order, this prince of preachers was as well known in the United States as in Ireland. His masterly and triumphant presentation of Ireland's case, in refutation of Froude's slanders, was a conspicuous event in his American trip. His presence here at the time was providential. In loving benediction will his name and memory be held in every true Irish-American heart, as well as among those of the old land.

Gunton's Magazine for April, in "A Full Weight Silver Dollar," discusses the plan already suggested in the March number of the same magazine, by which it is claimed "bimetalism can be secured with the unlimited coinage of silver by adopting a flexible ratio, thus adopting the quantity of silver in the dollar to the value." In these times of the much-mooted silver question, an expression from any intelligent standpoint must prove of interest. "American School of Political Philosophy," by Thomas S. Blair, A. M., is also a further expression of an idea already put forward by the conductor of *Gunton's Magazine*, commending the "creation of an American school of political philosophy." "German Socialism of To-day" is a sketch of the origin (during Bismarck's administration) of the socialistic party in Germany. Of an article called "The Social Evil in Philadelphia," by the Rev. Frank M. Goodchild, which appeared in the March *Arena*, *Gunton's Magazine* says: "The writer (Mr. Goodchild) estimates that there are twenty thousand abandoned women in New York, and two hundred and thirty-two thousand in our country to-day," and then quotes verbatim from Mr. Goodchild the following: "Ancient and heathen Athens went into mourning because every nine years seven youths and seven maidens had to be furnished for the devouring minotaur of Crete. How, then, ought we, as a nation, to prostrate ourselves before God in seeking deliverance from this monstrous evil," etc., etc. In commenting upon this, says *Gunton's*: "'Prostrating yourselves before God' is the emotional plan. It will merely furnish the presumptuous and hysterical with an opportunity to listen to their own rhetorical efforts." The spirit of the age is unmistakably displayed by the reviewer of Mr. Goodchild's paper, in this curt setting aside of the necessity or efficacy of prayer. When we read Mr. Goodchild's paper, we felt that, though he wrote with a frankness that was unnecessary, nevertheless he did not confine himself to prayer alone in his missionary work. However, this part of the question is immaterial; nor are our remarks intended as a defence of Mr. Goodchild's article, but merely to express regret at the spirit of laxity and materialism which an open flouting at the effectiveness of prayer indicate. "Restoring of American Ships," and "Economic Aspect of Large Trading" are some among the other vigorously written papers of the number.

The Bostonian for March opens what promises to be a series of very valuable papers on "Our Coast Defence," by Lieut. James A. Frye. "The Roentgen Rays" are clearly discussed and illustrated in the same number. "Newspaper English" is an agreeable paper, touching a subject of great importance.

The Catholic University Bulletin has entered on its second year. The first number of the second volume (January, 1896) contains two papers by the Reverend Doctor Pace, a character sketch of Cardinal Satolli, and a suggestive reminder to rich Catholics, of the educational duty of wealth. The Reverend Doctor Zahm, C. S. C., contributes an article on a subject already frequently and agreeably treated by him, "Leo XIII.

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and Science." The Reverend Doctor Bouquillon gives the third of his studies of the University of Paris. The April number opens with an excellent paper on "The Sanctity of Literature," by Professor Maurice F. Egan. "The Games of Olympia," by Father Quinn, will be of special interest in view of the recent revival of these games in Athens, American athletes having been among the most notable victors. Doctor Pace's article on St. Thomas and modern thought will please all lovers of the Angelic Doctor. The "Miscellaneous Studies" of the *Bulletin*, and its book reviews, make specially interesting departments for the cultured laity as well as for the clergy.

The North American Review for April has a notable article, by David A. Wells, on "Great Britain and the United States: Their True Relations." It is a skilful plea in behalf of English fairness and justice and zeal, though the argument is somewhat weak when Ireland is named. There are points, however, of such clearness and force, that thoughtful readers must pause and consider. Incidentally, we mention the treatment by the United States, of Mexico and the Indians—two discreditable and disgraceful pages of American history. In the same number Mr. M. W. Hazletine, the famous book-reviewer of *The Sun*, discusses in a very serious manner, the "Possible Complications of the Cuban Question" as involving a war between Spain and the United States. Doubtless there are grave abuses in Cuban affairs, and cruel wrongs, but we feel satisfied that the motives of some of the political "shouters" in Congress are not altogether pure and noble; and furthermore, while boisterously ready to get other people into a war, these very blatant tongue fighters would not be found among the carriers of a musket. Let us pray for peace, at home and abroad. Other papers of this number of *The North American Review* are: "Problems of the Transvaal," and "Pygmy Races of Men," a subject which Mr. John A. Mooney treated learnedly and fully in the first volume of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE.

The Eclectic for April is a well-prepared number. Thirteen of the leading English reviews are represented in nineteen articles of considerable range and much interest.

The Fortnightly Review for March is a good number. Doctor E. J. Dillon, whose previous works we have commended, deals with "The Fiasco in Armenia." "Venezuela Before Europe and America," "The Partition of Indo-China," "Italy's Friendship with England," and "Rhodes and Jameson," are articles that may justly be called timely, treating, as they do, questions of living interest.

L'Année Dominicaine for April brings the sad tidings of the death of His Eminence, Cardinal Mauri, O. P., Archbishop of Ferrara, which occurred on March 12. The elevation to the Sacred College, of Archbishop Mauri, occurred late in 1894. His death leaves Cardinal Bausa, Archbishop of Florence, the only representative of the Dominican Order now among the Princes of the Church.

The Holy Cross Magazine is a monthly publication issued by the Order of the Holy Cross, established at Westminster, Maryland. This very "high" Anglican brotherhood is in evidence as a sign of the craving for "the better part" that is urging many a devout soul outside the Church to seek for the more solid spiritual life which barren Protestantism denies to them. We have occasionally commented on the growing tendency among certain non-Catholics to manifest a devout and reverent feeling towards our Blessed Lady. We have welcomed it as a hopeful sign, and we have counted on its growth as a sure step towards a return to the Fold. Every new proof of this spirit we eagerly note, and we pray for the coming into many hearts, of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, through the gentle sway of our Blessed Lady's love and veneration. In a recent number of *The Holy Cross Magazine* we read, with much satisfaction, an article on our Lady which earnestly pleaded for devotion to the Blessed Virgin *as a necessary part of Catholic faith and as a proof of devotion to Jesus Christ*—the precise ground of the Church's teaching. *The Holy Cross Magazine*, however, fails to realize the full measure of Catholic Truth; hesitates at the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and weakly tries to make out a case on the score that excessive devotion on the part of Catholics was an occasion and a reason for the dishonor offered to our Lady by the Reformers and their followers. Of course, we cannot expect men emerging from darkness, and with the prejudices of birth and education, to grasp fully the substance of Catholic teaching. And it may be natural that they offer a lingering and

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regretful apology for those with whom they have been so long identified. We make one selection from this very creditable article in *The Holy Cross Magazine*, which emphasizes the Catholic doctrine, from a Protestant standpoint, in a very comforting way:

"The honest reply, then, to the questions supposed to be asked, is simply this, that, whatever the consequences *may have been* in honoring the Blessed Mother, without giving her honor we cannot believe or teach the faith of God. To leave her out is to take from the mystery of the Incarnation; to withhold from her our loving devotion is, not to give all our love to Jesus, but, as it were, to add to the sorrows of Calvary. When we try to teach men that our Lord Christ, although perfect God, is also perfect Man, we must teach them of His holy Mother; without this we may have something that seems like the Christian religion, but at best it is a poor copy. In a word, we cannot have Jesus Christ without the Blessed Virgin Mary. Sects have made the attempt and have failed; not only have their men lost a noble incentive to chivalry and their women a pattern of womanly purity, but both have done worse—they have lost the Incarnate Christ, and have known Him only as God remote in the heavens, or as the most illustrious of heroes.

If we accept the truth of what has been said, we must accept it *practically*. We must believe in our Lady; honor her with our praises; teach her to our children as a loving friend; to their elders as the highest type of sanctity among all creatures; and to all, the faithful and those unlearned in divine truth, as the instrument chosen of God in eternity whereby 'the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.' If the Son is to be adored, the Mother must be honored. Nothing less than this can satisfy the pious instincts of the Church of God, or make her children to know what is 'the mystery of godliness.'"

Assuredly, in the light of such testimony, we may urge our Rosarians to special prayer for the conversion of those beyond the Fold of the Catholic Church.

Appleton's Popular Science Monthly for March and April covers a field varied and interesting. David A. Wells continues his series on "The Principles of Taxation." Other good material includes "The Practical Results of Bacteriological Researches," "The Ancient Islanders of California," "Tropical Fruit Trees," two papers on "Acclimatization," an illustrated discussion of "The X Rays," "The Savage Origin of Tattooing," and "Quacks, and the Reason of Them."

In the April number of *The American Magazine of Civics*, his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, has a paper upon "Morals and Politics," in which, after pointing out clearly and conclusively that morality is the "one branch of human effort that necessarily enters into the consideration of every question, and is connected with every avenue of human endeavor," he shows how necessary it is that morality should play its allotted part in politics. "Politics should claim no exemption from morality's searching gaze and inexorable dictates." The paper is written in the usual direct, concise style of His Eminence, and used as a guide by those to whom it is particularly addressed, should be productive of great and abiding good. The concluding words form the key-note of the entire paper. "The politician of every stamp and degree, as well as the merchant, the mechanic, the capitalist, the laborer, is a moral being, and must abide by, and practise the precepts of the moral code. To him, as well as to them, was given the Decalogue." "Woman Suffrage—by a Bachelor," is by C. W. Wiley, to whom "the queerest thing" is "to see the Church, of which woman is the life and chief support, most strongly arrayed against her enfranchisement." This same wise gentleman goes on to say: "The doctrines of St. Paul, of course, are the chief weapons of the Church in opposing woman's suffrage. To me they are utterly worthless, either as authority or argument. They but picture forth the laws, customs, and usages of a half-civilized people in a barbaric age; and are totally unworthy of notice in determining the question among us in this day and generation. To me [observe the *Me!*] they are mere prejudice, and the sentiments of that time—one man's opinion in that day and civilization,—and as binding upon us as any other custom, law, and usage of that day and nation, and no more." C. W. Wiley, Esq., and Bachelor speaks so loudly for himself as an unintelligent infidel, that comment from us is unnecessary. "Martyrs of Industry," by the Rev. E. C. McCreary, is a thoughtful paper, of which it is the purpose "to call attention to the great sacrifices of human life entailed in carrying on the great industrial system of modern civilization."

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"Citizenship, Civic and Ecclesiastic," is by the Rev. Adolph Roeder, whose deep sympathy is with "the citizen who is struggling between his allegiance to Church and his loyalty to State." Mr. Roeder also says: "The question of the Vatican and the Quirinal, and the stupidly pathetic struggle between Pius IX. and Victor Emmanuel, in the days of old, leap into sudden, uncomfortable prominence. The citizen debating the question of a boundary of duties between Church and State, of both of which he is a member and a citizen, becomes keenly alive to the fact that he is going over some very old ground; that Bismarck and the Jesuits, Pius IX. and Victor Emmanuel, are only modern instances of the question that trails along backward through the days of Roger Williams and Oliver Cromwell, of Martin Luther and Henry VIII., of Canossa and Ravenna, of Arius and Constantine." There is a good deal more in the same strain, but no more is necessary to show under what colors the Rev. Adolph Roeder sails. If he would only take in the solitary idea, that allegiance to the Church can never clash with loyalty to State, he would find that he has been unnecessarily expansive in dealing with his subject. "William McKinley and the Presidency," and "Finance and its Influence upon Industrial Progress," are papers of political interest.

The Nineteenth Century for April contains a screed entitled, "King and Pretender in Rome," by an obscure bigot who once held the post of American Consul-General to the court of King Humbert. We desire to state as a preface to our notice of this villainously stupid article, that Mr. Alden's performance is a disgrace to the intelligence of the country he misrepresents. The motive of the editor of *The Nineteenth Century* we do not judge; we are merely surprised that he takes part in such a bungling insult to the common sense of the competent people who read his periodical.

Mr. Alden seems to be consumed with a burning longing to prevent the Pope from attacking and robbing that good and peaceful man, King Humbert, who, out of his abundant generosity, has been so indulgent to the wicked pretender who will persist in remaining in Rome and claiming his own and the rights of the Church of God. In a tissue of asinine suppositions begotten of his bigotry and his ignorance, this ex-Consul-General presents to his indignant or deluded readers, a vivid picture of the unhappy state of affairs resulting from the arrogance and ingratitude and treason of the Pope who is the pretender to King Humbert's throne. Thus gently, touchingly, sweetly, with a power to make old Rome's gods weep, does this American ex-Consul-General plead for the rights of the persecuted king, to be won either by the removal of the Pope from Italy or by the expulsion of the Cardinals on the occasion of the next Conclave. The world of diplomacy suffers grievously by the removal of this luminous genius, ex-Consul-General Alden, from the sphere of political activity. Compelled to devote himself to vagaries and ravings, the spectacle he presents is well calculated to make his enemies rejoice that he has written a magazine article. To quote his own sweeping words, "history may safely be challenged to show any thing like" this ignoramus declaring that Pius IX. called the Vatican Council for the purpose of securing a declaration "making faith in the Pope's right to rule as a temporal monarch a dogma of the Church," and having failed in this, that he hastily brought "forward in its place the dogma of the Immaculate Conception." Amazement at such crass, thick, inlaid, all-around ignorance, deprives us of the power of proper characterization.

Mr. Alden's reference to the Papal government and the clergy is so scurrilous that we wish simply to remark, as a closing statement of fact, that the ex-Consul-General is a slanderous ruffian, as well as an asinine bigot.

In the April *Cosmopolitan* we have from the pen of Eleanor Lewis, "Vicissitudes of the Dead," a sketch of the strange interments and disinterments of some of the rulers of different ages, giving an account of the *post mortem* adventures of these great ones. "The Lyceum," by James Pond, tells of that great intellectual move which swept over the country between 1871 and 1875, during which the best oratorical talent in the land was put within reach of the people. "Terra Incognita," by Agnes Repplier, is a compilation of bright comments and amusing anecdotes, touching the erroneous impressions held by foreigners of American geography, and the training, points of view, peculiarities of speech, and general characteristics of Americans. In this number is begun "Hilda Strafford," a serial by Beatrice Harraden, which promises to be of even less merit than her much-read, much-overrated "Ships That Pass in the Night."

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The Rosary

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SLAVES BLACK, RED, WHITE, AND MIXED.

JOHN A. MOONEY.

A GRAND Englishman who was not even great in the year 1833, addressing the House of Commons in that year, expressed an opinion concerning the black slave, not differing materially from the opinion certified to William of Orange by the English judges, in 1689. The negro slave is "property," said the Hon. William E. Gladstone; a "conventional" not an "abstract" property. The English ministry had introduced a measure looking to the gradual abolition of slavery in the British West Indies. On June 3d, twenty days after the presentation of the ministerial plan, Mr. Gladstone rose to defend his father, who owned an estate and slaves in Demerara, against certain charges made, in the course of the debate, by Lord Howick. The ministry offered compensation to the slaveholders whose blacks the law would by degrees transform into a variety of degraded man, enjoying some natural rights. The slaveholders opposed the law, claiming that the negro was a slave by nature; that mentally he was a brute, and that, consequently, to civilize him was impossible. In his case, improvement meant ruin. Mr.

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Gladstone did not argue after this fashion. Still he urged upon the House "its duty to place as broad a distinction as possible between the idle and the industrious slave. To secure the freedom of the latter, nothing could be too strong; but with respect to the idle slaves, no period of emancipation could hasten their improvement."[1]

Evidently, in 1833, Mr. Gladstone was not influenced by the liberal Ethical principles of the Spanish Dominican of the sixteenth century, Bartholomew Las Casas; and evidently, the views of natural right, prevalent among the Irish clergy of the twelfth century, were not Mr. Gladstone's views. "Set free all your English slaves!" said the Irish clergy. "Their fathers, and more distant relatives, sold them to you, it is true. But even they gave you no title founded on Catholic Christian Ethics. Set them free!" The negro slave is not an abstract property, said Mr. Gladstone, the English representative of nineteenth century morals; but he is "a conventional property." Had Progress, for seven centuries, tooled her jaunting-car over no English roads except those that led to the Customs or the Bank?

What Mr. Gladstone meant when he described the negro slave as "not an abstract" but a "conventional" property, perhaps the young Commoner knew; and his meaning we can infer from another passage in his speech: "The legislature had done all in its power to make this property, and by its own acts it must be guided." In other words, the English in the West Indies held their negro slaves, not by natural right, but by English statute. The title conferred by the law of England, Mr. Gladstone defended, legally. No Englishman could answer his argument. Three days earlier, Mr. Godson had quoted the decision, humbly certified to his Majesty by the ten English judges, in 1689, that: "negroes are merchandise." Merchandise they had been from Elizabeth's day; and, by English law, merchandise they were in the West Indies, in 1833. The negro slave in the West Indian colonies could be legally bought, sold, mortgaged—or flogged. Even the Lord Chancellor so certified, during this debate, four days after Mr. Gladstone had spoken.

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[1] Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, 1833: vol. xviii., column 335-336.

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Not alone against the Spaniards who entered the New World during the first fifty years of the sixteenth century, but also against adventurers of other nationalities, did Las Casas make charges of cruelty. Can any one who has read the *Brevissima Relacion* or the *Historia* ever forget the passages in which he denounced the German Lutherans to whom the King of Spain granted a concession in Venezuela? These Germans, Las Casas says, acted more savagely than any of the tyrants he has mentioned. They were more irrational, more furious than cruel tigers or than ravenous wolves or lions. "Incarnate devils," he calls them because of their slaughter and enslavement of "millions" of Indians, within sixteen years. Reading his denunciation of these German Lutherans of the sixteenth century, we hear the very words Las Casas would have spoken were he addressing the English House of Commons, in 1833. For according to the testimony there and then presented, the West India planters were more cruel to their slaves than sane, civilized men should have been. Negro parents were separated from one another or from their children; sold like cattle, if the master's interest prompted.[1] Men slaves, and still more barbarous, women slaves were lashed; lashed on their bare bodies, and not always on the bare back; lashed for the crime of sighing![2] Children were tarred and feathered. A "lazy" negro, shot offhand by an overseer, had no more redress than a dog. To be black and at the same time religious was a crime. No proper provision was made by the planters, or by the Established Church, for the religious education of the negro; and yet, if he went to a non-conformist Protestant chapel, thirty-nine lashes were like to be his only visible "benediction." Eight hundred thousand blacks suffered under this cruel tyranny.

Answering a Las Casas of the nineteenth century, an English planter would perhaps, have defended the views of natural right prevalent in the West Indies, by pleading English law and custom, and by tracing that law and custom in the records of the thirteen original Colonies. With the royal province of Virginia, he might well have begun. In their eagerness to capture In-

[1] Speech of Sir R. Vyvyan, May 30. Hansard, 1833, vol. 18: col. 125.

[2] Speech of Mr. Fowell Buxton, May 30. Hansard, 1833, vol. 18, col. 160.

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dian slaves, the Virginians had not despised the aid of English mastiffs.[1] A law of 1670, provided that "the death of a slave, whatever his origin, from extremity of correction, should not be accounted a felony; since it cannot be presumed that prepensed malice, which alone makes murther felony, should induce any man to destroy his own estate." Two years later, the 'wounding or even killing a fugitive slave' was legalized.[2] By a statute of 1692, a negro slave charged with an 'offence punishable under English law by death or the loss of a member' was denied a trial by jury, and could be sentenced "on the oath of two witnesses or of one witness with 'pregnant circumstances,' or confession."[3] The Ethical Progress of the following sixty years may be measured by the statute of 1753; a statute that rendered null the manumission of a slave. Those who were "set free without leave from the Governor and Council might be sold at public auction by the Churchwardens of any parish in which such freed slaves might reside for the space of a month."[4] The Churchwardens thus officially ordained as auctioneers of slaves who had once been free, were neither Puritans, Moravians, nor Lutherans, but members of the Established Church.

Elsewhere than in Virginia, the law may have defended natural right by measures more in harmony with the Mosaic Law, but custom did not spare the negro's back from the lash, in any colony. In New England, if the Puritans treated the slave during the seventeenth century, with the "mildness" lavished on the Quaker, the slave's "benediction" was other than he would have prayed for, had any one taught him how to pray. A male Quaker entering Massachusetts, New Plymouth, or Connecticut, gave one unwilling ear to the Puritan Law, and was then expelled. Daring to return, his other ear, had nature unhappily blessed him with two ears, was legally amputated. The third offense was punished by perforating the Quaker's or Quakeress's tongue with a red-hot iron. A banished Quaker, who had survived the loss of both ears and the perforation of his tongue, and who still ventured into the nursery of Puritan "mildness," was condemned to death by the law of

[1] Bancroft, vol. i., p. 180.
[2] Bancroft, vol. ii., pp. 193–194.
[3] Hildreth, vol. ii., p. 177.
[4] Hildreth, vol. ii., p. 424.

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1659; and was thus relieved from the fear of further temporal punishment. Quakers who failed to take advantage of this mild legislation, were, a couple of years later, tied, half-naked, to a cart-tail, and dragged, under the lash, from town to town, until the frontier of some less Mosaic-Christian land was attained.[1] Considering the views of natural right prevalent at the time, the Puritan slave of the seventeenth century, could not appeal to Ethical standards higher than those accepted in the British West Indies during the first third of the nineteenth century.

The colonial slavers that sailed from Medford, Salem, Providence, Newport, or Bristol, were not engaged in a work of mercy. Returning they disposed of their merchandise at the most profitable port, regardless of the laws that authorized the lashing of a slave for keeping a dog, attending a funeral, or learning to write or to read writing; the branding of a slave that rode a horse without permission, and the killing of a slave that struck a blow. In the old slave market at the foot of Wall street, New York, many of "the black seed of Cain," as the negroes were called in the Metropolis, found buyers among the "leading merchants," and a rigorous municipal law, whose strict administration may well have made a slave long for that African home in which natural right was not wholly disregarded.[2]

Should the Las Casas of the nineteenth century have turned two deaf ears to these insinuating pleas, the British West India planter might have urged that his negro slave was his only human property. He did not make slaves of Moors and Turks, as well as of Indians, as the American colonist did, with the sanction of the law. Here Las Casas could have retorted: "Your countrymen, in England and in the American colonies, made slaves of white men during the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries. Why have you hesitated to plead this fact in your defense?" I know several reasons why the planter should have hesitated to refer to the white slaves of England. One reason may have been that, in the

[1] Carlier: La République Américaine, vol. i., pp. 203–205; Hildreth, vol. i., p. 453.

[2] A History of the People of the U. S., John B. McMaster, vol. ii., pp. 16–19; W. L. Stone, Hist. of the City of New York, 1872, pp. 148–149; Benson J. Lossing, Hist. of the City of N. Y., 1884, p. 19.

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course of the debate in the House of Commons, in the year 1833, Col. Leith Hay quoted Admiral Sir Charles Rowley's assertion that he would rather be a black slave in Jamaica than a white laborer in England. As a West Indian slave, Sir Charles declared, he should the sooner be his own master.[1] No one contradicted him. And a second reason for the planter's hesitation, might well have been that he feared some one would rehearse a shameful story of English and of Anglo-American barbarity.

"Indentured" or "Indented servant," "bondman," and "redemptioner," were the names applied to the white slaves of England and of the American colonies. A grievous form of slavery, villenage, existed in England up to the year 1661; not the mild form of villenage temporarily introduced by Columbus among the Indians of Hispaniola, but the harsh form under which white men were held as "villeins in gross." "The villein in gross," Mr. Hurd says, quoting Littleton, "was annexed to the person of the lord, and transferable by deed from one owner to another, and if he ran away from his lord, or was purloined from him, he might be claimed and recovered by action, *like beasts or other chattels.*"[2]

With this view of natural right prevailing in England, who can wonder that white bondmen were "merchandise" in the royal province of Virginia? or that the English slave ports handled white slaves as busily as negroes, Moors, or Turks? Bancroft it is that writes: "Men who had been transported into Virginia at an expense of eight or ten pounds, were sold for forty, fifty, sixty pounds. The supply of white servants became a regular business; and a class of men, nicknamed spirits, used to delude young persons, servants, and idlers, into embarking for America, to a land of spontaneous plenty. White servants were sold in England to be transported, and in Virginia, were resold to the highest bidder; like negroes, they were to be purchased on shipboard, as men buy horses at a fair."... "So usual was this manner of dealing in Englishmen, that not the Scots only who were taken in the field of Dunbar, were sent into *involuntary servitude* in New England, but the royalist prisoners of the battle of Worcester; and the leaders in the insurrection of Penruddoc. At the corre-

[1] Hansard, same vol., col. 142. [2] Hurd: The Law of Freedom, etc., p. 136.

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sponding period in Ireland, the crowded exportation of Irish Catholics, was a frequent event, and was attended by aggravations hardly inferior to the usual atrocities of the slave trade." [1]

Cromwell was the victor at Dunbar (Sept. 3, 1650); and nigh five thousand of his Scotch prisoners, he drove into England "like turkies." Sixteen hundred of them died of pestilence, it is said; and making every allowance, three thousand were left over for the American white slave market, there to be sold like "horses at a fair." Cromwell was the victor at Worcester (Sept. 3, 1651). Cromwell was the conqueror of Penruddoc, to whom he gave his word only to violate it (May 16, 1655). Cromwell it was, that, after the treaty of Limerick (Oct. 27, 1651), sold the Irish into slavery, deporting the fathers first, and then the mothers, sons, and daughters. If, as men living at the time related, from sixty to one hundred thousand were thus enslaved in the West Indies and in the American colonies, America owes a larger debt to England than Irishmen will ever repay—unless it be through Christian charity.[2]

The English view of natural right was no more enlightened in 1685, when, after the defeat of Monmouth, under James II., Jeffries, the great English Ethical Culturist of his day, condemned a thousand Englishmen to white slavery in the British colonies. Their fellow-countrymen, "men of influence at court, with rival importunity, scrambled for the convicted insurgents as a merchantable commodity." [3]

Unprogressive and ungrateful England! Las Casas exclaims. Five centuries after the Roman Catholic Irish clergy, at Armagh assembled, gave you a memorable lesson in natural right, you are again selling your own relatives, and even your own sons! And the shame of it! You are selling not only the sons, but also the daughters, and the wives of your Irish benefactors. How much better are you than the German Lutherans of Venezuela! And yet no Englishman dared compare you to an irrational, furious, cruel tiger or wolf. Indeed, you would brook no comparison else than with a ravenous lion.

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[1] Edition of 1841, vol. i., p. 175; Hildreth, vol. i., p. 509.

[2] Lingard: Hist. of England, vol. x., pp. 316; 327-331; 365-369; vol. xi., p. 53.

[3] Bancroft, vol. i., p. 176; vol. ii., p. 251; Lingard, vol., xiii., pp. 51-55.

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Under the constitution devised in 1669, by the pseudo-philosopher, John Locke, at the request of the royal proprietors of the province of North Carolina, the whole agricultural class was doomed to perpetual serfdom. "The leet-men or tenants, holding ten acres of land at a fixed rent, were not only destitute of political franchises, but were adscripts to the soil." They were "under the jurisdiction of their lord, without appeal." The "Grand Model" was the boastful name applied by Englishmen to Locke's constitution. And yet this modern Model of philosophic government determined that: "All the children of leet-men shall be leet-men, *and so to all generations.*"[1] Could we ask for more convincing or convicting testimony to the "mistaken view of natural right prevalent" in England at the end of the seventeenth century?

"*Non sibi sed aliis*,"—"Not for self, but for others,"—was the Herbert-Spencerian motto inscribed on the seal of the Georgia colony by the Trustees. In the spirit of this altruistic device, emigrants to the colony, "except papists, who were not allowed at all," were offered fifty acres of land for each indented servant accompanying them. Thus, by a premium, did the English Trustees "for the poor" encourage the purchase and sale of white bondmen[2]

Aboard that bark, freighted with the incarnated spirit of human liberty, the Mayflower, white bondmen sailed into the historical port of Mosaical Christianity. With the first batch of emigrants shipped by the Massachusetts Bay Company, indented servants were mixed up. By article 91 of the "Body of Liberties," a white man was not protected against slavery; for *all* strangers who sold themselves, or who were sold to the colonists became slaves, legally. No law hindered a white man from an indenture similar to that charitably devised by the Georgia commissioners, to assure the salvation of the pagan negro and the temporal advantage of white Christians,—an indenture of one hundred years. Article 88 of the Massachusetts code was prudently vague. Seven years were assumed to be the term of the white bondman's servitude. However, he could only obtain his

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[1] Bancroft, vol. ii., p. 148. [2] Hildreth, vol. ii., p. 368.

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liberty in the case that his master deemed his past service "zealous and faithful." The master denying that the white bondman had fulfilled this requirement of the law, it was left to the court to determine what further service he owed the master.[1] The right of contract was reverently respected. A white man could sell himself for life. 'There may have been those who did so,' Hildreth acutely remarks. The white bondman was "merchandise." "The engagement of indenture," says Palfrey "(there may have been those who entered into it for life) would be subject to be transferred to a third party, in which case the original contractor would be 'sold.'"[2] Mr. Palfrey relates some facts hesitatingly. Mr. Bancroft was not imprudent, nor did he suggest overmuch, when he expressed the opinion that: "this state of labor easily admitted the introduction of perpetual servitude." Heaven alone knows how many white men of the colonies had a good reason to agree with Mr. Bancroft's opinion.

The final clause of Article 91 of the "Body of Liberties," I have heretofore omitted. Thus it reads: "This exempts none from servitude who shall be judged thereto by authority." Artless, and yet comprehensive are these few simple words. The Quakers learned one meaning of this clause of the "Body of Liberties." In 1659, the General Court of Massachusetts handed down a judgment 'empowering the treasurers of the several counties to sell to any of the English nation at Virginia and Barbadoes, certain Quakers who refused to pay fines.' Was it from "the light of nature" that the Puritan drew his views of the natural right of other white men!

That the Scots sold as bondmen in New England, after the battle of Dunbar, were more than a few, we guess from the wording of the Massachusetts law of 1652, ordering that "all Scotchmen, negroes, and Indians, inhabiting with, or servants to the English, shall be lested (enlisted) and attend trainings as well as the English."[3] Scotchmen, negroes, and Indians! The language is Puritanically mild, but none the less suggestive. Still it is not exceptional. In most, if not all of the colonies, the white "servants" were by statute put on a level with the slaves. Remem-

[1] Hurd, p. 260. [2] Hist. of New England, vol. ii., p. 29. [3] Hurd, p. 261.

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bering the Puritan treadmill, pillory, whipping post, shears, stocks, lash, and branding iron, we can only hope that few white bondmen violated the Mosaic law in New Plymouth or in Massachusetts.

A similar system of white bondage prevailed in Connecticut. Indeed, the law, with a generous liberality, afforded the colonists an added means, a notable means, of increasing their stock of Christian white slaves. By the Ludlow code of 1650, "a debtor was bound, if the creditor required it, to pay his debt by service, and might be sold for that purpose, but not to any but of the English nation."[1] Thus were all foreigners considerately protected from participating in the benefits of Puritanical economy, or from accumulating Puritan cash. The same code authorized the pursuit of runaway white servants "at the public expense." When captured, they "were required to make up threefold the time of their absence."

"One hundred years ago," says Mr. McMaster, "the laborer who fell from a scaffold or lay sick of a fever, was sure to be seized by the sheriff the moment he recovered, and be carried to jail for the bill of a few dollars which had been run up during his illness, at the huckster's or the tavern."[2] To Mr. McMaster's work I refer the reader for a description of the New England jail of a hundred years ago. Dreading its horrors, many a decent white man may have preferred a bondage no more natural than that of the negro or of the Indian, and may have welcomed a haggling purchaser and a hard master.

The charter granted to the New York province by the Duke of York, under Governor Nichols (1665), protected the white man's liberty, slightly. "No Christian," in the words of the document, "shall be kept in bond slavery, villenage, or captivity, *except* such who shall be judged thereunto by authority, or such as willingly have sold or shall sell themselves," 'in which case a record of such servitude shall be entered in the Court of Sessions.' Lest any liberally disposed person should assume that this provision protected white men from bondage, the charter carefully speci-

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[1] Hildreth, vol. i., p. 372; Hurd, pp. 271-272.
[2] Vol. i., p. 98.
[3] Hildreth, vol. ii., p. 48.

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fied that servants could be indentured "for a term of years or for life." White fugitive servants, in New York, could be pursued by hue and cry. The cost of their recapture was chargeable against them, and they forfeited, in addition, two days for each day's absence. New York city was long an emporium of the trade in the white man-merchandise shipped from Bristol and other English ports. The views of natural right prevalent in New Jersey, or Pennsylvania, or in New Hampshire, Maine, Maryland, or the Carolinas, were not of a character to cause one single slight blush of shame to discolor the marble-white cheek of a New Yorker. Everywhere 'the laws for keeping these servants in order, and for preventing them from running away, were harsh and severe.'[1]

Well might a Las Casas have challenged an English planter, in the year 1833, to defend slavery and the slave code in the West Indies by an argument based on the legalized bondage of white men, prevalent in England and in her American colonies during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The members of the House of Commons, pleading for the planter, judiciously confined themselves to the English statutes legalizing negro slavery and the slave trade in negroes; statutes that accorded a triple dignity to the black man's nature: the dignity inherent to merchandise, to property, and to the brute animal. A statute of William of Orange, the Commoner quoted; a statute by which a duty was imposed on almost every article of commerce, excepting negroes. They were admitted into English ports free of duty.[2] Over the statute adopted in 1732, under George II. the English Commoners could not silently pass; a statute declaring that a negro could be the subject of a mortgage.[3] The reign of George III. afforded argument after argument to the spokesmen of the West Indian slaveholders. They quoted the act of Registration by which the right of property in slaves was expressly acknowledged; they quoted the statute, voted in the thirteenth and fourteenth year of George's reign (1773–1774), encouraging foreigners as well as the English people to invest their money in colonial securities, and

[1] Hildreth, vol. ii., p. 428.

[2] Hansard, loc. cit., col. 361.

[3] Hansard, loc. cit., col. 211.

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specifying these securities to be "lands and slaves." How could they omit the statute of 1806, the forty-sixth year of the same George's crazy rule? By this statute, the king himself was invested with a property in slaves.[1]

Lord St. Vincent was bold. He instanced the white slavery recognized as lawful, in one portion of Great Britain, as late as the fifteenth year of George III. I shall quote the words attributed to the noble lord: "It was not only in the colonies that the existence of slavery had been recognized by Act of Parliament: it existed in Scotland up to 1775, at which period it was abolished as the preamble of the Act stated, *not because of the grievances suffered by the bondsmen, or for the sake of principle*, but *for the sake of the owners of the mines* to which these bondsmen were attached." Lord St. Vincent might have added, that still another statute was needed to free from serfdom the white bondmen who worked in the coal and salt mines of Scotland; a statute passed only in 1799.

These lofty English Ethical standards of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were supported by still other parliamentary and royal declarations. Mr. Bancroft refers to the reports of the House of Commons, in 1708, 1711 and 1712, all favoring the negro slave trade. We could not forego the opportunity to impress upon politicians the lesson taught by Queen Anne, whose anxious conscience moved her to command Lord Cornbury to take special care that "God Almighty should be devoutly and duly served." That same devout Queen Anne it was, who, in the speech from the Throne to Parliament, in June, 1712, gloried in "her success in securing a new market for slaves in Spanish America."[2] Recognizing Philip V. as King of Spain, by the Treaty of Utrecht (1713), the English "acquired" the right of supplying the Spanish colonies with negro slaves; and when Philip revoked the concession they went to war for it, says Mr. Ingram.[3] When, in 1749, under George II., "the slave trade was laid open to English competition by statute," the motive of the Government was not concealed. The new policy is inaugurated because "the

[1] Hansard, col. 212.
[2] Bancroft, vol. iii., p. 414.
[3] A History of Slavery, etc., p. 149.

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slave trade is very advantageous to Great Britain" We have already mentioned the qualms of conscience felt by some Virginians, during the first quarter of the eighteenth century, lest "Christian Brotherhood and English law would not justify them in holding Christians as slaves." The conscience of the colonists was quieted by Yorke and Talbot,[2] the Attorney and the Solicitor General of the mother country. These officials certified an opinion "to those engaged in the American slave trade, that 'baptism was no bar to slavery and that negro slaves might be held in England as well as in the colonies.'" Afterwards both Yorke and Talbot were appointed Lords Chancellors, as a reward, perhaps, for their masterly presentation of English Ethics.

In more than one American colony, attempts were made during the eighteenth century to limit the "infernal traffic" in negroes, as Madison called it. It was not the spirit of Christian Brotherhood that moved the colonists. Self-interest prompted them. An over supply diminished the value of their negro merchandise. To England the Virginians appealed, asking that the importation be restricted; but the appeal was treated with contemptuous silence. The South Carolinians fared worse; a colonial agent received the following "memorable answer" from the Earl of Dartmouth: "We cannot allow the colonies to check, or discourge *in any degree* a traffic so beneficial to the nation."[3] What wonder that Mr. Godson, opposing the English ministry in 1833, charged that: "The mother country had, by her acts forced upon the colonies that species of possession which it was now said to be a crime for them to retain!"[4]

A crime! So a Las Casas appropriating Mr. Godson's word would have qualified each one of the many laws by which England, rivetting new chains on the negro, simplified the exchange of black men for other commodities, because the inhuman, the "infernal" traffic was "so beneficial to the nation." The writer in the Encyclopædia Britannica coolly wrote: "It may be truly said that from the latter part of the seventeenth century, when the nature of the slave trade began to be understood by the public, all that was best in England was adverse to it." Shall we

[1] Bancroft, vol. iii., p. 415.
[2] Bancroft, vol. iii., p. 416.
[3] Hildreth, vol. ii., p. 426.
[4] Hansard, loc. cit., col. 211.

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amuse ourselves at the writer's expense? No; he deserves a severer punishment. Let his own words, as we quote them, be his chastisement: "When David Hartley moved, in 1776, in the House of Commons, that 'the slave trade was contrary to the laws of God and the rights of man,' his motion—the first which was made on the subject—failed." We are at the close of the eighteenth century, and yet all that is best in England is not adverse to the slave trade. The writer in the Encyclopædia shall tell us why: "Public opinion on the question was far from being yet fully ripe."

Thirty-one years after David Hartley's vain attempt to put an end to the horrors of the slave trade, all that was best in England finally showed a qualified respect for the "Laws of God and the rights of man." Then, and then only, Parliament decreed that: "No vessel should clear out for slaves from any port within the British dominions after May, 1807, and that no slave should be landed in the colonies after March 1st, 1808."[1] The prudent wording of this act was not misunderstood by the English commercial world. Englishmen still engaged in the inhuman traffic. Even the Treaty of Paris (1814) did not put an end to the English slave trade. During the debate of 1833, no one questioned the extent of the traffic between the African coast and the British West Indies. In the good old days of Elizabeth, of William of Orange, of Anne, and of three of the four Georges, a quarter of the stolen blacks died on shipboard, from "natural" causes. Those that escaped a natural death under George IV. and William IV., often met a death no less natural; for the Master of a slaver, to avoid capture, did not hesitate to fling into the sea every piece of the negro merchandise that made his living cargo. Thirty-three years of the nineteenth century have rolled by. Progress indeed! The standard of English morals is, as it was in the twelfth century, monometallic;—the Gold standard.

And the American colonies, or the United States, were they at length influenced by higher Ethical principles, or by the supremely grand and original "Modern" views of natural right? History shall answer. By not one of the Constitutions of the

[1] Encyclopædia Britannica, Article on "Slavery."

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thirteen original states was slavery abolished. Delaware was the first to forbid, in 1776, the further importation, within her borders, of negro, Indian, or mulatto slaves. In the Massachusetts Constitution no mention was made of the slave. To the Supreme Court, it was left to decide, in 1783, that as the Constitution declared all men to be born free and equal, the slavery of black men must be illicit. In New Hampshire, slavery was a legal institution until 1792; in Vermont, until 1793; in Maine, until 1819. Pennsylvania, in 1780; Connecticut and Rhode Island in 1784; New York, in 1799; New Jersey, in 1804, provided by law for the gradual extinction of negro slavery. Actual slaves were not freed by any Constitution or law; but provision was made for the enfranchisement of negro children who should serve their parents' master until the age of twenty-one, or in some cases of twenty-five, or again of twenty-eight.

Neither slavery nor the slave trade was mentioned in the Constitution of the United States; and the lawfulness of slavery was uniformly acknowledged by the general Government until, in 1863, all the blacks were emancipated, as a war measure. In 1789 a Virginian member of Congress, desirous of limiting the slave trade, proposed to exact a duty of ten dollars on every slave imported into the States. So effective was the opposition, that he was compelled to withdraw the measure.[1] An effort of the Quakers in 1790, to induce Congress to abolish slavery was no more successful. Congress has no authority in the matter, said the Committee to whom the Quaker petition was referred. The Quakers made another attempt in 1797, and the House graciously "willed that leave be given the petitioners to take their paper back." This refusal to consider the matter was the third chargeable to the Representatives of the people, for they had been equally obnoxious to a petition presented in 1793.[2]

Kentucky, formed out of the old Virginia province in 1790, entered the Union as a slave state. Tennessee, created out of North Carolina, was expressly recognized by Congress as a slave state. In Alabama and Mississippi, which were detached from

[1] McMaster, vol. i., pp. 578–579.

[2] McMaster, vol. ii., p. 360; vol. iii., p. 515.

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Georgia in 1802, slavery was permitted. When Louisiana was purchased from Napoleon, in 1803, a part of the bargain was that slavery, as it existed, should not be disturbed. Texas was annexed to the United States in 1845. Prior to the American occupation, slavery had been abolished by Mexico. There should have been no slaves within the Texan borders. Following the Ethical standards of the American people, citizens of the Northern States, with "malice prepense," introduced negro slaves into a territory, where, by Mexican law, all men were presumed to be free and equal. The treaty of Guadelupe Hidalgo, passed between the United States and Mexico on Feb. 2, 1848, condemned these negroes and their offspring to perpetual slavery. The Mexican Government asked that a stipulation be inserted, enfrachising all the slaves.[1] This humane request was refused by the United States commissioners, and Mexico was compelled to do violence to her modern spirit, and to accept the American view of natural right prevalent at the time.

The Ordinance for the Government of the Territory Northwest of the Ohio was adopted in 1787. In this territory, the first settlers were New Englanders. A Virginian, Jefferson, proposed that "involuntary servitude should be forever forbidden" within the limits of the Northwestern territory.[2] Against Jefferson's concession to the rights of man, one congressman voted. This representative of a prevalent view of popular rights, hailed from New York. He may have known his people better than his fellows knew them; for within twenty-five years of the passage of the bill, slavery was a feature of the civilization of the new Western states of Indiana and Michigan.[3]

In the same year as England, and in the same way, to wit: on paper, Congress "abolished" the slave trade; and legalized a coasting trade in slaves: "No vessel of less than forty tons burden was to take any slaves on board, *except* for transportation on the inland bays and rivers of the United States." And if a vessel of more than forty tons burden carried a cargo of slaves into any American port, what was the penalty? The negro, mulatto, or

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[1] Carlier: De L'Esclavage, etc., pp. 122–169.

[2] McMaster, vol. i., p. 503. [3] McMaster, vol. iii., p. 521.

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person of color thus imported "to be held, sold or disposed of as a slave, was subjected to such regulations as the States and Territories saw fit to impose." Abolition forsooth!

For more than ten years before the passage of the law of 1807, an organized system of kidnapping existed in communities where the spirit of Christian brotherhood had moved men to free their own slaves or to purchase the freedom of others. These free negroes were carried off and sold into slavery once more; and the kidnappers did not hesitate to select a market whose regulations permitted no manumission of the negro.[1] Under the law of 1807, the free negroes ran more risk than ever from northern kidnappers.[2]

Congress ordained, in 1794, that "no *foreigner* could use our ports for building or equipping ships for the slave trade of foreign countries"; but this law did not prevent natives from building and equipping slavers in our ports. "Loaded with manacles" they sailed for the West Indies, or for Africa, and returned not to southern ports always. Boston and New York were safe harbors. The law of 1820, classing the slave trade with piracy, and punishing the condemned captain of a slaver with death, did not put an end to the inhuman traffic. Northern capital and northern vessels transported negro "cattle" into American ports, as well as into Brazil, Cuba, and the West Indies. Baltimore and New York merchants, not to mention those of other northern cities, annually stole close on a hundred thousand negroes, and sold those who survived the passage, to the number of seventy-five thousand. Thus, year in and year out, twenty millions of dollars worth of negro merchandise was handled in the "home of the free." Only the Civil War put an end to this infernal business.[3]

The Rev. Mr. Habersham, in the early days of the Georgia colony, labored as if he had a mission to the poor; but when the German Moravians expressed the pious opinion that slavery might bring down a benediction from the skies, Rev. Mr. Habersham resigned his charge, and as plain Mr., devoted himself to commercial pursuits, not excluding even the blessed negro

[1] McMaster, vol. ii., p. 359. [2] McMaster, vol. iii., p. 516.
[3] Carlier: De L'Esclavage, etc., pp. 221–235.

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merchandise from his stock in trade This Gospel-minded man it was, who wrote in 1749, the following touching words: "Many of the poor slaves in America have already been made freemen of the heavenly Jerusalem." May we not hope, recalling the poor slaves who, since Habersham's day, bore a heavy yoke in the American colonies and in the United States, that many more, whether Indians, Moors, Turks, negroes, Scotchmen, Englishmen or Irishmen, have since acquired, in the heavenly Jerusalem, a freedom denied them here!

And the white slaves, the redemptioners, bondmen, indentured or indented servants, were they freed by the Constitution of the thirteen original states of the American Union? As, theoretically, all men were born free and equal, one might reasonably expect that the liberty of the white man would be forever assured. But in fact the white bondman received no more consideration than the negro. "No mention was made in any state Constitution of the indented servants or 'redemptioners,' so *numerous* a class in several of the states."[1] The relatives and the sons of Englishmen may have been pressed into the English army. Still even compulsory soldiering was more manly than bondage. To the American Revolution, many Englishmen owed a liberty they might not have enjoyed, had the colonies remained subservient. The war deprived the English of a market for their relatives and sons. No other country trafficked in white men. And so the trade "was never revived again to any considerable extent."[2] In the land of the Puritans, one sort of white bondage was not ended by the Revolutionary War. "Even within the present century, in Connecticut, the law still remained in force, by which debtors unable to meet the claims against them might be sold into temporary servitude for the benefit of their creditors."[3]

Thus hastily and incompletely we have surveyed the views of natural right prevalent in England and America during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. And now, once more I ask you to imagine Las Casas passing judgment on this so-called Modern civilization. If he repeated the words: "Devilish injustice," words he used more than three hundred years ago,

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[1] Hildreth, vol. iii., p. 395. [2] Hildreth, vol. iii., p. 395.

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who would call them harsh? The gentle and just Columbus would not permit an Indian to work under contract, except from such a day to such a day. Yet during two centuries, the English sell and buy white Christians, and even their own sons and relatives, as horses are sold at a fair! What epithets, what figures of speech could express the great Dominican's just indignation? "Ravenous lion" would not have sufficed. "Worse than brutal barbarians" would have been no exaggeration.

Comparing this civilization with the civilization of Spain in the fifteenth century, of what have the English at home or in the colonies to boast? Of their moral decline; that is all. And should they not hang their heads, shamefully, when they are reminded of the grand lesson in Catholic Christian Ethics taught them by the Irish clergy of the twelfth century! Have Americans any reason to be proud of the views of natural right prevalent in the United States for sixty years of the nineteenth century? These views cannot be justified by falsely accusing Columbus of being the first man to introduce a system of slavery into the New World. Quote Elizabeth and Hawkins one may, or William III., or the devout Queen Anne, or the four Georges, or William IV., or Yorke and Talbot, or the Earl of Dartmouth, or the Colonial codes, or Congressional bills; and Cromwell, who wills may quote. If the views and acts sanctioned by these authorities do not justify the past of England or America, have a care not to attempt to justify that past by quotations from the "not yet translated parts of Las Casas!" There danger lies.

And the coming biographers of Columbus—will they not, thoughtfully, judge his dealings with the Indians by the severe, "mediæval" Ethical principles of the fifteenth century? Apologies he needs not. Apologies may well begin at home. Next to Las Casas, I know not a man that would have pitied more tenderly the black, red, white, and mixed slaves of England or of the colonies, than would the Discoverer of the New World; nor one that would have as passionately denounced the guilty thieves, "merchants" or masters, who stole, trafficked and abused, regardless of every natural right and of divine law.

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DAME SILVER.

JEROME TRANT.

YES! she was a dear old lady, full of grace and sweetness, with never a bitter word or a sour look, notwithstanding her sixty years' experience of life and men's follies.

Someone with poetic-tinged fancy had christened her Dame Silver from her constant predilection for a delicate grey, both in wearing apparel, and in the appointments of her tiny home, and Dame Silver she remained to all of us who crowded her microscopic reception-rooms whenever she would receive us—which was six days out of the seven.

It seems but yesterday that I first entered "My Lady's Chamber," brought by a friend who took compassion on the raw lad of seventeen, fresh from a large public school, where his orphaned youth had passed by in a dreary, cold kind of way, leaving him sensitive, reserved, and painfully awkward. Aye, it is twenty years old now, that first meeting, yet I hear the gentle voice bidding me welcome, and see the calm, refined face smiling on my awkwardness with grave sympathy, as distinctly as if the dial of Time had but marked a few hours.

She lived in a bandbox of a house in Hill street, with cool grey awnings shadowing her six flower-decked windows, like huge sun-bonnets shading some blooming Quaker maiden's shyness. How many feet have wandered through the grey marble-tiled hall, green with fresh ferns, and cool with the sound of trickling water in a tiny fountain! How many tired souls have found their way into the quiet *boudoir*, where a sunny smile and a cordial greeting ever awaited all comers!

A delicious perfume of olden times pervaded this sanctuary, like unto faded rose-leaves pressed between the pages of some ancient book of Hours. It always seemed to me that our intruding steps evoked the graces of past spring-tides, old affections, and vanished youth; and oft have I found myself stepping softly

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and speaking in lowered tones as if in some silent temple, forgotten indeed by man, but lovingly dealt with and remembered by Time.

What was her real name?

Theresa-Dorothy-Mary, only surviving daughter of Sir Patrick and Lady Tempest, both long before peacefully sleeping in the family vault near a fair Irish city by the sea.

Then she had no sister, no brother, no ties of kin?

None! She dwelt in a solitary world, for all belonging to her had passed away from strife to rest. The last representative of a time-honored race, she walked alone, seeing but in dreams the forms and faces of those who once had clasped her hands in tender love. Full five and thirty years had winged their flight since the day when the sod lay freshly cut on her only brother's grave. Yea! and forty years, save one, had flitted by since first she stood in the school of sorrow, bidding her weak woman's heart learn the great lesson which every child of Adam must know and understand ere lifting up their hands to claim the sure reward.

Then she had a life-story, a secret history?

Who among us, even to the most outwardly uninteresting, but can lay claim to some hidden tale, which at least to our own souls, possessed will and power to sway and interest, until its closing chapter bid us shut the book away from view, if not from memory! Yes! Dame Silver had a life-story, but it was not given to all to read it; only before a few—perhaps but two—was it unsealed and talked over, in unregretful if sad-toned language.

One afternoon in September I had strayed into Hill street, not with any idea of calling at Grey-Cot (so she laughingly dubbed it), for I imagined that the gentle mistress must be out of town, but in sheer idle strolling, which in those days meant anywhere within a mile's radius of the Square where *someone* lived during the London season. I had left my seventeen years with their attendant hopes and fears, far, far behind me, and now rejoiced in a frock-coat, button-hole, betting-book, and general foppish propensities. Having reason to suppose that *someone* was in town for twenty-four hours, I haunted the vicinity, and improved time by counting the paving-stones in Hill street. As I passed by the little grey house, my eyes wandered mechanically to the drawing-

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room balconies. What! the windows open, the flowers blooming, and the sound of a violin stealing through the silky curtains! Surely must Dame Silver be at home! I knew I was a privileged visitor; why should I not venture up and recount all my latest follies? Never had I left that gracious presence without feeling refreshed. No sooner thought than done. As I entered the cool room, with its subdued light and delicate tints, once more that strange fragrance, as of olden, time-pressed flowers, struck upon my senses with a touch of infinite calm.

Dame Silver, clad as usual in some soft, clinging gown of sheeny grey, with her snowy hair and peaceful countenance, looked like the ancient pictures of the Ladies' Tempest whose quiet faces gazed down from the surrounding walls.

"I believe she was never ruffled or troubled," was my inner comment as I bent over her hand in greeting; then I smiled at my supposition, for young as I was, I knew that none escaped the general law of suffering.

Some lady who had been playing the violin, rose as I entered, knowing that Dame Silver's friends liked to have her undivided attention when they called, like myself, outside of her general reception-hours. As usual, she greeted me with a sympathetic smile, and laughingly summoned me to confess all misdemeanors since my last visit. Her gaiety was contagious. In a few minutes we were chatting brightly, all dark thoughts having flown from my brain as dust before the evening breeze. The conversation chancing to turn upon some painful family tragedy which had occurred within our immediate circle of friends, I made some inane remark about a whole life being blighted, as a rule, through the disappointment of first affections.

"Foolish boy!" and she smiled, for she read my thoughts which had recurred, as I spoke, to a small trouble which had befallen me the previous year.

It was true: I was indeed but a foolish boy. Because my wings had been singed, were they irrevocably burnt? If my heart chanced to be heavy to-day, had it not still a well-spring of life within?

The world is stocked with foolish boys of even maturer years! How many a grey-haired man fools away his life in restless pursuit of an imaginary pleasure! What weak repinings for futile

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dreams! what trouble to secure a bursting bubble, an empty honor! Are such as these not foolish boys?

I glanced up, and smiled.

"An old woman's words are sometimes worth remembering, Frank," she continued, softly. "I have lived long enough to realize that what Time carries away is not worth regretting. Why throw your affections into the torrent?"

"Yet we all do throw them in," I observed, musingly; "what man would care to pass his life without seeking to detain, if only for a moment, some one of the many objects which the river hurries by?"

She smiled half sadly.

"Only to find a pebble where he hoped to pick up a jewel of price, or perchance to receive nothing save a wound, as the grasped-at prize escapes his hand altogether."

"Then you would have us all turn into misanthropes, and people the world with pessimists," I exclaimed, brusquely, for I was not thoughtful enough to grasp her entire meaning.

"Nay, you mistake me, Frank," was the quiet reply. "It is indeed right and fitting that each of us should value what God has lent us for a while, and guard His loan most preciously; but we do wrong to set our affections so fiercely on the object beloved, that all life becomes a blank to us when the flowing river claims its driftwood to bear it away to eternity."

"Yet we do, must, and ever shall feel such a blank," I still argued; "no man, worthy of the name, but must bow his head sorrowfully when the bitterness of death sweeps over his existence. If he feels nothing, why then, he is lower than the brute creation."

Once again she smiled indulgently.

"Certainly, he will feel the trial, but we must not be governed by our feelings! Our reason should always take the lead, and teach us to control what threatens to become morbid. Other people have their troubles, and we must be ready to help them, to the best of our ability. Men and women who brood over their griefs, who hug their miseries, and shut themselves up in their personal sorrows or wrongs,—such, I say, are guilty of cruel selfishness, and throw their affections into the torrent. I would not have you become one of these," and she laid her delicate, white hand, for a moment on my shoulder.

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I felt ashamed at my previous petulance.

"You are right," I said, earnestly; "but tell me, did you always think so?"

The pale face flushed for a moment.

"Not always; no, indeed! But then tastes change, and the human heart loses its hold on many things. I am now at the door of the future—or within a few paces of it,—so that few things on earth have the power to move me to any great sorrow, but— it was not always so; oh, no!" and a faint sigh stirred the air as she lay back thoughtfully in the easy-chair.

While anathematizing myself for a tactlesss blockhead—for I saw that my question had recalled painful memories,—I could not flounder out of the dilemma. Dear Dame Silver divined the situation at a glance, and gave a gentle laugh:

"You need not look so ruthful, Frank!" she exclaimed brightly; "I am not made of glass, so a passing stone cannot break me."

I still felt, and probably looked concerned, for she became grave directly:

"Do not imagine, for a moment, that you have pained me," she said quietly; "your words merely carried me back from age to youth, and, for a brief moment, I was once more a child. That means a great deal to some people; when your own hair sports the grey banner you will understand better what I mean," and she nodded her head at me with an arch look.

I was relieved to see that my blundering remark had fallen harmless to earth.

"You always seem young to me," I observed, earnestly; "how do you manage it?"

"I renew my youth as the eagle," was the quaint reply; then noting my interrogative glance: "some day, dear Frank, when you have had experience in guiding a fragile skiff through troubled waters, you will apprehend my meaning without any man's explanation. Why, out into what deep waters we have glided! But I hear a footstep outside which means another kind of chat," she concluded with a smile as the door opened to admit a well-known and welcome visitor.

We both rose to greet the new-comer—a tall, ascetic-looking man, dressed in priestly garb.

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"How now? Deep in some theological discussion? Perhaps I had better retire!" and the visitor smiled.

"You have not blessed the house for more than three weeks, Father, with the boon of your presence, and that is how you greet us," said Dame Silver laughingly. "What good wind blows you this way?"

"The wind of poverty and the sighs of the afflicted, child. I am overwhelmed with work this month, among the poor, on account of the prevailing sickness; indeed, I would not be here now were it not to enlist your charitable aid on behalf of some of them."

Dame Silver's gentle face became gravely interested. Were not the afflicted and the despised of this world, especially dear to her compassionate heart? Was not the holy friar who spoke, her almoner and ambassador of good tidings in many a miserable slum of the great city?

After a business-like talk concerning the immediate wants of his poor, the priest rose to go.

"You look seedy, Frank," he remarked kindly, bending a keen glance on me as he spoke. "Come out with me, and walk as far as the monastery; it will do you good."

"You will be his good angel, Father!" exclaimed Dame Silver, giving me a gentle tap. "He wants taking out of himself; too much brooding never was good for man or mule!"

"No! one pines and the other kicks, as a practical result!" laughed my captor, as he led the way on, briskly.

As we walked rapidly along the streets, my companion drew me out, and soon brought me into a common-sense frame of mind.

"Really, until I went up to see Dame Silver to-day, I felt like a useless log, and of the earth earthy!" I remarked musingly. "She rallied me, and now you have completed the cure, Father."

My hearer smiled, half gravely.

"A person may seem useless, yet, perchance, God is drawing good from them for others, unknown to themselves, my son. I am glad you went to see Theresa Tempest," he continued in a thoughtful tone: "she is truly the "strong woman" mentioned in the Scriptures, dispensing blessings wherever she bends her steps."

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I referred to the afternoon's conversation.

"Well, no one is in a better position to speak of sorrow bravely borne than she is," replied my listener. "I shall ask her to let me tell you her history some day; it would teach you a lesson. Here we are" (as the monastery loomed up through the gloaming); "come and see me some day next week, and in the meantime, go on bravely ahead, never losing heart. Don't be like those who have sailed over the whole world only to founder in a pond!" and the genial religious smiled a cordial God-speed.

I was not destined to hear that history for more than ten years. Time stole by, bringing many changes and sorrows in its train. I was now a man, with a man's gravity and experience; still, as I travelled over the continent of Europe, my thoughts wandered frequently to the little house in Hill street, and its dainty mistress. One day a cablegram reached me in the city of New York, where I was staying, which hurried me back to England as fast as steam could manage. My sweet, tender-hearted, gentle-faced friend was dying. Yes! Dame Silver had been stricken down by a fell disease contracted at the bed-side of one of her well-loved poor. Nothing which wealth or science could devise was spared, but all in vain! No love, no money, no human skill had power to arrest the sweep of the Reaper's wings as he hovered above that silvery head; his scythe was swift and keen. Five, six, seven days of anxious watching, and then—the end. Peaceful as the setting of a summer sun, restful as the ripple of the western breeze, was the passage of that humble and loving soul as it winged its flight from Time to Eternity.

The world of fashion knew that Theresa-Dorothy-Mary Tempest had passed from its midst, and that the family vault in Ireland would soon receive another guest, for were not the blinds of "Grey-Cot" drawn, and its knockers muffled in crepe? Yea! but no such outward signs of mourning were needed to proclaim the sorrowful fact to the countless hundreds of lowly poor who had assembled to pay their last tribute of loving respect by following the flower-laden coffin to its temporary resting-place in Kensal Green.

Oh, the pity of it!—to us, but the glory of it to the one who had left us mourning! Alas! for those who stood on the shore

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and watched the hurrying river sweeping away its drift-wood,—but oh! how glorious for our dear Dame Silver, whom the current was bearing onward and away towards God! [1]

THE DAISY'S CRIMSON STAIN.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE.

SMILING in her joy serene
Sat the Maiden-Mother mild,
Where, on Syrian meadows green,
Sweetly played the Holy Child.
Hither came a merry throng,
Crown'd with spring-tide's blossoms rare,
And, with gleeful shout and song,
Circled round the Child-God there.
To her face His look Divine
Fondly lifting, pleaded He:
"Prithee twine, O Mother Mine,
Garlands bright as these for Me!"
Choicest blooms she sought in vain,—
Only daisies starr'd the sod;
So she formed a daisy chain
For her meekly-hidden God.
As the simple crown she weaves,
Wound by shining needle made,
Sheddeth on the snowy leaves
Crimson stains that ne'er can fade.
Aye! since then the favor'd flower
On its petals pure and white
Bears—as Mary's precious dower—
Glowing spots, like rubies bright.
And, till endeth Nature's reign
Shall those blood-red markings blest
In memento sweet remain
On the daisy's snowy crest.

[1] A sequel will be written, entitled, "Dame Silver's Life-Story."—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

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SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

SIR William Davenant, high as his name ranks among the poets laureate, would have become more eminent if he had loved poesy singly, and given his time entirely to its cultivation. In early childhood he learned to admire Shakspeare. In the latter's travels between Stratford and London, his wont was to stop for a brief sojourn at Oxford, where he was guest of Davenant's father, a vintner of that town. It seemed a misfortune that he did not indulge with more ardor and persistence the inspiration gotten from such association. But the attraction of politics, intensely interesting at the attainment of his manhood, drew him away from his native place to seek fortune in the cause of King Charles I. A man so handsome and gallant found early opportunity of signalizing himself in the royal service, and his rise was speedy and exalted, much beyond his aspirations. It is much to be regretted that some record was not made of conversations held with Shakspeare during his visits, to which the boy doubtless was a listener, and by which many of his promptings were imparted.

He had spent some years in Lincoln College, Oxford, which he left without taking a degree, but his verses had already attracted attention enough for him to be styled and known as the "Sweet Swan of Isis."

Inheriting from his mother much personal beauty, soon after his arrival in London he became a page to the Countess of Richmond, then the most leading lady in English society, and not long afterwards became intimate in the family of Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, who, himself a votary of the muses, author of a Life of Sir Philip Sydney, in his seasons of leisure from political and Court engrossments, heartily encouraged his literary endeavors. This generous patron was assassinated in 1628, when Davenant, then at the age of twenty-three years, being without a patron, began writing for the stage. His first play, *The Cruel*

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Brother, made but a slight impression, but his second, *The Tragedy of Albovine, King of Lombardy*, was eminently successful, serving to make him a favorite at Court where, among his friends and patrons, were Edward Hyde (afterward Lord Clarendon), the Earl of Dorset; Lord Treasurer Weston, Earl of St. Albans, and their likes. During the season of the patronage of these eminent men he wrote quite a number of plays, as, *The Colonel*, *The Just Italian*, *Love and Honor*, *Unfortunate Lovers*, *Platonic Lovers*, and others, together with several masques, as, *The Temple of Love*, and *Britannia Triumphans*.

The sprightliness of his genius, his handsome person and graceful manners, commended him to the favor of the queen, Henrietta Maria. When the position of Poet Laureate was left vacant by the death of Ben Jonson, the king, for special reasons pertaining to his own interests, thought to bestow it upon Thomas May, who afterward was historian of the Parliament of England in the Civil Wars. In this capacity, and as a manager of the diversions of the Court, he became extremely popular. At the breaking out of the war between the king and the Parliament, on accusation of being concerned in the attempt to seduce the army from the control of the latter, he was arrested and imprisoned for several months. On his release he withdrew to France, whither the queen had already repaired. Commissioned by her to bear a quantity of military stores to the Marquis of Newcastle, who commanded the royal forces, he offered his services, and was made Lieutenant-General of Ordnance, and at the siege of Gloucester, received the honor of Knighthood for his gallant conduct. At the decline of the royal cause he again went to France, where he became the especially confidential friend of the queen. It was then that he became a convert to the Roman Catholic Church.

His principal poem, *Gondibert*, was begun and carried through two books while sojourning with the queen in the palace of the *Louvre* in Paris. Here, also, he republished his miscellaneous poems, and that named *Madagascar*, which he dedicated to Prince Rupert. In the year 1650, at the instigation of the queen, collecting a body of artisans of several trades, with those he set sail for Virginia, which ever continued loyal to the Crown, but the

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ship was run down and captured, and he was again imprisoned, this time in Cowes Castle on the Isle of Wight. Here he entered upon the completion of *Gondibert*, and continued his work until much broken in health, when, anticipating that death would overtake him in the midst, he ceased before the ending of the third book. Cruel as it seemed to order his removal to the Tower of London, it was fortunate for him. The accounts are variant as to those of the Parliamentary party through whose influence he was released. One was that a couple of Yorkshire gentlemen, who had been captured by the king's forces during the wars, and at whose escape from custody he had connived, came to his aid in the emergency. The other was, that the poet Milton, who was in great favor with Cromwell, was his chief and successful intercessor. Perhaps the latter account is more reliable, because it is well-known that afterwards, at the Restoration of Charles II., Milton received a similar kindness at the hands of Davenant.

The theatre had been suppressed during the Commonwealth, and its restoration began immediately on the accession of Charles II. Sir William, under the patronage of Lord Keeper Whitelocke, inaugurated it at Rutland House, where, and at another in Lincoln's Inn Fields, he produced, among other plays, *The Siege of Rhodes*, *The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*, *The History of Sir Francis Drake*, *The Fair Favorite*, and *Law Against Lovers*. These plays, together with pieces styled by him *entertainments*, were popular in their day, but since have been seldom represented. A man of excellent judgment and taste, he was the first to introduce painted scenery upon the stage, which in that respect thitherto had been almost entirely without this appendage that contributes so much to dramatic effects. In his time, also, women first took female parts, these being heretofore represented by boys and young men. The world owed to him additional thanks for the speedy recognition and development of the talents of Thomas Betterton, the first really great actor of the British drama.

His last production was, *The Enchanted Island*, the joint work of himself and Dryden in imitation of *The Tempest* in Shakspeare. It was noteworthy how long a man continuously menaced by death could persist in the cultivation of letters, and in most satisfactory discharge of his duties as laureate, then very exacting.

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Shortly after this performance in 1668, he died, and his office devolved upon Dryden. He was a man as much admired for courage, integrity, and grace of manners, as for his various gifts as a soldier, a politician, and a poet. His successor said of him, "Nothing could be proposed to him, on which he could not quickly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprising. He borrowed not of any other, and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other man. His corrections were sober and judicious, and he corrected his own writings much more severely than those of another man, bestowing twice the time and labor in polishing which he used in invention.

Gondibert is a heroic poem founded upon incidents occurring in the reign of Aribert, king of the Lombards in the seventh century. Critics, and indeed most cultured readers, have found fault with a poem, especially one of extended length composed in stanzas of four lines with alternate rhymes. It is for this reason mainly that this noble poem has not been more admired. It contains very many passages exhibiting a fancy second probably only to Shakspeare's. The character and fortune of Birtha are among the best things to be found anywhere. The appearance of the poem was cordially received by the best judges, including Cowley and Waller, but the general disfavor, added to his failing health, hindered its completion. It was risking too much to avowedly deviate from methods in the conduct of a heroic poem that was as old as Homer. Yet if his time had been devoted entirely to poetry, he would have ranked among the best. *Madagascar* also was praised much. It has many, but not very many, fine passages.

To the religious faith to which he had been converted he adhered with unswerving loyalty to the end. What influence in that behalf was exerted upon Dryden during their intimacy and literary companionship we can only surmise. That it contributed somewhat thereto seems probable, both from the ardent admiration felt toward him by the younger poet, and the latter's assurance that it was through Davenant's guidance that he was led to a just appreciation of Shakspeare.

Among his miscellaneous poems, *The Philosopher and the Lover*, *The Soldier Going to the Field*, *The Death of Astragon*, and *The Chris-*

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tian's Reply to the Philosopher, are noteworthy. I quote from the last the concluding three stanzas:

"Frail life, in which through mists of human breath,
We grope for truth and make our progress slow;
Because by passion blinded, till by death
Our passion ending, we begin to know.

O reverend Death, whose looks can soon advise
Even scornful youth; whilst priests their doctrine waste,
Yet mocks us to; for he does make us wise,
When by his coming our affairs are past.

"O harmless Death; whom still the valiant brave,
The wise expect, the sorrowful invite,
And all the good embrace who know the grave
A short, dark passage to eternal life."

Interesting and very touching are the beginning words in his postscript to the reader, at the end of his work upon *Gondibert:* "I am here arrived at the middle of the Third Book, which makes an equal half of the poem, and I may now digress to present, as I promised in the Preface, the several keys of the main building, which should convey you through such short walks as give an easy view to the whole frame. But it is high time to strike sail and cast anchor, though I have run but half my course, when at the helm I am threatened with Death; who, though he can visit us but once, proves troublesome; and even in the innocent may beget such a gravity as diverts the music of verse. And I beseech thee, if thou art so civil as to be pleased with what is written, not to take ill that I run not on till my last gasp. For though I intended in this poem to strip Nature naked, and clothe her again in the perfect state of virtue, yet even in so worthy a design, I shall ask leave to desist, when I am interrupted by so great an experiment as dying; and it is an experiment, for no man, though his mortification may be much greater than mine, can say, he has already died." If there was complaint at the harsh criticising he received, it was manly. It was put simply in these words, written while he was immured in Cowes Castle: "Perhaps, if my poem were not so severe a representation of virtue (undressing truth out of those disguises which have been most in fashion throughout the world), it might arrive at fair entertainment, though it

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make now for harbor in a storm." He held the laureate during a period of much degeneracy in literary taste, and in public and private morals. Yet he was regarded a gentleman in all his instincts and behavior, living the life, and dying the death of a Christian. He was full worthy to succeed Ben Jonson, and to precede John Dryden. They gave his dust a place in Westminster Abbey. If he foresaw that honor, it must have tended much to comfort his decline. In imitation of his predecessor's, his tomb was inscribed with these words,

"O Rare Sir William Davenant!"

HER HEART'S BOOK.

CYRILLE LAVIGNE.

ITS leaves are the lily's petals,
Lucent, and pure, and white,
Mid which the fervor of purest love
Shines beautiful, golden, bright!

Sun-warmed, and breathing of Heaven
Are the tender petals, traced
With the blessed inspiration
Of a spirit pure and chaste.

And ever about it hovers,
With the angel's unseen wings,
The gracious charm so plain to view,
God's benediction brings.

No cloud in its sunny heaven,
As fresh from the Fount Divine
Celestial dew renews it
In drops that sparkling shine!

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THE THIRD GLORIOUS MYSTERY OF THE ROSARY.

VERY REV. J. L. M. MONSABRÉ, O. P.

THE Apostles had assembled in the appointed place, awaiting in recollection and prayer the effect of the promises of Jesus. For He had said: "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and will take you to Myself; that where I am you also may be. ... And I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, a Comforter or Advocate, that He may abide with you forever, the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not nor knoweth Him; but you shall know Him, because He shall abide with you and be with you."[1]

Ten days after the Ascension of our Lord a mighty event took place. It was the fulfilment of this promise, and is thus recorded in the Acts of the Apostles: "And suddenly there came a sound from Heaven as of a mighty wind coming, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting. And there appeared to them cloven tongues as it were of fire, and it sat upon each one of them; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they began to speak with divers tongues, according as the Holy Ghost gave them to speak."[2]

O wonderful prodigy! But a moment ago these men were ignorant and could not clearly understand the doctrine of their Master; now they possess a full knowledge of the most sublime truths. At one moment they express themselves in a weak and stammering manner; the next they are filled with a marvellous eloquence. At one moment they are weak and timid even to the extent of cowardice—they hide themselves, so as not to be involved in the misfortunes of their Master; the next they come forth boldly, and fearlessly proclaim their faith and love, and

[1] John xiv. 3, 16, 17. [2] Acts ii.

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this, too, before a people who load them with injuries and drag them before their tribunals. They seem at one moment ungrateful and almost without hope; the next they are devoted to the words of their Master, even unto death. Now they are sad and downcast; all at once their hearts abound in hope and joy. What has happened? The Holy Ghost, having descended from Heaven, has brought to perfection in the souls of the disciples the spirit and form of the Christian life, which until now were only in a crude, inchoative state. This is His special mission. The Holy Fathers have sometimes called Him the "perfective force."

Learn from this, O Christian soul, that the effusion of the Holy Spirit is as necessary for thy salvation as is the application of the Blood and merits of Jesus Christ.

"The end of man, which is to see God and possess Him eternally, is beyond the powers of nature," says St. Thomas Aquinas; "our reason cannot conduct us to it, if its natural movement does not bring to its aid the instinct and motion of the Spirit of God." It is so necessary for us that without it we possess only the rudiments of the Christian and supernatural life.

Jesus, the divine Architect, makes of our souls His temples, having purified them with His precious Blood. It is the Holy Ghost who consecrates us in marking us with His character, and conferring upon us the unction of His love and the illumination of His gifts. Pentecost is therefore, in the Church, a universal and perpetual festival. Our baptism is a pentecost; our confirmation is a pentecost. Besides this, as St. Thomas teaches, the Divine Paraclete returns constantly, in His secret visits, to illuminate, strengthen, and beautify with His gifts the souls of the just.

But let us hear attentively the word of God: "The Lord does not come in times of disturbance."[1] We must have peace in our souls; we must remove the agitation of vain thoughts and of vain desires, if we would receive the Spirit of God. Let us await His coming, like the Apostles, in recollection and prayer.

It is not likely that God will surprise us by sudden visits of His light and grace; in the ordinary workings of His providence He only sends His Holy Spirit to us when we say with earnest fervor: Come, O Holy Ghost!

[1] 3 Kings xix.

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Let us invoke Him then in the dark night of temptation, in the agony of doubt. When, enveloped in the darkness of ignorance and drawn on by the glare of creatures, our uncertain spirit asks for the truth to guide it; and when, desirous of the knowledge and light of faith, we desire to penetrate the divine mysteries, let us invoke the Holy Ghost, for He is indeed the "Spirit of wisdom, understanding, and knowledge."

When we are moved to determine and fix our vocation in life, when we are about to perform some work in which our consciences are deeply concerned, or when it is our duty to direct souls in the ways of God, let us invoke the "Spirit of counsel."

When we feel the love of God languish in our hearts, or even when we are moved by a holy zeal, and we wish to love God with good effect, let us invoke the Holy Ghost, for He is truly the "Spirit of piety."

When the power of evil attacks us and the world persecutes us, when passion torments us, and when sorrow oppresses us, let us earnestly call Him to our assistance, for He is the "Spirit of fortitude."

When the abyss of sin is open before us and ready to engulf us, let us invoke Him with all our strength, for He is the "Spirit of the fear of the Lord."

In all our sufferings let us invoke Him, for He is indeed the Paraclete—the Comforter,

Against the slavery of all evil habits that weigh down the will let us invoke Him, for, "where the Spirit of God is, there is true liberty."

Has He come? Then let us meet Him with attention, vigilance, and profound respect. Let us not "grieve the Spirit of God" by our faults and imperfections.

QUEEN of the Church! around thee shines
The purest light of Heaven;
And all created things to thee
For thy domain are given!

He comes! He comes! that mighty Breath
From Heaven's eternal shores;
His uncreated freshness fills
His bride as she adores.

Who knows in what a sea of love
Our Lady's heart He drowned?
Or what new gifts He gave her then,
What ancient gifts He crowned?

Grace was so multiplied on her,
So grew within her heart,
She stands alone, earth's miracle,
A being all apart.

—*Father Faber.*

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ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST IN PRISON.

HIS LAST NIGHT.

HENRIETTA M. K. BROWNELL.

THESE prison walls are chill and drear, mould gathers,
Taint of pent-up air and fœtid breath oppress,
Most loathsome flesh is here, lep'rous, vice-smitten,
And all the lives that with'ring here confess
Their rank ill-growth, in act and word unholy,
Make of the desert's solitude a boon,
And less the misery to healthy senses,
Than to the soul's pure taste.

The lack of liberty is sore denial
To limbs that leaped the pleasant Judean streams,
Or coursed her plains, or climbed her every mountain,
Companions of youth's fairest, holiest dreams.
Oh, wild and happy hills, within whose fountain,
Laving from wayside dust, I strength renewed!
Unfettered life ye shared, so large, so mighty,
That this with merciless restraint's imbued.

Mine was no careless infancy, but shaded
With some foreknowledge of my mission wide,
And lofty thoughts with noble purpose teeming
O'erhung the cradled hours, as when, beside
Elizabeth, I learned the marv'lous story,
Of Zacharias' lips in silence sealed
Until th' accomplished hour of her fulfilling
My mystic name, divine command revealed.
My unborn rapture at the earliest coming
Of Word made flesh, when holy women met,
And friendship fed throughout the Visitation
Its stamp upon our happy household set.

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The Blessed Mother's speech so often quoted,
Unconscious law became, within our bound,
And as the years advanced, my own blest mission
In every type of natural life I found.
Did birds rise higher than their wont, their winging
Cleft skyward space as well for my rapt thought;
Did sunlight in the golden valleys linger,
It presaged coming brightness to be taught;
Did clouds o'ercast the sky they whispered woful,
That grief must mingle with the common lot;
And to my prophet's eye in storm was given
A martyr-vision that should spare me not.

A tempest's wrath, the Holy Child beside me,
Once clamored so I thought me lost; when swift
Across the sullen mass of cloud upheaven
The slender lightning tore a cross, in rift,
A lesser pair to right and left then weaving,
The deeper gloom with awful meaning fraught.
I, as to verify the dreadful vision
The Little Sacred Face beside me sought.
He spake through glance returned with visage saddened,
"The middle one was Mine!" But no word fell,
For none was needed in our deep communion:
But from that hour no tongue or pen may tell
How moments well-befitting tender childhood
Turned to maturest sympathy, as well.

How poorly life sprung from such deep foundations
As these, and fed from God and nature's self,
Would grace a Herod's court, or join in revel,
Or league in battle, seeking fame or pelf.
The locust-fed, and honey-feasted hermit
Could ill-adapt his taste to Syrian wine;
Or, shepherd-clad, pay to the royal purple
The homage only due to David's line.

Did desert stillness fit for strife and carnage?
Was pure, sweet air and blameless life a school

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Wherein to compliment, or learn court phrasing,
Or fathom diplomatic wile and rule?
Oh, straight and simple, swift and sure, my teaching
To make a way for Sacred Feet to tread;
And eyes that looked for these in holy hunger
Could illy brook the wanton mazes led
By her whose dancing "half a kingdom's" guerdon
Won, in the promise,—or "The Baptist's Head!"

For now I know the secret whisper coursing
The dungeon's gloom at dusk; and ere the day
My call may come, cannot be long retarded—
Perhaps my executioners are on their way.
'Tis small surprise, I knew my hour was nearing,
And measured not my righteous wrath or blame,
Though fully did I count the cost appalling,
Of speech to Herod's face of Herod's shame.

Last night a criminal, from wrong red-handed,
Did taunt me with my mis'rable estate,—
"Where is your Christ, who thus has you abandoned?
Who leaves you here so long, so desolate?"
He spoke with low-browed leer and hideous grinning;
How could I feed him from my banquet fine,
Which hath sustained, and been full consolation?
How "cast my pearl before" the heathen "swine"?

And yet, he was a soul! for his salvation,
And such as his, Christ came. He's to be won!—
I touched his forehead, stirred the matted tangle,
Named him "my friend," and thus the work begun.
I spoke of boyish days a-near the Infant,
Of manhood, and the power of love divine;
No tear was left within the frigid fountain,
Though these were freely rising up in mine.

His haggard eye was fixed on me in wonder,
When I declared that no one having fed
On Jesus' friendship ever suffered hunger,
Or was "abandoned" should his blood be shed.

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In speech, I led him to the banks of Jordan,
In speech, anew baptized our Blessed Lord;
But when once more the Holy Dove descended,
And rested on the Person of the Word,
Through my poor tongue, a light shone in the prison
Beside us—pent-up barriers burst, and pressed
The dews unknown for years to deluge swelling,
Repentance wrought, and he his guilt confessed.

Now to myself, his ignorant first question
Recurs, with what to him it must have meant;
One day he, too, shall slake his thirst barbaric
At fountains fresh, whose sweetness never spent
Shall gently teach him, what has been the greater
Nutrition of a life-time shared with God,
And that no pathway leads to desolation
Whose bounds he metes, which His own feet have trod.

No human loving supersedes its hunger,
Enjoyment only quickens fresh demands' supply—
A single hour with God is past computing,
In lasting love, in power to satisfy.
And I, whose life has been but steady harvest,
Would strangely lack, to show a present need,
Of that which was the soul's perpetual banquet,
Or think that Christ had ever failed to feed.

When the whole life has been complete infusion,
How count dilute some meagre day or hour?
What could He say or give He hath not given?
In what more freely show His sacred power
Than having made me feel that here without Him
He's just as present as when we have stood
In joy or sorrow, calm, or deepest rapture?
'Tis this, to know and live beside a God!
That *now*, I see His holy smile inviting,
And smile response to the Incarnate Word,
Across a glittering edge, as on a sunbeam—
Oh, welcome, martyr-baptism of the sword!

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A NOBLE VICTIM.

EUGENE DAVIS.

CHAPTER I.

AT OUR LADY'S SHRINE.



IT was a beautiful May morning. The cool air was laden with the aroma of wild flowers. Lilac and myrtle hedgerows, interspersed with honeysuckles, flanked the broad country road, leading into the little town of Agen, where in an hour or two the Madonna's *fête* day was to be celebrated. Hundreds of peasants thronged the highway—the men, clad in Spanish mantillas, the women wrapped in crimson shawls, and wearing veils that hung down from the luxuriant knots of hair that crowned their stately heads. A goodly number of these pilgrims were shod with *sabots*, or wooden shoes, the monotonous thud of which on the ground contrasted vividly with the sweet songs of the birds in the orange groves, and the exquisite melody of the sheep-bells tinkling from the distant hills. There were many children also in the ranks of these rustic wayfarers—romping merrily around their seniors, dallying behind at times in search of amusement, or running ahead in order to tire one another out. These boy striplings and little maids had all the robust health of natives of the South, where the flower gardens are laved by the waters of the azure Mediterranean. Their faces were bronzed by the sun, and their eyes were dark, yet lustrous in their brilliancy.

The little town of Agen, in Provençe, had decked itself out in its finest robes on this day of days, in honor of the Blessed Virgin whose blue banners floated from almost every windowsill. In one of its prettiest suburbs was situated the church of Notre Dame de Bon Encontre, built on the sacred spot where the Blessed Mother of God—so tradition said—used to appear long ago, attired in flowing robes of white and blue, and bless the good people of Agen. In return for these benedictions the inhabitants of the town built a shrine to their beloved Lady. Every

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year, on the anniversary of the consecration of this church, a pilgrimage was made thereto by thousands of pious persons from all parts of Provençe, and even beyond its confines—from Toulon and Avignon, and other cities, as well as from the mountain villages.

Early in the morning the procession to the church was formed in the big square of Agen. It was headed by priests whose chasubles and white albs shone brightly in the gleaming sunshine. Acolytes, bearing crucifixes and banners of the Madonna, followed the ecclesiastics, behind whom were thousands of pilgrims, most of the latter holding in their hands green laurels for Mary's shrine.

Only one-third of that mighty multitude were able to find accommodation in the church. High Mass was sung at the chief altar. After the first Gospel had been chanted by the deacon, a Swiss beadle bearing a basket containing the holy bread, distributed it among the congregation, while the choir sang the Magnificat. At the conclusion of the Holy Sacrifice the worshippers knelt down once more, and told their beads in response to the officiating clergyman. To the right-hand side of the high altar was a miniature chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Hither trooped most of the women, laying at the feet of the statue of our Lady the sweet young roses of the spring-tide, the snow-white lilacs, and laurels of emerald green. They all held lighted tapers in their hands while invoking the intercession of Mary. Some—and they formed the majority,—whose husbands, fathers, or lovers were either sailors on the high seas, or hardy fishermen on the coast of Provençe, appealed to her protection for those who were near and dear to them while they ploughed the stormy and treacherous deep.

The farmers, who came with their votive offerings, invoked her assistance in supplying them with a coming harvest of golden grain; while the vine owners begged for a prosperous vintage.

A young woman of fascinating appearance, whose face, however, wore a look of care and trouble, lifted her eyes to those of the statue appealingly, murmuring in her own simple Provençal tongue:

"Good Mother! watch over my Philippe, who sails on the ocean's

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billows, and bring him safely back to his Antoinette, whom he left to pine in sorrow for his absence on St. John's eve six years ago. O Blessed Mother! do hear my prayer, and satisfy one of the dearest wishes of my heart."

Tears trickled down the worn cheeks of Mademoiselle Antoinette as with hands folded in prayer she knelt before our Lady's shrine.

Hers had been a pathetic life. The daughter of a fisherman named Dubois, residing in Violetteville, a little town on the coast of Provençe, she had pledged her troth to a good, honest carpenter named Philippe Duval. The latter not being able to earn a decent compentence for two, determined to seek a foreign land, where he imagined he would amass a fortune in a short time, and return with it to his dear Antoinette. So he sailed for the western world—then the voyage took three months, for it was in one of the closing decades of the last century,—and no tidings had reached Violetteville of him since his departure. After a few years the folks of that village gave him up for lost; but Antoinette eagerly clung to the hope that he would one day return to his native land, and make her his bride. It was with this object that she left Violetteville every Maytide to join the pilgrimage annually made to the Church of the Bon Encontre in Agen, some fifty miles away.

Another Violetteville damsel—a wee tot of five summers,—escorted by a lady still young, dressed in widow's weeds, approached the Holy Virgin's shrine, and babbled musically the following little prayer:

"O Holy Virgin! make mother and me happy, and pray to God for the soul of my dear father. Father died two years ago. He was so good that I am sure he is now in Heaven. If he is not, I hope, Holy Mother, that you will ask our Lord and Saviour to open the gates of Paradise to him."

Fifine Millais, for such was the child's name, was the daughter of the late Monsieur Millais, whose widow was the stepmother of the girl. Fifine had liquid eyes of violet, a rosebud mouth, and a tiny figure. Owing to the fact that her oval face had been embrowned to a larger extent than the faces of other children, by the sunshine, one of the poets of Violetteville—Provençe is full

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of poets—called her "a daughter of the sun," a title by which she was generally known and recognized in the locality.

In the evening, after Benediction, Agen illuminated itself in honor of the Blessed Virgin's *fête* day. Behind every window in the town gleamed a few wax candles; the local mayoralty building was ablaze with lights, the chimes of the church bells tolled sweetly in the balmy air, and all was merry as a marriage feast. These peasant souls enjoyed a happiness peculiarly their own. Here in Provençe, the sunniest spot in the sunny land of France, blessed by God with the richest pasture land and vineyards, and girded on the west by the blue sea whose waters teemed with fish, the inhabitants of that favored clime were of a bright and genial disposition. Mostly all well-to-do, and comfortable, they envied not the great or the wealthy. Under the shadows of their glorious mountains beside the pleasant shores of the Mediterranean, they lived lives of purity and domestic joy, though of course they had, like most other communities, a black sheep or two in their midst.

The land of Provençe has had a most romantic past. It gave, in the Middle Ages, the cream of its armed chivalry to the noble band of Crusaders who sought to drive the impious Saracen from the Holy Land. The feats of prowess performed by these Provençal knights in their defence of Jerusalem, and the tomb of our Saviour, evoked the praises of several Popes, and reflected the utmost credit on their devotion to the cause of Christianity.

Provençe was also in that far-off time the home of the troubadour—the poet who sang the sweetest of lays and the tenderest of lyrics. The troubadour's muse occupied herself with the joys and sorrows of the people; pæans of delight or wails of piercing grief welled up from their hearts, and flowed as melodiously from their lips as a streamlet does from the mountain crags on its way to the rushing river. Their poetical effusions were, however, on the whole, of an exuberant and hopeful, rather than of a melancholy character. Their gallantry to fair ladies has passed into a proverb. It is recorded of several of these bards that they descended into a cave of raging lions to bring back the kerchiefs flung, by the belles, among the animals. Some of these unfortunate troubadours lost their lives by such Quixotic gallantry, but a few

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of them escaped, and thus won the hearts and hands of the lovely creatures. It is added, however, if we are to believe in the old chronicles of that time, that one of these singers, when he had rescued the kerchief, flung it contemptuously in his lady's face, exclaiming:

"A sweetheart who unnecessarily causes her lover to run a risk of ending his life, is unworthy to become his wife."

The seeds of poetry, planted by the troubadours, took root in the hearts of the people, with the result that their descendants today are the most imaginitive people in Europe. They have their own language, an offspring of the Latin, their own literature sparkling with gems of beauty and fervid fancy. The ceremonials of the Catholic Church admirably suited the rich and fertile imaginations of such a people.

* * * * * * * *

The evening after the *fête* day in Agen, the slumbering village of Violetteville was aroused by the hoofs of prancing bays yoked to a carriage in which were seated a few of the returning pilgrims who were natives of the village, among whom were Madame Veuve Millais, her stepdaughter, and Antoinette Dubois.

Madame Millais was the owner of a flourishing grocery store in the village, and enjoyed, moreover, the position of postmistress, which gave her a certain social status, though the salary was very small. The store had been left to her by her late husband, and she was the guardian of his two children by a previous marriage—Orlando, a youth of seventeen, and Fifine, to whom the reader has already been introduced. Orlando, at this stage of my story, was a confirmed invalid. Consumption was undermining his once robust constitution. His pale cheeks had at times that hectic flush which a poet once observed was "the gilded halo hovering o'er decay."

The house in which the Millais lived was a two-storied one, and situated midway in the village. The dainty little parlor, whose walls were decked with quaint pictures of country fairs and dances, as well as with rude paintings of the Madonna and St. Geneviève, the patron saint of the village, was in the rear of the premises, its bay windows looking out on a garden the parterres of which were furnished with the balmiest of flowers. The little postoffice was situated in the front portion of the house, to the

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right, as you entered, while the grocery store was on the left.

Madame Millais was yet a few years under thirty. She had a cheerful and pleasant face, and—what are very unusual in the south of Europe—a transparently white skin and beautiful golden hair. This blonde lady was the granddaughter of a Norseman who had settled in Provençe in the beginning of the last century. She had been delicately reared, and was more of a languid than an active disposition. She nevertheless succeeded in being, so far, a good and watchful mother of the two children left to her care by her late husband.

Chapter II.

FIFINE'S CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

Violetteville—so-called because it had been originally built on a garden of violets—was a village of some five hundred souls. A long, straggling street and a square made up the hamlet. Small stores and private residences kept each other company on both sides of the street. Violetteville had its modest church, its *mairie*, the office of which was situated on the top floor of a venerable rookery old as the days of Charlemagne, a school-house looking neat and clean in all the glory of whitewash, and a court of justice, a one-storied pile, which also served as the camping ground of the village's sole gendarme. The pastor of the parish, M. l'Abbé Ducrot, who alone looked after the spiritual welfare of the locality, was a courtly ecclesiastic of three-score and ten years. He had been for forty-five years *curé* of Violetteville. He had baptized, given the first communion to, married, and buried almost two generations of the people whom he loved so well. Père Ducrot was very popular with his parishioners. As unsophisticated and homely as themselves, he was more in touch with his flock than if he had been a distinguished *savant*. They consulted him in their temporal as well as spiritual affairs, and his advice was always followed, for the good abbé was a shrewd and sensible ecclesiastic. He had a marvellous knowledge of various crafts. He could give pointers to the *vignerons* as to the proper dressing of their vines, and he had quite an inventive genius for the manufacture of fishing nets. The mayor of the village was a cheery,

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pleasant individual, rather pompous in his manner, and egotistic in speech. He reigned as supreme, in his den in the old rookery, as the king in the palace of Versailles. He had no court, however, for his stipend, a beggarly one of a hundred and fifty francs a year, would not permit him to indulge in such a luxury. I might add that he was by profession a tailor, as well as a subscriber to the fashionable journal, *La Mode Parisienne.* He was, moreover, the leading public man in the village.

Violetteville was pleasantly situated on the shores of the Mediterranean. A dozen or so of fishing smacks found shelter in its little harbor. The long, sandy beach was strewn with nets basking in the golden sunshine of Provençal skies. It was flanked on one side by the blue sea, and on the other by pasture lands where the shepherd's reed piped a lively lay as he reclined on the long, green grass, tending his flocks and herds. Beyond the pasture lands lay the sloping hills clothed with budding vines, full of promise of a prosperous vintage in the fall. Still further the mountains, clad in eternal snow, looked like so many white giant-sentinels guarding the delightful Arcadia at their feet. The air was balmy with the odor of flowers, and impregnated with the ozone of the salt sea breezes. Here and there on the hills orange and olive groves made the scenery still more picturesque. On the whole, Violetteville was the loveliest village in the entire land of Provence.

One of the most prominent as well as prosperous families in Violetteville, was that of the Millais. While Madame Millais, the second, was born and reared in the village, Madame the first had died in Paris without ever seeing Provençe. There was an air of mystery about the late M. Millais. When a complete stranger, and accompanied by his boy and girl, he started in business in the hamlet, he let nobody into the secret of his past life. He was always most reserved. The only admissions he made was that his late spouse belonged to one of the noble families of France, and that he was a poor lad when he married her. His death shortly after his union with his second bride made the mystery of his previous married life still more mysterious, for in his will he was as discreet as he habitually was on that subject. There are some curious people in the world who are ever poking their noses into other people's business. The young widow was pes-

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tered by some of these busy-bodies with questions regarding the antecedents of her late spouse, but she invariably replied:

"I know as little of them as you do. All I know of him is that he was to me a good and affectionate husband, and thoroughly honorable in all his dealings with everybody."

Madame Millais, the business of the day being over, used to spend the evening in the chamber of her adopted son, Orlando, whom she pitied from her heart, and whose last moments she helped to gladden and console. Fifine, though a mere child, often wept at the foot of Orlando's bed, for she knew of, or rather had a presentiment of, her brother's approaching end.

Yet still there were occasions when, child-like, she would forget Orlando for just a wee while, and, turning to her mother, ask her any amount of curious questions.

One evening she was particularly philosophical in her remarks and queries.

"Dear mamma," she whispered, as the stars of the summer night poured their trembling rays into the room through the open window, "how far off are these heavenly lights?"

"Millions of kilometres away, my child."

"And did not God make them?"

"Yes; God created everything—the earth, the moon, and all other planets that revolve around the sun."

"And did He make the sun too?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And are not the stars God's lamps, hanging from the sky, to give us light in the dark nights?—are they not, mamma?"

Madame Millais could not repress a smile at the wonderful precocity of Fifine, and to please that little lady she answered her in the affirmative.

"Oh, it is so good of God," exclaimed Fifine, "to give us the star-lamps by night, and the sun-lamps by day! We would be all in darkness only for Him."

"But the sun gives heat, while the stars are merely radiant with a cold light like that of the moon."

"Ah, yes; but I love the stars all the same," as she raised her admiring glances to the twinkling planets lost in illimitable space; "but I like the sun too, for don't they call me a 'daughter

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of the sun?'" she added with a charming *naivèté*. "And if the oil-lamps of the sun were to give out some day, wouldn't we all freeze to death?"

"We would, my dear, but God is too watchful of His own to allow such a calamity to take place," replied Madame Millais, stroking Fifine's raven curls.

One lustrous Sunday in summer, when they were both promenading through the winding pathways of the garden, inhaling the luscious perfumes of the roses of the South, Fifine became suddenly pensive as she feasted her gaze on the flowers.

"What are you thinking of now, Fifine?" was Madame's affectionate query.

"Oh! I was just thinking, mamma, of how these flowers got here. I once had a dream, and, oh! let me tell you all about it. Last spring it was, and the snow had gone away. I dreamt one night just then that all these pretty rosebuds and lilacs were brought down from Paradise in the arms of lovely angels, and, oh! their wings did glisten so in the moonlight, for it was on a moonlit night I saw them; and their white faces were so pure and handsome. Oh! I shall never forget how gracefully they planted the pretty flowers in all these parterres!"

"Your dream was a most romantic one, my dear," said Madame Millais, sympathetically, "and does credit to your fancy."

Again, on a stormy winter's night, when the billows swept the shore without, and the thunder rolled from cloud to cloud, and the wind shrieked around the gables of the house, Fifine rushed in terror into the arms of her mother.

When Madame Millais had quieted her apprehensions, she asked:

"Is not the thunder the voice of God reproving all bad boys and girls? Sure, I am not bad, mamma. I try always to be good."

"Yes, you are good, dear; God has no blame for you. You are never naughty."

A pleased smile illumined the child's face.

Then in a half pensive mood, she continued, when the wail of the sea and the stormy winds fell upon her ears: "Are not these the cries of the captive souls in that place—oh, I forget the name of it—do tell me, pray."

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"Purgatory," replied her mother.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Fifine; "thank you so much, but I cannot pronounce that big word—it is so stupid of me."

* * * * * * * *

Fifine was the delight of the village. Her bewitching smile, displaying, as it did, a perfect row of pearly white teeth, brought sunshine into every home. She used to spend some of the long winters in a neighbor's cottage where a group of house-mothers used to assemble in a semi-circle around the blazing fagots in the grate, plying the distaffs and spindles on which the pack thread was wound by the children. This industry has flourished under most of the roof trees of Provençe for over a thousand years, and lessened to a considerable extent the cost of clothing for its inhabitants. While the whirr of the spinning-wheels fluttered, so to speak, through the chamber, a grey-haired grannie, whose wrinkled features were encased in the frame-work of a cap, rich with frilled lace, used to tell fairy tales to the children. She would point before their fancies, in the picturesque Provençal tongue, the legendary romances that cling still to the hills and valleys where they all first saw the light, and was full of anecdotes of the past experiences.

"Ah, my dear children," she exclaimed in a feeble and quivering voice, the accents of which the wee tots craned their necks to hear, "I was rambling by the beach one moonlit night, all alone, for I was too young a maid to have a beau, and I did not, somehow or other, care for the society of other girls, or indeed, of anybody, as I was then a dreamer. Well, my dearies, while I was approaching the grotto of La Vallière, what do you think I witnessed?"

"What, Grannie?—oh, do tell us, Grannie," cried a chorus of expectant little voices.

"The unholy wolf!"

The eyes of the children regarded old Grannie with the utmost wonder.

"Yes, it was the unholy wolf; but I prayed to the Madonna to save me, my dears; and she did, for the wolf, who was just on the threshold of the grotto, returned to his lair within, and I ran back home as speedily as my young limbs could carry me. Now,

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my children, do not go near the grotto on moonlit nights, for you might not be as lucky as I was. Besides, it is very disagreeable for any one to find oneself devoured by a raging wild beast."

The last remark was drawled forth from the toothless mouth in rather sarcastic tones, which caused the children to indulge in merry peals of laughter.

Fifine was very much interested in those old wives' tales. She had a vivid imagination on the plastic mould of which supernatural or sensational events made a profound and lasting impression. So she used to follow with bated breath and rapt attention night after night, the wonderful stories that Grannie used to relate—the magic spells woven by the black wizard of the wild wood; the light-hearted and frolicsome fairies dancing from hedgerows to hedgerows, and tree to tree, and the lovely maiden of the hills, Juliette Vignaud, who was so good in this world, that when she died, God transformed her into a star, and placed her in the firmament of Heaven, where she shines, and will shine, till the last day, when she will become an angel in Paradise.

And then Fifine would go home and seek her pillow, on which she would nestle her pretty head, and dream of being as good as Juliette, and mayhaps she too would be rewarded as Juliette was. She sometimes woke up at the sound of the night-watchman's voice in the street without, proclaiming the march of time:

"Three o'clock of the morning. All goes well!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE SACRED HEART!

REV. JAMES J. MURPHY.

THE promised time had come, in hallowed spot,
And Juda, mid her guilt and pride knew not
The hour that she was blest. A lowly maid
Stood listening to the angel, half afraid
At his strange words: Ay, "full of grace thou art,"
Sweet maiden Lady of the Sacred Heart.
She spoke: "May all be done e'en as thy word
Hath said, behold the handmaid of the Lord."

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And as the angel fled, his radiance bright
Was dim beneath the splendor of that light,
Too great for finite space,—the fires which dart
Forth from Thy hidden depths, O Sacred Heart!

At that low answer by a creature given,
In clouds of love, the King of earth and Heaven
Came down. With flick'ring rays earth's splendors die,
In feeble light the fires of Heaven lie,
Or seek to hide their tiny blaze apart,
From Thy unequalled shining, Sacred Heart!

A stable shone in glory at His birth,
His childhood graced the humblest walks of earth;
Wealth's glittering baubles were for Him unmeet—
Our Saviour King,—whose priceless love so sweet,
E'er claimed the humble as its cherished part,
And drew earth's wanderers to His Sacred Heart!

And when, amidst Gethsemani's deep shade,
The last great burden of His grief was laid
Into His Father's hand; when none were there
To heed the tears of blood they could not share,—
Ah! then withdrawn from every friend apart,
Thy wondrous Passion triumphed, Sacred Heart!

E'en death was not enough. That boundless love,
Which drew the Saviour from His throne above
To suffer and to die for man's deep sin,
Is filling earth to-day, those hearts to win.
Still from our altars, Pris'ner though Thou art,
Thy patient throbs are pleading, Sacred Heart!

And now, mid Summer's bloom and Nature's glee,
We consecrate our lives, our hopes to Thee;
O Light that fillest endless realms of space,
O wealth of Love, untold in time or place,
Adored by angel hosts—oh, ne'er depart,
But bathe us in Thy fires, sweet Sacred Heart!

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A STORY OF GOD'S MERCY.*

ALBERT REINHART, O. P.



AM very sorry about this, Mother, but really, I do not see how I can do otherwise."

"You do not?"

"No."

Robert Gray was sitting with his mother in her own little parlor. He was nervously tugging away at his moustache, with his eyes fixed on his faultless patent-leather boots. Evidently he was very ill at ease—annoyed, perhaps,—and were he not in his mother's presence he might, indeed, have lost control of himself. But he could not forget himself so far. He was too well-bred for that. With him, like with many another young man of twenty-five, plunged to his eyes into the stream of what he so fondly calls "life," Religion and its practices had melted away into something very vague and undefined. What with operas and germans, races and tennis, there was little time or thought left for Masses and Benedictions and similar "tiresome and antiquated" forms of worship. A string of pearls for some fair feminine throat was vastly preferable to Mary's Rosary, and a volume of "Keats" far more interesting than the "Imitation."

It was now nearing the close of the time set apart by the Church for the reception of the Easter Communion, and Mrs. Gray was urging upon her son the necessity of his paying this mere pittance of devotion to his God. But the young man stoutly refused. With a provoking indifference he informed his mother that he really could not persuade himself that any disastrous consequences would follow from his failure to make his Easter Communion; that, of all things, he abhorred hypocrisy, and that if, in his present dispositions, he should comply with her request merely for the sake of so doing, he could not possibly exonerate

* Founded on facts.

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himself from the charge of being a hypocrite of the deepest dye.

Mrs. Gray sat motionless. Presently she raised her hands, and pressing them to her closed eyes, probably to check the starting tears, she said, quietly, but with an aggrieved tone:

"Robert, you must know that this pains me exceedingly."

"Yes, Mother," he replied; "but, as I said before, I do not see how I can help it."

"What has come over you?"

"Nothing, I assure you."

"I never thought I should live to see my son grow up a godless, irreligious man."

"I beg your pardon, Mother; but, truly, I am neither godless nor irreligious. I firmly believe in the existence of God; and as for religion, if you could see into my heart you should find a goodly store of it there still."

"Then why do you refuse to manifest it in your actions?"

"I am not aware that I fail in this respect. I believe I behave like a Christian; and if I refuse to burn candles and swing incense, it is merely because I do not see the necessity of these adjuncts. I can and do adore God without them."

"Robert," exclaimed Mrs. Gray, rather vehemently, "I must ask you to spare me the annoyance and the pain of utterances like these."

An awkward silence ensued, during which this poor, deluded young man walked to the window, and, drawing aside the curtain, stood vacantly staring out into the street.

If he could but realize the absurdity of his position, perhaps he would abandon it at once. Wonderful, indeed, that a mere stripling of five and twenty must come to proclaim the uselessness of "adjuncts," with all the aid of which millions upon millions of enlightened Catholics barely contrive to save their souls. But "so runs the world away." Little by little we stray from the beaten path, and when we find that it will be unpleasant and painful to retrace our steps, we fall to philosophizing; and lo! in the twinkling of an eye, we have persuaded ourselves that our digression was after all not a "digression," but rather a "progression." Yes, we have advanced. We are numbered with the disciples of modern thought. Wings are clapped on our shoul-

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ders, and we begin to soar. High above the superstitious rabble we take our flight, straight into the fierce sun of "Reason"; but, ah me! too late we discover that our wings are waxen ones, that melt and run in the heat of this orb, and, like another Icharus, we fall through space, and sink into the bottomless sea of despair.

Mrs. Gray arose from her chair, and approaching her son, laid her hand gently upon his shoulder.

"Robert."

"Yes, Mother."

"I am going to exact a promise from you. Look at me, I beg of you."

Robert wheeled about, and looked his mother straight in the face. Oh, what a world of pleading was in those eyes, and what anguish written on that mother's face!

Mrs. Gray held in her hand a little silver medal of the Blessed Virgin.

"I am going to ask you to take this medal from me, to carry it about you through life, and every day to say just one 'Hail Mary.' I feel that if you will do even this little, our Blessed Mother will obtain for you the grace some time to see the folly of your ways, and to make amends. Will you do this for me?"

The muscles of Robert's face began to twitch. He bit his lips nervously, and thrusting his hands into his trousers pockets, started aimlessly across the room. He stopped, and found himhimself confronted with a copy of the "Madonna della Sedia," hanging on the wall before him. As far back as he could remember he had admired, nay, loved this picture. There was something so motherly in the caress with which the Madonna was holding the Infant Saviour in her arms—something so tender in the look of her eyes, that more than once, even when a boisterous, noisy boy, he forgot his games and toys to gaze in admiration at the beautiful group before him. Ah, how on those occasions his mother would steal up behind him, and gather him to her breast, and caress him, just as the Virgin did to the Infant in the picture! And there she stood now, holding out her hands to him, with a simple request—oh, so easy of fulfilment! and he had deliberately turned from her. But what a change in that face! There

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are lines there that were not then, and there are tears in those eyes that were not then.

"Will you do this for me?" again asked Mrs. Gray, in tones irresistibly suppliant.

How could he rufuse? Swiftly he crossed the room to where she stood, and throwing his arms about her, he kissed her, full on the lips.

"Yes, Mother, I will."

He took the medal from her hand, and slipped it into his pocket. Her head fell upon his breast, and for a while she wept silently; then he gently disengaged himself from her embrace, and brushing a tear from his eyes, he left the room and hurried out of the house.

II.

Four years had elapsed since the events narrated above had transpired. Some business matters had made it necessary for Robert to take up his permanent residence in one of the larger Eastern cities. He was most anxious, of course, that his mother should come with him to his new home; but just as imperative as was his necessity of living in the East, so was hers of remaining in the West, and consequently they had been separated now for upwards of four years. A great change had taken place in him. He was no longer the gay and festive beau, fond of fashion and society. A few seasons had served to show him the emptiness of all this, and to rub off most effectually the thin veneer which lies over it all, and which looks so bright and smooth to the uninitiated. He had settled down into a staid, sensible man of affairs, with a determined purpose of amassing a fortune for himself, and with all the pluck, judgment, energy, and perseverance necessary for the attainment of that end. But there was one aspect in which, unfortunately, he had not changed—his religious views were the same. It had come to be regarded as a matter of delicacy between him and his mother, and in all the letters that passed between them it was not even hinted at, nor in the visits which they exchanged was the subject ever broached. When her guest at the old homestead, he went with her everywhere, and was ever by her side—save when she bent her steps to the house of God; then

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their paths separated, and she walked alone. It is needless to say what a source of inexpressible grief this was to her, yet, like the true Christian she was, she bore this cross with a fortitude truly heroic. Often, indeed, her poor sorrowing heart seemed nigh to bursting, but always at times like this a visit to her Comforter, who dwelt silent and alone behind the barred tabernacle doors, brought the needed refreshment, and her drooping spirits revived, and she felt once again patient and hopeful.

One bright October morning, returning from Mass, she seemed more cheerful than usual. She was just crossing the strip of lawn which surrounded her very pretty home, when the postman handed her several letters. Hurriedly she looked over them. Suddenly her face lighted up—ah! there was the well-known handwriting—this one was from Robert. She entered the house, and laying aside her bonnet and cloak, passed into the parlor. She broke the seal of Robert's letter, and scanned the lines with all a mother's eagerness. An ashen pallor overspread her face. The letter slipped from her fingers. She fell upon her knees, and burying her face in her hands, sobbed as though her heart would break. Her last hope was gone. This was the letter:

"My Dearest Mother:—I hope you will forgive me for this. I thought it best to do as I did. We were married yesterday,—Helen and I. Why did I not tell you before? I wished to spare your feelings. I knew you could never sanction the engagement, for Helen, you know, is not a Catholic. When will you come out to see us, or shall I bring her to you?

Affectionately,

Robert."

O God of mercy, that breakest not the bruised reed, heal Thou this wounded heart!

Several weeks passed by, weeks of dull, miserable, creeping days. Not a line had passed between Robert and his mother. From day to day she deferred her decision as to what course to pursue. Her prayers were redoubled, and with a fervor and earnestness unexampled, she begged for strength and the light to see her course. But it seemed not to come. She could not shape her straggling thoughts into any clear, definite purpose, and while waiting and hoping for some decisive circumstance, she beguiled

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the weary hours, bathing with tears and pressing to her lips the miniature of a flaxen-haired, bright-eyed boy, clad in surplice and cassock.

A TELEGRAM FOR MRS. GRAY.

"Come on at once. Robert is very ill.

HELEN."

Have you ever noticed, how, when affairs come to a crisis, even the weakest fibre in the weakest frame seems suddenly to become steeled, and capable of an endurance entirely unsuspected? So it was with Mrs. Gray. With a courage strangely at variance with the enervation and indecision of the past few weeks, she went about making the necessary preparations for her departure. This was no time for womanish tears—a mortal soul was trembling in the balance.

Within an hour after the receipt of the telegram she was seated in the "Pullman" waiting for the puffing, snorting engine to start on its mad chase eastward over the rails. Would it never start? She could see no evidence of the dispatch with which business is usually transacted about railway stations. Everybody and everything seemed slow, inert, and phlegmatic. Twenty-four hours between her and Robert! Oh, how much and what events of consequence might transpire in those twenty-four hours! Will she be too late? Ah, thank God! there goes the bell, and at length they are under way. She put her hand into her pocket, and drew out her beads—a beautiful pair of pearl and silver,—a gift from Robert. She pressed them to her lips. How well she remembered the time when, kneeling by her side, a rosy-cheeked, innocent boy, she taught him how to weave its chaplet! How she dwelt with him on the various mysteries, and tried to store his childish fancy with the scenes and images they recalled! How long was it now since a rosary had slipped through his fingers! She put back the beads. It was useless for her to try to pray. Before her mind's eye flitted only pictures of Robert—of Robert well—of Robert ill—of Robert dead. O God! would she never reach his side!

In the section before her sat two men, one old and venerable, the other full of all the buoyancy of youth.

"How long have you been away?" inquired the elder.

"Just two years."

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"Glad to get back, I suppose."

"Ah, yes, indeed."

"And your mother?"

"Oh, she will be overjoyed. You know I am all in all to her, for she has no one else."

Mrs. Gray instinctively arose and moved to the other end of the car. She tried to listen to the rumbling of the wheels, to the laughter of that gay group at the further end, but she heard nothing but this one refrain: "I am all in all to her, for she has no one else."

She closed her eyes and fell into a reverie. For hours had she been sitting thus when she felt herself aroused by the touch of two chubby hands. She was startled for a moment, and opening her eyes, beheld looking up into her face, a bright, handsome little boy, chuckling heartily, and holding up to her an orange, of a size that his little hands could hardly clasp.

"Mamma says will you have this orange?"

"Yes, dear; I could not refuse you."

And she picked up the little lad, and held him in her arms, and pressed her cheek against his soft and velvet ones. How often she had held her boy just this way! Ah, those were happy, happy hours!

"But tell me, my little man, what is your name?"

"Robert."

The hot tears welled up into her eyes, and trickled down on the child's cheek. He was disconcerted, and having freed himself from her ardent embrace, ran off, half frightened, to his mother beyond.

Night came, and though Mrs. Gray's sleep was disturbed by feverish dreams, it brought her some rest from her waking agony.

A few hours more, and with the usual banging and clanging, the the train pulled into the station, and the journey was ended. Mrs. Gray lost no time in leaving her coach and threading her way through the motley throng which always pours out of a passenger station. She called a carriage, and having given the man the address, was being rapidly driven thither. On they rattled, over the granite streets of the business district, and the clatter and jolting

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seemed somewhat to distract the intensity with which her mind was dwelling on the approaching meeting. But soon the softer pavement of residence streets was under their wheels. Nearer and nearer came the moment that was to end all suspense. A turn in the street—a sudden stop, and here was the residence of Robert Gray. Quickly was the carriage door opened, and quickly did Mrs. Gray ascend the stoop, and there, great God! hanging from the door-knob were the ominous streamers of crepe. Robert Gray was dead.

The door opened softly, and just as she was about to sink beneath this terrible blow, she was caught in the arms of Father Clarke, a venerable and saintly priest. He led her into the darkened parlor, and bade her compose herself, for he had a story of God's mercy to tell her.

It was pneumonia that ended Robert's life just an hour ago. Conscious to the last, he was fortified by all the sacraments which the Church confers upon her dying children. He was patient and resigned to everything, save to his mother's absence; for her he called with his last breath.

In a little while, Father Clarke conducted Mrs. Gray to the death-chamber of him who was "all in all to her."

Kneeling at the foot of the bed, with her face buried in her hands, was the young widow. She arose as Mrs. Gray entered, and there, in the pale presence of Death, for the first time, mother and daughter met and mingled their tears without disturbing the solemn stillness of the scene.

The priest drew back the sheet which covered the remains of poor Robert. Calmly and peacefully he lay there with the image of his crucified Saviour clasped in his lifeless hands, and about his right arm, midway between the shoulder and the elbow, there was welded a band of silver, and from this band there hung the little medal of the Blessed Virgin, which he had promised his mother to carry through life.

DAILY sing to Holy Mary,
Varying your notes of praise;
Of the Mother of your Saviour
Worthy hymns in honor raise.

Joining in alternate chorus,
All responsively rejoice;
Vie in louder praise of Mary,
Hearing each the other's voice.

—*St. Cuchumneus*, an Irish saint of the sixth century.

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A WHITE CLOVER FIELD IN JUNE.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE message of the roses speaks of love,
The message of the wind is as the sigh
Of mother at the cradle of a child;
The wild azalea, darling of the May,
Has burst in bloom; below, above
All nature, hand-maid of the Maker, saith
"Live, love, to-day."
"Love!" And the poet in the woodbine glade
Feels all the summer life within his heart
Flow into song.
"Love!" And the lover, poet for the time,
Speaks, all aglow, to the one chosen maid.
"Love!" And breast-high
In tremulous stalks of clover, children sing,
And birds join in, and bees, and everything
Make June-day rhyme;
The hay, high-piled,
Gives out its song in scent,—
And Love is Life,
And Love is Music, and there is no strife
Between the days of June.
The skies have dropped star-blossoms on the grass,
The mottled pink sends up into the air
Clove-spices, and the rare
Musk rose hides petals in the mass
Of tangled woodbine; to-night there will rise
The scent of heliotrope to the gliding moon.
Not in the deep,—even if embedded pearls
Lie in fair groups upon a single stem,—
Are sights like these to-day
In the long clover field upon the hill;
No gem,
No cunning, well-wrought coral field

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That lies
In mid-deeps in the sea
Can fairer gleams of beauty yield
Than the white clover to the loving light
Its incense giving
In fragrant prayer to Love, that living,
Gives all earth's creatures of His love a part,
And sends His healing breath
The speeding years along.
Ah, never still,
White clover-heads, with tints of paly green,
Not yet brown-rusted by the constant sun,
Yet snowy bright,
Yet pearly white;
High up the hill to the green, tender patch
Of rippled grass, the cloth of clover goes,
Like the first, feathery snows,
Or like the wool of trembling, new-washed sheep,
Or like the white of dove-wings, when asleep
The dove moves gently, or the sea-gull's plumes
A moment ruffled when against the breeze
It backs o'er summer seas,—
And like these seas, the clover-blossoms run.
If Love is life,
Then surely life is death,
Since in our June,
Through all the sweetness of this field at noon,
Through maiden's laugh and the rapt poet's tunes,
Through clover-waves and the bees' mystic runes,
There shows a sign of one that went away,
And earth assumes
The shade of light seen through a darkened glass;—
Tied to the latch
Of the small house upon the very rim
Of the blossomed hill, there hangs a little thing
Breathing of Spring,—
Of Spring that's witherèd!
It is a dry May basket, in the May

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Hung there by little hands
Now in the earth
That gave arbutus birth,—
A gift of Love,
Made in the spring from a sweet child that's dead;
A gift of Love; and in all lands
Held sacred after death as this child's is.
Ah, Love is death,
If Love live only here,
And joy is fear;
Yet hope, Love-sent
From God, great gift of His,
Speaks of the Easter when the Christ arose,
And gave our June
New life that glows
From the great throne,
Where souls of children cling
To its gold bosses, and all flowers fling
Scents sweeter than the clover on the hill,
Which, never still,
Weaves into mystic music, "Love's not death!"

THE great share which the illustrious Virgin has had, and has in the progress, in the battles, in the triumphs of the Catholic faith, make more manifest the divine designs in her regard, and should awaken in all good men a great hope for those things which to-day are wished for by all. We must trust in Mary, we must pray to Mary! For surely she by her power can hasten to a speedy issue this new and greatly longed-for glory of religion, so that a common profession of faith among Christian nations may bring minds into agreement, a common need of perfect charity may bind wills together. For why should she not wish to see all the nations, whose intimate union her only-begotten Son most vehemently besought of His Father, and whom He Himself through one baptism called to the same *heritage of salvation*, acquired at an immense price, unanimously and eagerly direct their steps *towards His wonderful light*? Why should she not wish to exercise her goodness and foresight both in consoling the Church, the Spouse of Christ, for her long labors in this matter, and in perfecting the benefit of unity in the Christian family which is the remarkable fruit of her *maternity*?

And the premonition that this will soon occur seems to be confirmed by the confident opinion animating pious minds, namely, that Mary will be the happy bond of union, firmly and gently forming into one brotherhood all those who love Christ, whoever or wherever they are, making them obedient to the Roman Pontiff, His Vicar on earth, as to a common father.

—*Leo XIII., Encyclical of September* 5, 1895.

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A CLUSTER OF JUNE ROSES.

LAURA GREY.

IT was the month of June—the month of roses,—but no rose leaves had blown across my path.

Briars and brushwood had woven themselves into a tangled mesh over the road that lay behind me, and the vista opening in front bristled with their thorny spikes and seared leaves.

Weary and footsore, one evening, I sat down to rest upon a mossy stone garlanded with ivy.

"The month of June has come round," I sighed, "with its wealth of sunshine and dreamy evenings, but no roses have bloomed for me.

"In the distance, far behind, straggles the blighted past, and the bleak present lies at my feet."

They both formed dreary pictures to contemplate.

Presently, I heard a fresh breeze rousing the drowsy ivy leaves above me; I saw their long tendrils swinging to and fro in the wind.

From behind the green lattice I saw a golden network of bars penetrating the ivy screen. A voice whispered that within lay the garden of the church—that garden where blossom in fadeless springtide those choice exotics, the saints of the heavenly Jerusalem. Their road, like mine, had been strewn with briars; but their goal had been reached; and in their clemency they now vouchsafed to aid my pilgrim steps with a glimpse of their loveliness.

The first flower that arrested my attention was a regal yellow rose. A radiant angel approached, and motioned me to the spot where it grew. Primrose-tinted were its outer petals, deepening towards the centre into a warmer hue, until a rich glow of mellow sunset formed the heart of the flower.

A haze of fragrance floated above this favorite of Heaven, and an amber dew suffused its golded-shaded petals.

"This rose represents St. Anthony of Padua, whose festal we

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celebrate on June 13th," said my guide. "He was the spiritual child of the Blessed Francis of Assisi, and is one of the fairest blooms in this celestial garden. In him were united the love of a seraph, with the zeal of a confessor and the purity of a virgin. Dying in the prime of early manhood, at the age of thirty-six, he yielded his soul to God with holy Mary's name upon his lips."

Then the angel related to me the life of heroic sanctity led by the saint. He told me that he had been appointed the patron of learning, and the kind friend of those who had lost their earthly possessions and crave to regain them.

"With a willing hand he comes to the assistance of these latter," continued my companion. "Body and soul fare well at his hands. Invoke him, then, when tempted to despond;" and with a profound inclination towards the yellow rose, the angel passed on.

Seven paces further brought us to a white moss-rose, its snowy petals sparkling with dew, which frosted the green stem, and flashed on the feathery moss which clothed the calyx.

"On June 21st, 1591, this rose was planted in Paradise," said my guide. "It represents St. Aloysius Gonzaga, of the Society of Jesus, whose death occurred on that day, three hundred and five years ago. His matchless innocence is typified by these fleckless petals;" and he gazed admiringly on their chaste beauty.

"The taint of actual sin never sullied his pure soul, and he is invoked as the patron of innocence and youth. The Blessed Magdalen of Pazzi, in one of her ecstasies, was favored with a view of this boy-saint in Heaven, seated high among the angel choirs. On seeing his exalted throne, she exclaimed: 'Oh, that I could fly through the world, conjuring Christians to call on the Blessed Aloysius in their straits! No tongue can tell what joy he enjoys, or what power he exercises with God.'"

The angel told me of the angelic youth's flight from the world to embrace the Jesuit Order, and of the austerities practised on his tender body. His death was caused by an overflow of Divine love, coupled with fever, and the snow-white rose was planted to commemorate his pure and sinless life.

"You have seen," remarked the angel, "two roses. A third remains—a ruby red rose with a heart of garnet;" and we pursued our way towards a spot indicated by my guide. There it reared

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its head, this crimson moss-rose, with its petals shining with ruby dew. It was larger than the other two roses; but the angel explained that it was a twin rose, growing on distinct stems, but culminating in one flower.

"This dual rose represents the Holy Apostles, Peter and Paul," he said, "who laid down their lives for Christ on the same day in Rome (June 29th). They, like you, spent their days outside the cloister. Their lot lay along the rugged road of the world. And though the thorns of persecution pierced their feet, and the hot sun of the world beat fiercely overhead, they bore it all for God's sake, and sealed their faith with their blood. These high strides in holiness are not demanded from you. *Your* path in life lies low; *they* scaled the rocky heights of perfection. Look to them when the burden seems too hard to bear, but never again murmur that the month of June is bereft of roses.

"On June 13th you have seen the *yellow rose* blow; the *white rose* blooms on June 21st, and the *ruby rose* on June 29th. Other beauteous flowers adorn the parterres of Heaven, and in their ranks every Christian hopes to blossom one day." Adieu.

There was a rustling of angelic wings. The freshening breeze ceased to play amongst the ivy tendrils. Languidly they hugged the wall. The sun shone out, and I found myself sitting on the mossy stone—alone. My ramble through the rose gardens of Paradise was at an end.

JUNE.

REV. JOHN JOSEPH MALLON.

We know that thou art here: serenely now
The white-rayed daisies gleam 'neath clear blue skies,
Tall rye o'ertops the walls, and softly sighs,
While bees woo blossoms on the apple bough.
Yet by yon purpling crag less potent thou!
Before whose despot majesty arise
The mists whose waves have made white sacrifice
On shore, while gulls wheel freely round his brow.

What tho' the high-noon splendor of thy days,
Or cliffs in purple drowse, wild surge below,
Give glimpses of thee, month of rose and bloom!
Soon pass they . . . Love instinct with life then says:—
Those charms but fringe bright glory Thine,—and so,
Madonna, hearts thus learn their deathless doom.

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THE INSTITUTE OF OUR LADY OF THE CENACLE, DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL RETREATS.

A DOMINICAN TERTIARY.



O more appropriate time could be chosen for the presentation of this work, than the month in which we ponder, with deepest devotion, upon the love of the Sacred Heart, in the Divine Gift of Itself, and of the Blessed Sacrament; the season in which the Church is still filled with the joy of the coming of the Holy Spirit. In this month, too, we find the feast of St. John Francis Regis, at whose tomb originated the work, and under whose patronage began the American life of the Institute in 1892.

In the west side suburbs of New York City, on W. 140th street, on the banks of the Hudson, within a laticed enclosure stands the St. Regis House, the Convent of the Sisters of our Lady of the Cenacle. In the beautiful grounds, tree shaded, nature in a vine-grown ledge, had formed a grotto, needing but a statue to conform it into what it is to-day, a quaint little "Grotto of our Lady of Lourdes."

Here is developed one of the most spiritual of all the spiritual works of Mercy, in which women consecrated to God deal directly with those living in the world; for here women of the world, from all stations of life, are brought face to face, as it were, with their own souls, with their daily duties, and with God. It is a house of spiritual retreat, the first American foundation of the Nuns of our Lady of the Cenacle. The history of this religious congregation is an interesting one.

It was about sixty years ago, in an obscure French village, La Louvesc, near the tomb of the great St. John Francis Regis, that this religious Institute was developed, from the germ of a holy thought with which God inspired two zealous souls. The one was a priest, Father Terme, whom the world knew not, and who scarcely knew the world beyond his lowly little village; the other a

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young girl, Mlle. Couderc, but twenty-two years of age, yet a strong woman through the energy and fearlessness that had their source in her living faith.

"Spiritual desolation abounds upon earth, because so few reflect within their hearts"; this was the fructifying thought in the souls of Father Terme and Mlle. Couderc, from which came forth, at the tomb of St. John Francis Regis, the Institute of our Lady of the Cenacle, or of Retreat.

The holy resolve was taken of remedying the evil, and the resolution was put into execution in the year 1830. A few devout women were banded together to second, by the adoption of community life, the design of the two holy souls who had conceived it, and in every way possible to help the pilgrims at the shrine of St. Regis to obtain all the benefits to be derived from meditation and prayer at that hallowed spot.

Four years after the foundation-stone of this spiritual edifice had been laid, Father Terme, in the age of manhood's strength (he was but forty-three), was called from his little flock. Not only in his zeal, but in many of the details of his life, could he be said to have reproduced the life of St. John Francis Regis.

After the death of her saintly director, Mother Theresa, it is said, offered herself to God as a victim of suffering and humiliation for the preservation and development of the cherished work. In the course of her long life many a time did she have reason to feel assured that the offering had been accepted.

The earliest authorizations granted were those of Bishop Bonnel, of the See of Viviers, in 1836; the confirmation of the same by his successor, Bishop Guibert, late Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, and its blessing, shortly afterwards, by His Holiness, Gregory XVI.

To understand the full significance of the title eventually adopted, that of "The Institute of our Lady of the Cenacle," no mere human explanation is necessary. Open the inspired pages of the New Testament, the Acts of the Apostles, first two chapters, and read of that blessed gathering, the first retreat, made in preparation for the very first Christian Pentecost, where in that upper chamber known as the Cenacle, the Apostles "were persevering in prayer with the women and Mary the Mother of Jesus."

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Read on; read of the blessed descent of the Holy Spirit and its wondrous effects in the once timid Apostles. But powerless indeed the most powerful of human intellects to measure the mighty augmentation of grace in the soul of her, who from the beginning was "full of grace," the ever strong Queen of Apostles! Mary in Nazareth and on Calvary has been the fruitful Mother and Patroness of religious families in the church of God; surely Mary in the Cenacle may be by Divine right chosen to represent to the world, the spirit and the work of this Institute, the very mission of which is to draw souls apart in silence and prayer to await their replenishing with the Spirit of God.

By apostolic letters of the 12th and 19th of September, 1846, Pius IX. approved the title of our Lady of the Cenacle, or of retreat.

To what tests God puts the souls who are strong to bear them before He confers His greatest human aids; tests of their unquestioning dependence on Him alone! It was when He had called Father Terme to Himself, when, poor and unknown, in suffering and humiliation, the little orphaned flock still persevered, that Father Renault, Provincial of the Jesuits in France, visited them, in 1835. Before God he was deliberating whether or not he would occupy himself with this work, the destinies of which were so uncertain.

He heard within himself a voice which said: "Take this child which is upon the straw." He understood: the Institute was in its Bethlehem. That same year, to Rev. Father Fouillot, S. J., was assigned the mission of drawing out for the young religious family the first draft of their rule and constitutions. The Sisters were not slow to read his deep interest in their work and his faith in their mission. When the great lines had been drawn, the draft was presented to Bishop Bonnel, Bishop of Viviers, who accorded it a spontaneous approval, blessed the Rev. Mother foundress, and accorded many spiritual favors.

It was the year 1845 that beheld the real expansion of the work. In the city of Lyons a harvest of souls awaited the coming of the reapers. His Eminence, Cardinal de Bonald, blessed the chapel destined for the general retreats, and the success of the long Apostolate has been indeed the seal of God's blessings.

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Four years later the third "Cenacle" was opened; the Retreat Sisters were called to found their blessed work in Paris. A beautiful dwelling in the Rue du Regard, previously occupied by the Mussulman ambassador, became their abode. They were no longer without powerful friends. Father Fouillot, S. J., who called them his children, had transmitted the call to them. Bishop Guibert, successor to their old bishop, had himself solicited the necessary authorizations from the Archbishop of Paris.

At the time of their installation in Paris, Bishop Guibert held the title of Major Superior. He was admirably qualified for this delicate office in the government of the society. But during the year 1856 he conceived a design that was noble in its deep abnegation. Realizing that Paris would be the strongest centre of government for the society, to which he had become a devoted father, he generously took the initiatory steps towards the personal sacrifice contemplated by requesting the Archbishop of Paris to make the house that was under his jurisdiction the general Mother-House. The transfer of authority was effected. When Bishop Guibert was raised to the Archiepiscopal See of Tours, he reached out his paternal hand once again to the cherished Institute, and 1862 found a Cenacle established in Tours. It was he who, upon the fifth of July, 1862, addressed a petition to Pius IX. soliciting a pledge of supreme authority for the work, the result of which was the reception of the Brief entitled *Decretum laudis*, on the tenth of March, 1863. When Bishop Guibert was transferred from Tours to Paris, he found returned to him by God the office of Major Superior, which he had years before so generously renounced for the greater good of a divine work.

In the meantime the novitiate had been transferred to Paris. Rev. Father Renault, S. J., who had heard an interior voice say, many years before, "Take the child who is upon the straw," being released from the government of the province of France, held, until his death, the instruction of the novitiate of the Retreat, and many of the young religious treasured in their journals the wise and eloquent words of their holy instructor. When the novitiate had drawn to itself numbers exceeding the limits of habitation in the Rue du Regard, a large and secluded tract was secured for an installation, in Versailles.

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In 1883, the community bade farewell to the Rue du Regard, sacred with the memories of forty years of blessed fruitful toil. The new site is that of the present Mother House, Rue de la Chaise 7.

During a Chapter-General held in 1867, the constitutions and rules were completed; they received the sanction of the whole society. March 18, 1870, the society, its rules and constitutions, were approved and confirmed by a Decree of His Holiness, Pius IX.

During the war of 1870–71, "the Cenacles" were turned into hospitals, and the nuns of the Retreat became, for the time, hospital Sisters. Bishop Guibert took the dear novitiate, temporarily, under his own paternal care in his episcopal city of Tours.

In 1873–74, a Cenacle was opened at another world-renowned place of pilgrimage, Paray-le-Monial, where to Blessed Margaret Mary were given those wonderful revelations and visions of the Sacred Heart. Other houses followed rapidly, at Nancy, Lille, Marseilles, Turin, Milan, etc., but the trials and the joy of all of these were surpassed by those of the foundation made, in 1879, in the Eternal City: the trials, for here passed away, in a death that was a holocaust of love and of devotion to the sacred work, Mother Etienne, offering her life, in its rarely beautiful prime, for the triumph of the Church, and the prosperity of the institute she so dearly loved. The joys, for it was at the call of the Holy Pontiff they had come to Rome, the invitation having been personally given during an intimate audience accorded to Mother Theresa, the foundress, on the 7th of July, 1879. And it was in the name of the Sovereign Pontiff that the Cardinal-Vicar blessed the Cenacle there on Easter Saturday, April 19th, 1884.

The chosen woman who began her life-work at the early age of twenty-two was spared to see it wonderfully developed. More than four-score years were allotted to her, and until the last her keen and beautiful intelligence of mind and soul remained unimpaired.

Not only does the word "cenacle" picture to us the Descent of the Holy Ghost, but also the Last Supper, for it was in that same great upper chamber that Christ offered the first Holy Sacrifice, and gave to the world that abiding pledge of love, the Holy Eucharist.

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It is beautifully consistent, then, that the nuns of our Lady of the Cenacle should endeavor to draw souls to a frequent and fervent adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, whether enthroned in the monstrance or imprisoned in the tabernacle, and consistent, too, that they should endeavor to increase the prayers that are offered for the Holy Father, the Bishops and priests of the Church, to whom it is given to perpetuate that awful gift.



REV. MOTHER THERESA COUDERC,
Of the Institute of our Lady of the Cenacle.

The Sisters impart instruction in the Catholic faith to children and adults, to Catholics and non-Catholics of all stations in life. They do not intend, in this work, nor in any of their works, to clash with parochial associations. Their influence tends to create a deeper appreciation of local confraternities and sodalities; and their re-unions, blending the social with the devotional, attract many a worldly inclined young woman who would not be drawn otherwise into anything religious, even in her own parish. The distribution of good reading-matter is something the Sisters have always warmly at heart.

One of woman's most efficient tools in the doing of charity is the needle. Vestments for churches, and garments for the poor, are both fashioned by the ladies, who gather, perhaps once a week, to sew at the Cenacle. A monthly subscription from the associates provides the material. All benefactors of the Sisters' good

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works "may be affiliated to the Order, and share, *ipso facto*, in all the privileges and indulgences for the living and the dead, granted to the Society by the Holy See."

Naturally, teachers and all others who in their vocation or avocation specially need the light of the Holy Spirit, find a warm place in the hearts of the Sisters of the Cenacle, and hence their earnest endeavors to secure for them instructions specially adapted to their needs and their work.

Under the direction of the Reverend Denis J. McMahon, D. D., Rector of the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, New York, a Reading Circle, composed in the main of teachers and writers, meets at the Cenacle once a month.

As to their retreats, let their modest prospectus speak: "Some of these are public, and given at certain intervals, to all classes of persons, as, for instance, school children, first communicants, girls employed in factories, teachers, young ladies, and Christian mothers. Others are private retreats of one, three, or eight days. Retreatants may reside in the Convent, or spend a portion of the day within its walls. In addition to these private retreats, every month a retreat of a single day, lasting from Mass in the morning until Benediction in the evening, is given for different classes of persons."

The public retreats are preached by members of Religious Orders, or of the secular priesthood, many of whom have proved devoted helpers of the noble cause.

The Sisters give one day in the month, the second Sunday, to the Apostolate of Thanksgiving, during which Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament takes place. All are invited through the Catholic and secular press, to come upon that day, and like the one faithful leper in the Gospel, who fell upon his face before His feet, giving thanks,[1] to gladden the Heart of Jesus by giving expression to their own hearts' gratitude. The Rosary is the special prayer of this beautiful Apostolate.

This work of Thanksgiving received the approbation of his Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, on the feast of our Lady of Good Counsel, April, 1893, and was blessed by Cardinal Satolli in the present year.

[1] St. Luke, xvii. chap.

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The religious garb of the Sisters is very simple: A plain black dress, with a purple cape; a *bonnet*, with a white ruche encircling the face, and a white *bandeau* concealing the hair, but leaving the forehead free; a black veil; a rosary attached to the girdle by a clasp which bears their seal, representing the Descent of the Holy Ghost. The Sisters wear a gold ring, and upon the breast a silver cross, bearing in Latin the Scriptural text: "I came to cast fire upon the earth, and what will I but that it be kindled."

As soon as the Sisters are permanently settled in a new mission, they observe Episcopal enclosure, and perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, where the number of Religious is sufficiently large.

Among the sufferers mentioned in the vivid account of the Armenian massacres, which appeared in the May issue of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE, were the Nuns of the Immaculate Conception. This is a congregation of native Armenian nuns. When the plans of the Bishop, their founder, were matured, he sent five of the earliest volunteers to Europe for training in the religious life, placing them with the Sisters of our Lady of the Cenacle. One of the nuns, upon whom devolved this labor of love, is now a member of the Community of the St. Regis House, New York. In the pitiable state of destitution and suffering in which the massacre has placed the Armenian Sisters and their orphans, they cry out to this nun as to a loving mother for help of all kinds, promising generous return in prayer for the least offering. Their orphans are greatly increased in numbers owing to the martyrdom of many parents. Surely is it a noble charity to help the children of those who have given their lives in such suffering for God and the faith. It does not seem out of keeping to close this sketch with a prayerful wish that many reading it, may give of their abundance, or of their "widow's portion," to those who have witnessed the reality of martyrdom. How gladly will the Sisters of our Lady of the Cenacle here in New York,[1] forward even the least offering entrusted to them for their suffering foster-children, the Armenian Nuns of the Immaculate Conception!

Such is, in brief, the story of the Institute of Our Lady of the Cenacle, which has come to take up its abode in our busy America; not only to bless our country by the nun's wonderful power of impetrating grace, by her childlike faith and saintlike per-

[1] The address is: Sisters of our Lady of the Cenacle, St. Regis House, West 140th Street and Hudson River, New York.

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severance in prayer, but also to win us away, for a day or days at a time, from worldly scenes, to learn, alone with God, how to sanctify both joy and sorrow; and how to elevate to divine perfection the most ordinary actions of everyday life; how to preserve the soul in peace amid life's tempests, and render more sure a blessed immortality.

BEFORE THE TABERNACLE.

MARY WEST.

O JESUS in the Blessed Sacrament!
When dawn's first roseate flush
Wakens the dreaming world,
Till twilight, wings unfurled,
Hovers with soothing hush,
There Thou art waiting, watching, pleading,
And footsteps pass Thee by unheeding,
O "Beauty ever ancient—ever new,"
The while day's bright and fleeting hours are spent,
Thou dwelleth in the Blessed Sacrament.

O Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament,
The sombre shadows fall,
The evening star is lit,
A halo circling it,
The world is tired all,
Tired and dark and very dreary,
Then art Thou never sad or weary,
O "Beauty ever ancient—ever new,"
The while night's long and gloomy hours are spent,
Thou resteth in the Blessed Sacrament?

O Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament,
The years are rolling on,
The world is growing old,
And winter's heart is cold;
The rose is dead and gone—
While life away is speeding—speeding—
Still Thou art waiting, watching, pleading,
O "Beauty ever ancient—ever new,"
O Jesus ever in the Blessed Sacrament,
Till all the wealth of golden time is spent.

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CHILDREN OF THE ROSARY.

A JUNE JINGLE.

OH, the birds are glad,
For the trees are clad
With rustling leaves, all over;
And bees are gay,
For they can play
Amidst the honeyed clover;
And flowers blow
With their richest glow,
For the sun is on them shining;
And children shout
And dance about,
For the school term is declining.
June, June, June!
The happiest tune
All nature now is singing.—
For every hour
New wealth of flower,—
Promise of fruit is bringing.

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AN ANGEL TEACHER.

SECOND SORROWFUL MYSTERY.

WHILE savage cries athwart the air,
From demon throats are borne,
'Neath biting lash, in countless blows,
His Sacred Flesh is torn.

—*Mary E. Mannix.*



IN this mystery, above all others, the child seemed to need but little teaching, so deeply did she feel for our dear Master in His cruel anguish, and her tearful eyes were uplifted, her lips in a tender whisper breathed:

"Is there anything more I ought to know, dear Angel?" She had no doubt that the wise guardian spirit by her side knew all that was in her mind about the Scourging of our Lord at the Pillar—the Second Sorrowful Mystery,—and the Angel answered:

DEAR LITTLE CHILD:—You see in this mystery our dear Lord suffering cruel and bitter pain. The judge had said that He was innocent; but the wicked people cried out more loudly that He might be killed. Then the judge, thinking that they would be satisfied if our Lord were punished by scourging, ordered that He be taken and whipped with heavy lashes. And the cruel men beat Him so savagely and so long that His precious Body was bruised and torn, and the bones laid bare, till He sank down from loss of blood.

O dear little Rosarian, you will assuredly pity your Blessed Saviour suffering so grievously to save men from sin. He bore all these cruel blows, and He stood bound to the pillar, especially for the sins committed by those who are drunkards, and who do other evil and shameful things. And, dear little child, this terrible suffering of our Lord did not spare Him the cruel death of the Cross that the wicked people prepared for Him, nor does it prevent people now from committing, again and again, the sins for which our Lord endured so much.

Think of these things as you say the second sorrowful decade of the Beads. Comfort your loving Saviour by promising Him that you will always be good and sober and pure, as every brave little soldier of the Angelic Warfare should be.

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LITTLE FISHERMEN AND MAIDENS.

"OVER THE SUMMER SEA."

AQUINAS.



LL aboard! All aboard!—ding dong! ding!" A throb of the mighty engines, a great quiver from stem to stern, a magnificent curving swing, as the beautiful boat, free from the ropes that had hitherto bound her, glided gracefully from out her ugly pier into the broad channel.

The band struck up, "Over the Summer Sea," a novel and sentimental concession to Bess's ideas of elegance. Bye-and-bye they would play: "Paradise Alley," "Maggie Murphy," "I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard," or similar classical productions, more suited to the tastes of the audience. Bob had made sure of this part of the program. For the present, as Will said, "give Bess her head."

That same head of Miss Bess was thrown far back just now, and her nose was very much in the air. She said she "smelled an unpleasant odor of shoe-blacking, or—or *something*."

"Well, why did you come? nobody forced you," was Ned's very natural comment.

"Because Bess helped earn all this happiness as well as any of us," said Dorothy, who came up just then.

"I say, we did make a fine haul last month, didn't we!" exclaimed Bob, in high glee.

"It's good to have a rich old bachelor uncle in a family, after all," was Hattie's complacent remark. "Mamma's heart would have been a lovely 'catch,' of course; but when our nets caught Uncle Robert's fat purse too, why!"—and Hattie paused expressively.

"Guy! I wonder which net caught him?" said Will, reflectively; "was it Daisy's amiability, Hattie's good temper, Bess's gentle words—and she *did* make quite a respectable net of them, as Dorothy says,—or was it Dorothy's own sweetness and all-around-loveliness net? I'd give a farm to know."

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"Oh! I say, where do you leave me?" asked Bob, with an injured expression.

"And me?" added Ned. "H-m! when a fellow weaves his net of Latin verbs that it nearly breaks his head to get *into* his head, he ought to get some sort of credit."

"And haven't I been a regular George Washington?" challenged Bob, proudly. "Didn't even spin a yarn that wasn't Bible truth from top to bottom."

"Then if you fellows are going to take a hand in the credit of this thing, I might as well say I guess he was caught in my 'getting-up-in-the-morning-without-having-to-be-called-three-times" net, declared Will. "I turned out 'with the lark'" promptly, and helped him potter 'round his everlasting flower beds."

"Well, he told me," said Dorothy, smiling happily, "that he got mixed up in all the nets. He said there were so many that he couldn't possibly slide out, no matter which way he turned."

"And so we can very well divide up," added Daisy; I'm sure the old darling has shown himself big enough. To give even one day's pleasure to all these poor little fellows is indeed something fine."

The "Fishing Band" looked around upon their "guests"—for such mamma and Uncle Robert had told them they were,—and what they saw and felt more than repaid them for any time and trouble which they had put into the weaving of those May nets.

It was a fair June day, one of those perfect days which come but seldom even in this perfect month. The sun smiled down from a summer sky upon the blue and dancing waters of New York's beautiful bay. The lights and shadows played hide and seek over the gentle hills of Long Island, across the smooth greenness of Staten Island, and behind the more distant Jersey mountains. A cool west wind blew freshly over the wide expanse of waters, and caressingly through the unkempt and shagged locks of many a little lad, who till that day had never known the magic touch of an ocean breeze.

They had been very quiet, supernaturally quiet indeed for boys, —this company of one hundred bootblacks and newsboys gathered from the alleys and by-ways and narrow down-town streets of the great city. But now the novelty and shyness of the oc-

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casion were wearing off, and boy nature, the same the world over, and under all conditions, perhaps, began to assert itself.

"Golly! she's a dandy! aint she?" was what Dorothy heard as she mixed with a group gathered near the bow of the boat. "Look, Craps; get on to the size of her!"

The speaker was pointing in admiration, not unmixed with awe, to the statue of the great "Goddess of Liberty," which stands upon Bedloe's Island, and past which they were at that moment gliding.

"Say, missis, who is she? and what's she allers standin' there fur?" was the query of one inquisitive youngster.

Dorothy's eyes and smile had already won a place for her in this odd circle. Her whole manner, which said unconsciously, "I am one of you," completed the conquest. Some people said it was a "gift" Dorothy had with all classes. Perhaps so, but—perhaps love and sympathy formed the magic "sesame."

JUNE SONG.

JEAN E. U. NEALIS.

SNOW-WHITE roses for our Lady
Of the Holy Rosary!
Creamy buds with dew-drops laden,
For our stainless Mother maiden,
In her joyful mysteries.

Crimson roses for our Lady
Of the Holy Rosary!
Ruby buds, that droop and languish,
Burdened with our Mother's anguish
In her doleful mysteries.

Yellow roses for our Lady
Of the Holy Rosary!
Golden buds, that tell the story
Of our Blessed Mother's glory
In her glorious mysteries.

Graciously receive, O Lady!
On thy glad festivity,
With the incense of the flowers,
These poor, loving hearts of ours,
Children of thy Rosary!

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THE CORD OF ST. THOMAS.

IN the convent of Chieri in Piedmont, there is kept preciously guarded a beautiful reliquary. This relequary was fully described in a previous number of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE, so we shall not repeat the description here. Priceless and exquisite as it is without, it nevertheless contains within something of unspeakable value, something in comparison with which its outward magnificence is as nothing.

Arranged around a branch of beautiful coral is a flat, white cord, rather wider than a straw, and of such fineness of texture that we cannot even perceive the threads, if of threads indeed it is composed. At one of the ends are two loops through which the other end passes.

The end which hangs down has fifteen knots upon it in honor of the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary.

While looking at it we almost hold our breath, and there falls among us that sudden silence which, the Spanish so beautifully say, is caused by the flutter of angels' wings as they hover near.

And no wonder angels should always hover near this most precious cord, for, long, long years ago—full six hundred years ago—it was brought down from Heaven by two angels, and lovingly girded about the waist of a noble, long-suffering youth, who, kneeling within his prison walls, was ardently begging God to ever keep him pure and chaste.

Thomas, the son of the great Count of Aquino wished to become a bare-footed friar—a son of St. Dominic. God had called him to this high vocation, and he was not only willing, but anxious and eager to renounce all the riches and honors of the world, and obey the call.

His family, however, were loth to lose him, and especially in a manner so humiliating to their pride.

In those days the Dominicans, who were and are still called "POOR FRIARS," went about bare-footed, preaching, instructing, and doing good; accepting no money, but begging their food and

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lodging from door to door. They were rarely refused, for *then* people had that beautiful spirit of faith which the world has lost nowadays.

In order to prevent him from doing what in their eyes was such a mad thing, his father and elder brothers imprisoned him within the great castle tower, where for more than a year he was cruelly kept confined, and subjected to many trials and temptations. It was after one of the most severe of these temptations that poor Thomas, weary and frightened, and almost despairing, and yet full of interior joy that he had not yielded, threw himself upon his knees and earnestly begged of God to accept the whole offering of his body as well as his soul. Whilst praying he fell asleep, and it was during this sleep that two angels appeared to him and girded him with the miraculous cord, saying at the same time these words: "We have come from God to invest thee with the girdle of perpetual chastity. The Lord has heard thy prayer, and that which human frailty could never merit, is assured to thee by the irrevocable gift of God."

The angels had fastened the cord so tightly that the young man awoke with an involuntary cry of pain,—a cry so loud that some servants who were on guard, came running to see what ailed him.

Thomas, however, did not tell them of the wonderful thing that had happened to him. He merely dismissed them with some gentle and courteous excuse.

On his death-bed only did he reveal this secret. He then told his friend and confessor, Father Reginald, and added that from that hour no temptation against purity had ever been able to assail him.

After the death of the great St. Thomas, about three hundred years passed away, when one day it came into the head of another holy and learned Dominican, Father Cyprian Uberti, that it would be a good and pious thing to have similar cords of linen threads made in imitation of the miraculous cord of St. Thomas.

This was done, and the cords were blessed and touched to the original cord, and distributed to the faithful Italians who loved and revered the memory of St. Thomas, and who desired to preserve in themselves his holiest of virtues.

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Later, a Confraternity was established in Belgium, at Louvain. It was then first called the "Angelic Warfare," and gradually spread to England and Ireland, and many other countries, including our own dear land of America.

The cord, as our "Soldiers," young and old, know, is worn around the waist under the clothing, and has been, we are assured, the source of unnumbered graces to its pious wearers.

St. Aloysius, the special patron of youth, and whose glorious feast occurs in this beautiful month of the Sacred Heart, was an ardent lover of St. Thomas Aquinas, and wore this cord faithfully to the very end of his short and lovely life.

Many other saints and holy people could we name who did the same, and who had, ever after, reason to thank God that they had been led to adopt so simple, yet so wonderfully powerful, a remedy against the committing of sin.

The conditions for becoming "Soldiers" in this Angelic Warfare are printed in every number of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE.

Surely *all* our young people can easily comply with them, and thus become heroes and heroines in life's great battle!

ANGEL ROSES.

AMONG the Jews of old there was a tradition that every flower, especially every rose, is appropriated to a particular angel. What a lovely thought for this month of roses! Why, see angels! angels! everywhere!—along the dusty highways, where they grow in careless, sweet confusion; in luxuriant gardens, where the air is heavy with their perfume; beside the sick beds of little children, to whom they are whispering sweet messages from Heaven; and last, and most honored place of all, see them bending low in great clusters before the Sacred Heart.

"Her Easter Offering," by I. A. Mundy in the LITTLE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, is one of the sweetest and most pathetic stories we have ever read. "Annie Cleary was a little kitchen girl, fifteen years old, and just from Ireland." Thus, simply, naturally, and in almost homely fashion, does this sad, but exquisite, little tale open. Poor Annie had red hair and a freckled face, and rough, red hands, and mighty little indeed besides; but a wonderful thing happened to her, and it all came about, we are told, as Annie herself would say: "this-a-way." Annie had no Easter lilies, no flowers of any kind, "no anything," indeed, except her pure, faithful little Irish heart to offer upon the altar. How she offered that, and with those same poor little, rough red hands sent in addition a soul straight to Heaven that happy Easter day, is the story which I. A. Mundy tells in a way to draw tears from ones' eyes.

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WOLVES.

SEVENTH EVENING OF THE SOCIAL CLUB.

HENRY COYLE.

A SLIGHT change was made in the exercises of this evening. The weather had been very cold for several days, and the lake was frozen solid. The president suggested that the members meet at six o'clock, and spend an hour and a half in skating. At half-past seven they were all assembled in the club room, after having had a delightful time on the lake.

"Well, I hope everybody had a good time!" said the president.

"Yes, indeed," replied the secretary for the members; "it was a happy thought."

"I do not think that the ancient Greeks and Romans knew anything about skating; there is no mention of it in their literature."

"Who invented skating?" enquired James.

"According to the mythology of the Scandinavians, the inventor was Braga, the god of fine arts. Nossa, a beautiful goddess, was regarded as the protector of skaters. In the North, great battles have been fought on skates in ancient times. The Laplanders travel great distances on large wooden skates, the frames of which are as long as themselves."

"I should think they would stumble and fall," said Alice.

"Quite the contrary; they travel very swiftly, and never fall. They climb high mountains, and slide down the opposite side with great speed. Long and difficult journeys are accomplished by the aid of these peculiar skates, and many times they have enabled the wearer to escape from the fierce wolves which abound in that region. Have any of the members ever seen a wolf?"

The secretary was the only one to answer in the affirmative, but

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the one he had seen was a stuffed one in the Natural History rooms.

"The animal is very fierce, and is about the size of a large dog."

"What part of the world is it found?"

"Principally in the northern parts of the continent."

"Why was January once called, by the Anglo-Saxons, 'Wolf-month'?" asked Mrs. Stevens.

"The reason for this is thus explained by an ancient writer," said the president, opening an encyclopædia: 'The month which we now call January they called 'Wolf-monat,' to wit, 'Wolf-moneth,' because people are wont always in that month to be more in danger to be devoured of wolves than in any season els of the yeare; for that, through the extremity of cold and snow, these ravenous creatures could not find beasts sufficient to feed upon.'"

"Are they not still found in Germany?"

"Yes, but not so much as in the past. There is a black wolf found in our own Western states, which is larger and stronger than the European species, and consequently more dangerous."

"I remember reading in the life of Sir John Franklin," said James, "how he and his companions were often obliged to dispute their scanty food with the prowling wolves which infest that region. One night, when they had captured a moose-deer, and had buried a part of the body for future use, the wolves actually dug it out and devoured it, close to the place where the weary men were sleeping."

"Will the secretary please pass me that book?" said the president; "I wish to read an extract, showing the cunning of the wolves when pursuing their prey.

"So much snow had fallen on the night of the 24th, that the track we intended to follow was completely covered, and our march to-day was very fatiguing. We passed the remains of two red deer, lying at the bases of perpendicular cliffs, from the summits of which they had probably been forced by the wolves. These voracious animals, who are inferior in speed to the moose, or red deer, are said frequently to have recourse to this expedient, in places where extensive plains are bounded by cliffs.

"Whilst the deer are quietly grazing, the wolves assemble in

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great numbers, and forming a crescent, creep slowly towards the herd so as not to alarm them much at first; but when they perceive that they have fairly hemmed in the unsuspecting creatures, and cut off their retreat across the plain, they move more quickly, and with hideous yells terrify their prey, and urge them to flight by the only open way, which is toward the precipice, appearing to know that, when the herd is once at full speed, it is easily driven over the cliff—the rear-most urging on those that are before. The wolves then descend at their leisure, and feast on the mangled carcasses."

"Have any of you ever seen a boar?"

"I have," answered George, with a sly smile.

"Where, and when?"

"Why, Professor Wilkins is a bore, isn't he?"

Now the Professor was a teacher in the grammar school, and George was one of his trying pupils. After the general laugh had subsided, the president shook his finger at George, and continued:

"The wild boar is of a dark gray color, inclining to black. His snout is very long, and he has two sharp tusks. Where is it found?"

"In some parts of Europe, in Asia, and Africa," answered James.

"At the beginning of winter, the natives hunt the animal with dogs. They use a spear, but sometimes the boar breaks it in two, and the hunter falls a victim to the strength and ferocity of the enraged beast."

"It must have been a formidable animal in old times," said the secretary, "for I have read accounts where they lay waste whole provinces, and the one who succeeded in killing it was hailed as a hero."

"There is a very fierce species in certain parts of Africa. It has a broad snout, and two great lobes under the eyes. They inhabit the hot swamps, and as they are very savage, they are held in fear by the natives. When it is pursued, it will vanish in the deep morasses, where no one ever ventures to follow. Its chief enemy is the hyena, which destroys the young in great numbers."

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A JOKE ON THE BOYS.

A NEW national holiday was recently instituted, as all our patriotic boys and girls of course know. It occurred, and will hereafter always occur, on February 12th, and is the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln.

After the immortal "Father of his Country," perhaps no President has ever been so popular, so much loved as Lincoln, who has been justly called the "Liberator of the Slave." He it was who, elected as President at the beginning of the sad Civil War, directed the affairs of these United States—which were then, alas, *divided*—with wonderful wisdom, courage, and charity.

Great and good man as he undoubtedly was, however, he was also not too great to be very fond of a joke, and many funny stories are told of his abilities as a practical joker. A particularly good one is narrated by one of his recent biographers.

"Two boys," says Scovel, "ran away from their parents while under age and enlisted in the navy. Their parents made many ineffectual efforts to get their sons discharged. They finally got an audience with Mr. Lincoln—no easy matter under the pressure of the President's manifold duties and engagements. The parents said that the worst fault of the boys was their disobedience to paternal commands. Mr. Lincoln listened patiently to the story of the anxious fathers. He made no answer to their earnest appeals for the boys' discharge, but, reaching over to the adjoining table, picked up a blank card, and wrote these words:

"'SECRETARY WELLES:

"'The United States does not need the services of boys who disobey their parents. Let both Snyder and Ratcliffe be discharged.

(Signed) A. LINCOLN.'"

That card, we are told, can yet be found, and the parents of the runaway boys often tell the tale as one of Abe Lincoln's jokes; but, as Mr. Scovel says, "the joke was on the boys that time, not on the sweet-spirited and lovable President."

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HENRY'S REFORMATION.

W. J. H.

HENRY Vale was an idle, mischievous boy, who gave his aunt, with whom he lived, a great deal of trouble. His mother was dead. His father was serving a long sentence in the State prison. Henry was not aware of this fact; it had been carefully concealed from him, and he was under the impression that both his parents were dead.

His aunt had watched carefully over him, and sought to make him a good industrious boy, but so far he had not appeared promising. Frequent complaints came from the school he attended, about his laziness and disobedience. His conduct at home was no better.

One evening, while Henry was playing on the street, one of his companions became vexed with him, and said: "I am not like you, anyway. My father is not a 'State prison bird.'" Henry was amazed at these words, and knew not what to answer. His anger was aroused, and in a moment the boys were engaged in a desperate fight.

"Give them plenty of room, boys!" shouted John Wilton, and the boys formed a circle around them to enjoy the sport.

It is strange that boys should call that sport which is a violation of the Law of God, and which puts them on the level of the brute creation.

William Quinn was a larger boy than Henry, and in a short time the latter had more than he had bargained for.

One of the first thoughts that now bothered him was how he would present himself to his aunt. His face was bruised, and the dark circles around his eyes were swelling and becoming darker.

"I do not wonder that you went for him," said Arthur Moore. "He insulted you shamefully. You are in a bad condition, Henry, and I feel for you."

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"I am very sorry, indeed," said Patrick Ryan, a pale-faced, sympathetic boy.

"What will my aunt say to me," said Henry, "when she sees me in this condition? How do I look?"

"I will go home with you," said Louis Kling, a handsome manly boy, "and explain to your aunt how you were insulted, and she will not be angry with you."

None of the boys, except William Quinn, knew Henry's family history, and none of them seemed to have fully understood whether the statement was true or false. In truth, most of the boys thought it was false, and considered Henry justified in defending his father's reputation.

Starting for home, accompanied by Louis, Henry was ashamed of the appearance he presented, and pulled his hat over his face to hide his eyes. When they rang the door-bell, Henry's aunt came to the door.

"Why, Henry," she cried, "what on earth is the matter! Have you been fighting?"

"Excuse me, Mrs. Kelly," said Louis Kling, "but Henry got into trouble because he defended his dead father's reputation.

At the words "his dead father's reputation," the aunt's countenance assumed a deeper shade of pain.

When Mrs. Kelly was alone with Henry, she said:

"Henry, you have caused me much sorrow to-day. You have renewed an old grief that I had long been trying to forget. There is something I should have told you long ago, but I did not wish to cast a shadow over your young life. You are careless and idle, and there is but little in you that anyone can admire, who has your welfare at heart. But I love you, and love you dearly, because you are the son of a favorite and only sister, who had the misfortune to marry a gambler and a drunkard. The few years that they lived together were years of pain and anguish to your dear mother, until your father, in a fit of anger, committed a crime which leaves him as he is to-day, and you, branded with his ignominy."

Henry listened to his aunt's words as one transfixed, and when she had concluded, broke down completely.

His tears fell fast; his breast heaved, and he sobbed pitifully.

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"I am disgraced," he said; "I can show my face no longer to the boys."

Henry's sobs became louder, and more distressing. His aunt had no idea that the story she had just been obliged to tell would take such a painful effect upon her nephew, and she was surprised at the feeling he displayed. His present conduct revealed his true character to her, and while she quivered at his anguish, she hoped that out of all this sorrow he would come stronger and better.

"My dear boy, do not give way to useless sorrow. We cannot recall the past."

"But, aunt, think of the disgrace! And the boys all know it now."

"My dear Henry, dry your tears. As soon as your face gets better, I will offer the house for sale, and we will move to Baltimore, where I have some property. Here you will be unknown, and you can easily make new friends who will know nothing of your past history."

But this arrangement was not carried out. Illness came upon the good woman. One day she called Henry to her side, and said in slow, solemn tones:

"My dear nephew, I feel that I am on the bed of death."

"Dear aunt, do not speak so. You will get over this sickness. You are downcast. Cheer up!"

"Henry, we go when God calls us. He knows what is best for us; listen to what I have to say, for this may be the last time I may be able to speak to you."

The lad knelt beside his aunt's bed.

"Henry, I have made my will in your favor. You are to inherit my property. I have appointed Father Holmes your guardian. I am supposed to be worth about seventy thousand dollars. Eight thousand is devoted to charities; the remainder is yours. You will get the principal when you come of age. Remember, you are a child of God, you have a soul to save, and try to live a good, holy life. I have loved you always, and love you now more than ever, since I am to leave you soon. My child, I have one promise to ask you, and I hope you will grant it."

"Ask me anything, aunt; I promise!"

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"I want you to promise me never to taste a drop of liquor. If you promise me this, I shall die happy, for I know that if you keep this promise you will be happy."

"I promise you, dear aunt, that I will never allow a drop of liquor to pass my lips, and I hope that God will give me grace to keep this promise."

"My child, I can speak no more. I am tired; you may go to your room, and when I want you I will send for you."

The priest arrived soon after, and heard her confession. He promised to come the following morning to anoint her, and give her the Holy Viaticum.

Henry passed the day in great uneasiness. He kept his room in order to avoid meeting friends who came to see his aunt. The thought of coming into possession of her property did not elate him. Her approaching death filled him with sorrow, and the shadow of his father's evil deed had flung itself over his young life; pain and anguish of spirit were the inheritance it offered him.

It is often strange to find a keenness of mind and a sensitiveness to pain in hearts that appear light and buoyant, especially in boys that give no indication of depth of character.

The following morning the priest came, bearing the Holy Viaticum. A temporary altar had been erected in the room, adorned with lights and flowers. Henry answered the prayers, and followed, with great devotion, all the ceremonies. He could not keep back the tears that were welling to his eyes. He saw the look of calm and peace upon the face of his aunt, which told him of her happiness. But he grieved to lose her.

He spent the entire day with his aunt, for it was evident that she was nearing the end. The evening came that was to usher in for her an everlasting morning. She had suffered much during the afternoon, but now all was quiet. Suddenly she raised her head, and opened her eyes. She looked steadily at Henry; then her head fell back. She drew a long breath, and calmly expired.

Henry looked on her face, and knew that all was over. He felt the loss he had sustained. She had been to him both mother and father, and had borne all his waywardness with the depth of

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a mother's tenderness. He threw himself on his knees and sobbed aloud. The nurse lifted him up and said: "My dear boy, tears will not be of any avail to your aunt's soul now Let us pray that God may give her rest and light."

* * * * * *

Shortly after his aunt's burial Henry saw his father. Imprisonment had aged him rapidly, and he was worn out with severe sickness. In less than one year after the death of his aunt, his father died. While he lived he assisted him as far as the rules of the prison would permit. Henry and his guardian were the only mourners at the grave. Over it was erected a simple marble cross, on which was engraved, besides the name and age, these words: "Remember the Lord in the days of thy youth."

After the death of his aunt, Henry began to study diligently. He determined to devote his life to the good of others, particularly to the welfare of poor boys.

Having studied music, drawing, and the principles of some of the trades, he determined to open an industrial school for boys, and support it out of his own resources.

He bought a handsome farm a short distance from the city, and erected a building capable of accommodating fifty boys. Here he is educating and training them. It is a pleasure to hear him give an instruction, or listen to him leading the singing in the beautiful chapel. The boys have learned to love him as a father. "To do good to others, and thus win their minds and hearts to God," is the motive that is urging him to live so self-sacrificing a life.

CONDITIONS FOR BECOMING SOLDIERS IN THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

1. Send your full names to be enrolled.

2. Wear around the waist under the clothing, the little white linen girdle that must be blessed by a Dominican priest, or by a priest who has permission from the Dominicans.

3. Strive in every way to be pure in soul and body.

4. If you cannot buy the girdles in your neighborhood AQUINAS will buy them for you. When you write enclose ten cents to cover the expense of the girdle, leaflet, and postage. You may send stamps. But let no child hold back from becoming a Soldier in the Angelic Warfare on account of poverty. To those who cannot pay we shall send all free.

5. Address your letters to AQUINAS, ROSARY OFFICE, 871 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK CITY.

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Puzzles.

ANSWER TO APRIL PUZZLE.

Join the heart of a child, of a woman, of a man, the head of a goose, and of an eagle, and what kind of a representation have you? *Answer:* IMAGE.

Correct answers were received from the following, to all of whom prizes have been sent: Nellie Gavin, Anna Crawley, George Dee, Peter Bell, Katie Fitzgerald, May Movelle, James Maris, Ed. Hayes, Ella Bennet, May Crowley, John Kane.

PUZZLES FOR JUNE.

GUESS ME.

My first in street, not in lane;
My second in health, not in pain;
My third in door, not in gate;
My fourth in stove, not in grate;
My fifth in mile, not in block;
My sixth in chair, not in clock;
My seventh in run, not in walk,
My eighth in silence, not in talk;
My ninth in comic, not in quaint;
My whole the name of a great saint.

AND ME.

My first in sweet, also in sour;
My second in strength, not in power;
My third in candy, also in cake;
My fourth in gulf, not in lake;
My fifth in curtain, not in shade;
My sixth in shovel, also in spade;
My seventh in Matris, not in Pater;
My whole the name of a virgin and martyr.

Composed by M. A. CASSION.

N. B.—We invite our readers to send in good puzzles, which we shall be glad to acknowledge and print. Aquinas is delighted with the interest which the young people are taking in this department of the magazine. Nearly fifty prizes have been already mailed this month to successful solvers of the May puzzle. The names of the winners will be printed in July.

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A WORD TO OUR YOUNG ROSARIANS.

WE would call the attention of our little Rosarians to the picture of our Lady's Beads recently printed,* a facsimile of which on small cards can be procured from Aquinas upon application in writing to this office. Children, why could you not each endeavor to fill one of these cards during the coming vacation? It surely should not be so very hard to collect pennies enough to cover the little dots.

And suppose you yourselves *earn* those same pennies? Don't go bothering the big people, morning, noon, and night, in season and out of season, for contributions.

This may be a very successful way of filling a card, but it is not a very pleasant way, and as there is a pleasant way of doing all things, especially the best things, why not learn to use the pleasant way? Why not—you who are also "Fishermen and Maidens"—make and spread nets in which to catch your pennies? Then, indeed, you will be *earning* them. A boy or girl who tries very hard to be good-tempered and obedient, upright and honorable, makes the best sort of a net in which to catch the grown-folks' pocket-books.

A sunny, gentle-mannered girl will be able to fill a card quite as well as her sister who goes about with an anxious, worried expression, and a "don't you dare to refuse me" air.

Both may be equally well-meaning and zealous, but one causes people to love charity—the other makes them hate it.

As you know, whoever fills one of these cards is the happy means of sending a fresh, new copy of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE every month to some poor, sick, or imprisoned soul,—indeed, we might say to *many* poor, sick, or imprisoned souls, for when the magazine is sent to hospitals, prisons, or charitable institutions, it is passed around from inmate to inmate.

You cannot all, perhaps in person, visit these afflicted ones, but you *can*, each and all, send a beautiful white-winged messenger in this lovely magazine of our Lady. Ah! dear children, you who are gay and healthy and happy and *free!*—how little you know of the dark hours in many lives, the hours during which pain racks many a poor body; when want and hunger and loneliness and lack of sweet sympathy torture others; when gloomy prison cells and iron bars shut still others away from God's fresh air and beautiful sunlight! And these are the hours that you—just *you*—insignificant little you, may help to lighten. These are the fellow-creatures whom you may help to make a little happy!

In order to encourage you in such a good and noble work, AQUINAS is permitted to offer prizes to those who fill one or more cards. For the filling of one card, a beautiful lace picture will be given; for the filling of two, or more, a pair of embroidered scapulars, or a song—words and sheet music will be given; while to those who send in *five* filled cards we shall give their choice of one out of half-a-dozen charming story books.

Now, young Rosarians, will you not go to work with a will?

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* See THE ROSARY MAGAZINE for April.

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With Other Young Folks.

Recent numbers of "HARPER'S ROUND TABLE" are replete with interest, though indeed every number of this bright weekly is a gem in itself. "Exploring New-Found Rivers," "An Hour in Bicycle-land," "Rœntgen Rays," are a few of the articles most timely. The departments of fiction, poetry, sports, etc., always appear to be in competent hands. We must be permitted to remark, though, that the description of the "Rœntgen Rays," to which we referred above, is rather complicated. Perhaps, though, Mr. Anthony could not easily simplify his description of a discovery which is not *all* discovered yet. "The Pudding Stick" corner, conducted by Margaret E. Sangster, must be very attractive to the girls. It is chatty and suggestive, and full of helpful hints and plans.

Every girl knows the comfort of having a little "pin money"; here are suggested ways of acquiring it. One maiden trims the family hats and bonnets, another conducts a little dancing-class for the children of friends, another reads aloud for an hour a day to a wealthy, but blind, neighbor, etc., etc. However, while commending this to a certain extent, we do most emphatically agree with Mrs. Sangster when she says: "But, after all, girls, I cannot urge you to devote your powers as yet to the earning of money. This is your preparatory season. Think of something you would like to become, and spend your time in getting ready for it."

A serial by Father Finn, S. J., is enough to at once call attention to any juvenile publication. Therefore we have the best of reasons to congratulate OUR YOUNG PEOPLE upon the fine story for boys now running through its pages.

"Ethelred Preston" is followed with interest, not only by the boys for whom it is especially intended, but also, we believe, by the girls to whom a well-written boys' story is very attractive, for as Maurice Francis Egan tells us: "Every honest-hearted human creature loves a boy." *There* is a compliment for the boys —the real boys.

As for the author himself, as Dr. Egan further says:—"Every American Catholic boy owes a debt of gratitude to Father Finn, for he was not only the discoverer of the American Catholic boy, but the pioneer, the one who made him known."

ST. NICHOLAS for May is delightful. "The Children of Chinatown in San Francisco," by Theodore Wores, gives a graphic account of child-life among this element of our foreign population.

Among other things, we are told that there exists in the very heart of Chinatown a public school for Chinese children, in charge of the San Francisco Board of Education, and it is "attended by many bright little pig-tailed scholars, all eager to gain an American common school education."

This commendable and most unusual spirit among the Chinese in our country, has been offset, however, by the establishment of a school of their own also, which is kept and conducted by an old Chinese schoolmaster. Mr. Wores tells us that a most pleasing and notable feature of the latter school is the politeness with which the pupils treat one another. "I have often seen," he says, "a class of ten or fifteen of these little boys marching out of school in single file. Each carried his counting-board and books under his arm, and all chatted merrily as they passed along. When they reached the corner of the street where one or more of them left the rest, all stopped a moment, and made a low bow to the departing one, and then went on their march, keeping up the same ceremony until they had all bowed one another home."

How very polite! but—alas, how very *un*-boylike!

"A Stroll in The Garden of England," by Lieutenant Ellicott, is spoiled by its brevity. It is charmingly illustrated, however, and nowadays pictures are expected to make up for a great deal. Sketches of animal life are always attractive, and a short one in the present number, entitled "The Porcupine," by John Burroughs, is worth reading. Laura E. Richards, J. T. Trowbridge, and Wm. O. Stoddard are names which mean good fiction, as their admirers have long ago come to find out. "The Sword-maker's Son," by the last mentioned author, is a serial dealing with the life and times of Christ, a subject always, but especially since the publication of "Ben Hur," full of peculiar interest, both to the story-writer and his readers.

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In these days especially dedicated by Catholic piety to the honor of the Sacred Heart, it is well to remember the power of our Lady's Rosary to draw us to that blessed source of love and grace.

The widespread devotion of the League of the Sacred Heart bears witness to this, entwining, as it does, a decade of the Beads among the pious practices that it encourages. So our Lord inspires, and so our Blessed Lady fulfils, her work.

Next to His Sacred Heart in grace and beauty comes the most pure Heart of His Mother. Above all the sons of men has her Immaculate Heart been conformed to the Divine Model. And thus she is God's most favored instrument for helping us to attain to the likeness of her Son.

Perfect example in all things, she is ready, by her power and her love, and in answer to our Rosary prayers, to fashion our poor hearts till they gradually grow into some resemblance of the Master's own.

Let the children of the Rosary remember, therefore, that the great object of their prayers being to enable them to imitate Christ, they will not forget the pleading of the Sacred Heart. Let many *Aves* go up this month lovingly, in gratitude, in reparation, in earnest petition that all the members of God's Church on earth may strive more faithfully to attain, in some degree, the measure of the stature of Jesus Christ.

This is especially the work of the children of St. Dominic, in whose Order devotion to the Sacred Heart was taught and practised even before the revelations granted to the Blessed Margaret Mary. Thus the Master-General addressed an earnest appeal to all the members of the Order on August 28th, 1889: "Though we do not consider it necessary, yet since the opportunity is given, we consider it timely to urge upon you the greatest devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to the most holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Let us then be careful never to separate in our meditations and affections those things which God has joined together; for from the very Heart of our Saviour, as from their root, bloomed forth those mysteries by which the redemption of the human race has been made perfect, and which, collected in the Rosary, daily procure for men salvation and true liberty."

Let us then take our beads, and while we tell them, decade by decade, let us remember that the Sacred Heart is beating through all, giving in each one a new pulsation of love for us, and pleading, too, with the yearning that longs to possess the hearts of all His children: "Son and daughter, give Me thy heart." May we be inspired with the spirit that will teach us, in the joy and the sorrow, and the glory of the Beads, the lessons of the Sacred Heart! It ought to be a loving feast, a blessed repose, and a refreshing rest for our wearied souls, to wander in our Lady's Rose Garden during these pleasant days of June, beads in hand, dwelling on the unmeasured love of the Sacred Heart, as we linger by our Mother's side. She will finish the work. Her Immaculate Heart will plead, and her pure hands will take our sin-stained hearts and mould them into some likeness to her Divine Son's.

Commenting on the Holy Father's April intention for the League of the Sacred Heart, the St. Louis *Church Progress* (March 28) makes some statements about the Catholic press of this country that call for amendment. "The one thing it lacks," we are told, "for its betterment, is an economic organization, so that much of its power may not go to waste, as is now the case. Such organization can come about by the concerted

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action and direction of the Hierarchy. As things now go, the Catholic press makes shift for itself, as a rule, without encouragement or approbation. Save in very rare instances the Bishops take little or no interest in its welfare or its fate. The clergy, to a large extent, are likewise indifferent."

At the head of the column in which these assertions are published, we find the names of two Archbishops and six Bishops approving the St. Louis *Church Progress*. The absence from the list of the Ordinary's name is a fact on which we do not comment. Among the names of the Directors of the *Church Progress*, we find six priests recorded, including the Vicar-General of St. Louis. In the face of these facts we fail to see any just reason for the wail that there is little approbation or encouragment—at least for our St. Louis friend. But, broadly viewing the field, we maintain that it is simply impossible for Bishops to approve or encourage certain publications that are creditable neither to Religion or Literature, though issued as Catholic papers. Instead of organization, we would suggest starvation for all the miserable sheets that do duty chiefly as evidence of the ambition of various job printers and ignorant scribblers of local items.

We would rejoice if the Hierarchy of the country would take positive action in the matter of Catholic papers and Catholic publications in general. Something like the Methodist Book Concern and the management by the Methodists, of their various organs, ought to be adopted. In the meantime, however, the Bishops recognize the difficulties and obstacles, not the least of which is the multitude of irresponsible sheets put forth by laymen, for whom the Editor of *Church Progress* would seem to claim the special honor of the Apostolate of the Catholic Press. We recognize the worth of those editors who were great in their day, and of those who are now doing creditable work--but they are like angels' visits. And while we admit that some priests could and should be more zealous in regard to Catholic literature, more watchful for the interests of a sacred cause that will not only not detract from their local needs, but rather strengthen their hands in all parish enterprises, we still hold that the most generous encouragement comes from the clergy to deserving undertakings, and that many of them have identified themselves with the cause of the Catholic press in an earnest and efficient manner. Witness the work of the *Sacred Heart Review* of Boston, founded by a priest, directed by a priest, whose chief reliance, in the equipment and maintenance of this excellent paper, has been the clergy of New England. And in ways in which the influence of the priest is of special weight the friendly co-operation of the clergy has been a vital factor in the establishment of various Catholic publications. We have not yet come to the ideal condition for which thinking men hope and pray, but in the work of preparation worthy and capable laymen will find ready and generous encouragement from the priesthood. And they will further be in agreement on the question of organizing out of existence a great many publications that are wasting power and diminishing credit on the score of Religion as well as Letters.

We feel satisfied that our readers will derive much instruction from the reading of Mr. John A. Mooney's fine article on the Slavery question. The other papers of this valuable series appeared in November, 1895, and in January, February, and April of the present year. Due announcement will be made of succeeding contributions on this subject.

A priest, who was a prominent pastor in the city of New York a few years ago, recently told us the following story of the conversion of a man with whom he was well acquainted, and who was one of his own parishioners:

The gentleman in question had in his service a pious Catholic girl, who happened to lose her beads, which were picked up by her employer. After wondering what sort of thing they could be, he put them in his pocket, supposing, however, as he saw a cross and a medal, that they were the object of some Catholic superstition.

At the end of a week he heard his servant still bewailing the loss of her precious beads. They were, she said, the souvenir of a loved friend, one very dear to her; they had been blessed by the Holy Father himself; in fine, she would give everything in the world to find them.

Mr.—— hearing her, was reminded of of the object he had found eight days before, and drawing the beads from his pocket, he showed them to the girl, saying: "Are these what you lost?"

"Yes!" she cried, in joyful surprise; "those are my beads! Oh, give them back to me, please!"

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"I will," was the answer, "on condition that you will tell me what use you make of them."

The happy girl at once consented, and clearly explained how she used the beads, not only to count the beautiful prayers which compose the Rosary, but also to help her meditate on the principal mysteries of the life and death of our Lord Jesus Christ and of His holy Mother. She assured him it was a very easy manner of praying, and at the same time a very efficacious one; that many graces and favors were infallibly obtained by it.

The gentleman, who had begun by smiling at the simplicity of the good girl, was, however, very much impressed by what she said, and for many days the thought of his servant's beads could not be blotted out of his mind.

Some time later, as he was passing through one of the city streets, he happened to see in the show-window of an humble little shop where religious articles were displayed, several pairs of beads exposed for sale.

The thought of going in to buy a pair of those beads struck him. But he hesitated, thinking also how absurd it was for him, a Protestant, to buy such an article of Catholic superstition. Nevertheless he entered, and bought a pair.

Once in possession of his purchase he did not know exactly what to do with it.

Certainly his servant had told him that the beads were used for saying "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys," but what about the "mysteries of religion" of which she had spoken?

He tried several times to pray on his beads, but he did not even know the "Hail Mary" by heart. Nevertheless, he carried them continually in his pocket, and the thought of them was ever in his mind.

A few days afterwards he happened to be again passing the little shop where he had bought his beads. This time he entered to inquire if they had not for sale some devotional book explaining the method of saying the beads. Such a book was immediately shown to him. He bought it, and when seated in the street car a few minutes later, at once opened it and began to look for an explanation of "the beads." He knew them only by this name, and so was much disappointed on searching the table of contents to find no mention of the word beads.

Next day he returned to the store with his book, complaining that he had been deceived, that the explanation of the "beads" was not in the book.

The saleswoman looked at him in surprise, then took the volume from him, and opening it, quickly read aloud: "Explanation of the Fifteen Mysteries of the Most Holy Rosary," adding sharply, "Well, you must be a pretty ignorant Catholic not to know that *beads* and *Rosary* mean the same thing."

Our poor friend, somewhat taken aback, murmured his thanks, bowed, and left.

It was with the greatest interest that he read the explanation of the fifteen mysteries. He was charmed with the clear and concise way in which the great truths of the Christian faith were thus set forth, while he was lost in admiration of the beautiful prayers accompanying the mysteries, which seemed to him sublime in their very simplicity.

He set himself to learn the "Hail Mary" by heart, and from time to time recited his beads in secret, using his book in order to aid his memory in recalling the different mysteries.

But one day it happened that *he* also lost his beads, and they were found by his servant.

She was naturally surprised to see a rosary in that house, and wondered to whom it could possibly belong. As she stood thus, lost in astonishment, she heard a step behind her. Turning suddenly, she confronted Mr.——. At the same instant he saw the rosary in her hand, and exclaimed: "Why B——! those are my beads: give them to me, please."

"What, sir!" cried the girl, "are you then a Catholic?"

"No," was the answer, "but I think seriously of becoming one."

In effect, soon after he called upon a priest, who gave him some preliminary instructions, and then directed him to the Paulist Fathers, who received him into the true fold.

Later, his wife and young children followed him into the Church, and all form to-day a fervent Catholic family, in which the holy Rosary is held in the greatest honor.

The summer months usually bring with their leisure, special opportunities for reading. We counsel our friends to remember that reasonable recreation is not found in the reading of the indiscriminate trash that is issued for "vacation" purposes. The tendency of such reading is one of weakness and dissipation. To our young friends, especially, we give this serious advice: While seeking strength of the body, do not bring on

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sickness of the mind. Remember that our bodily food determines the health of our blood; we are not better than what we eat. And so it is with the mind and heart; they are amenable to the laws of their nourishment. Who sees not this is blind.

The special feasts of this month are Corpus Christi, the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord, the Immaculate Heart of Mary, St. John the Baptist, and St. Peter and St. Paul. Consult the calendar.

We begin in this issue a serial by Eugene Davis, that will be of sustained interest till its close. The other fiction of the number is also of decided merit. On this score we promise to our readers the best work of our best Catholic writers.

The Summer Schools at Plattsburg and Madison will open with good promise of earnest work. We commend them to our readers East and West, and bespeak their encouraging recognition.

We give in this number the first of Mr. Richard Malcolm Johnston's series of papers on the Catholic poets of England. We trust that the reading of these articles will stimulate our subscribers to seek an acquaintance with the works of the writers sketched.

By a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, dated February 21, and confirmed by His Holiness, Leo XIII., an indulgence of 300 days was granted to all who devoutly say the prayer in honor of our Lady, for the re-union of Christendom. This indulgence may be gained once a day. The prayer is as follows:

O Immaculate Virgin! thou who, through a singular privilege of grace, wast preserved free from original sin, look down in pity on our dissenting brethren, who are still thy sons, and call them back to the centre of unity. Though far away, they have retained for thee, O Mother! the most tender devotion. Do thou, in thy generosity, reward them for it by interceding for their conversion.

Victorious over the infernal serpent from the first moment of thy existence, now that the necessity presses more urgently, renew thy ancient triumphs! If our unfortunate brethren remain at this moment cut off from the common father, it is the work of the enemy. Do thou unmask his snares, and terrify his legions, in order that those who are separated from us may see, at last, that the attainment of salvation is impossible outside of union with the successor of St. Peter.

O thou who, in the fulness of thy gifts, didst glorify from the beginning the power of Him who wrought in thee such great and wonderful things, glorify now thy Son by calling back the straying sheep to His only fold, under the guidance of the universal shepherd, who holds His place on earth. And as it was thy glory, O Virgin, to have exterminated all errors from the world, so may it yet be thine to have extinguished schisms, and brought back peace to the universe.

Our readers will welcome the appearance of Professor Egan's name in the present number. His beautiful song is only the new beginning of much that will be offered to the readers of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE.

From our Roman correspondent we learn that the centenary of our Lady of Prodigies will be celebrated with great splendor during July. In our next issue we shall present to our readers some of the interesting facts connected with this devotion to our Lady.

We are also advised of the probable discovery of the ruins of the house of our Blessed Mother, near the ancient city of Ephesus. We await fuller details for the information and edification of our Rosarians.

We counsel those who are able to leave the city during the summer's heat, to remember their less fortunate brethren, in charity and practically. God help the little ones and their poor mothers, literally "cooped up" in the broiling tenements! God help the many whose only view or knowledge of nature is gained on the hard, narrow street; who never see the green grass, or the meadow, or the running stream, or the sea, and scarcely even God's blue sky! How forgetful of them are many who could so easily brighten their dreary lives, yea, save lives —for hundreds perish annually—of the little ones, because they cry for the sweet, fresh air, and for the cool breath of refreshing, wholesome nature, and there is no one to hear them! And so they pine, and waste away and die in the miserable dens misnamed homes, and thoughtless thousands go on in their merry round, emphasizing so bitterly the truth that one-half the world knows not how the other half lives, nor does it care.

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The rank sensationalism of some of the newspapers, particularly in their Sunday editions, is spreading viciously and vigorously. The word literature is degraded. In matter and in illustrations some of the metropolitan journals are a foul disgrace. We grant that the heavy responsibility for this must be divided between venal publishers and a debauched public. The former we cannot reach; but so far as we can influence the latter, we again raise our warning voice. And further, we maintain that a man who reads nothing but newspapers, even if they are not unclean, cannot be a full man. He must be shallow; for this so-called moulder of public opinion often seeks, not to direct men, but to run with the depraved crowd. And this is a sadly growing fact, a wretched condition, confined to no particular section of the United States.

We remind our Rosarians that the devotion of the Fifteen Saturdays in honor of our Lady of the Rosary will begin, for this year, on Saturday, June 27th, closing on Saturday, October 3d, the eve of great Rosary Sunday. This pious practice consists in receiving Holy Communion on those fifteen consecutive Saturdays, in a Rosary church in honor of the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary, and meditating on each Saturday for some time, on the mystery in honor of which the Holy Communion is offered. It is usual, also, to perform some special penance or work of mercy or alms on the day, in honor of the same, and to pray specially for the virtue taught by that mystery. Any of the faithful joining in this devotion gain a Plenary Indulgence on each Saturday. Innumerable blessings have been obtained by this devotion. According to the most authentic depositions, by it the blind have recovered their sight; the deaf, the dumb, the paralytic, the dropsical, the infirm, have been healed; extraordinary vocations have been obtained to the religious life, unhappy marriages have been again blessed with peace and hope, passions have been conquered, and virtues acquired.

Considering the high claims of our souls, and the eternal life that is in store for us, we must, in dealing with books, yield the first place to spiritual reading.

One of the earliest and most generous friends of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE was the Very Reverend Louis J. Hickey, O. P., Prior of the Dominican Convent of St. Clement, Rome. Father Hickey was elected Provincial of the Irish Province at the recent Chapter. With pleasure, therefore, we give space to our Roman correspondent's tribute, assured that it will be welcomed by Father Hickey's many friends among our subscribers:

"We who are left behind have now to mourn the departure of one who was not only remarkable for his many and varied talents, but who had endeared himself to all ranks and classes of society by reason of his sympathetic nature, genial disposition, and unfailing charm of manner.

Father Louis J. Hickey, O. P., lately Prior of San Clemente, was born in Dublin in the year 1840, on the 8th of September, the feast of the Nativity of our Blessed Lady, which was also the birthday of another illustrious member of the Friars Preachers, Father Thomas Burke.

"For several years Father Hickey attended the Catholic University in Dublin, and in 1856, at the early age of sixteen, he entered the Dominican Order. The first part of his novitiate was spent in Rome, in the beautiful old Convent of San Clemente, and he was afterwards sent to the Quercia at Viterbo, from which, his health having become rather delicate, he was sent to Louvain. There he became a Licentiate, received the Diaconate, and would have taken his Doctor's degree, but was prevented from so doing by the fact of his Superiors recalling him to Ireland, to fill a chair in the House of Studies. During the forty years of his religious life, Father Hickey has well and ably filled the post of Prior at Tallaght, Tralee, Cork, Dublin, and San Clemente. It was during the time he passed at the latter that he was appointed Qualificator of the Holy Office, as well as Consultor of the Congregation of the Council, and a little later on he received the degree of Master in Theology, an honor which the Order confers upon those who have specially distinguished themselves as Professors. At the General Chapter of the Order, which took place in Lyons in 1891, he represented the Irish Province as Definitor, and at the invitation of the new General he delivered a most eloquent and telling address. In 1895, Father Hickey attended the General Chapter at Avila, and was afterwards present at the Catholic Congress at Lisbon, where he read an admirably-expressed paper in fluent French upon the Church and social science.

"This brief account of some of the lead-

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ing events of this learned Dominican's career does not by any means claim to be considered in the light of a biographical sketch. It would require a far more eloquent pen than ours to adequately describe the attractive personality and marked individuality of this Friar, whose absence from Rome is so deeply regretted. Although a devoted follower in the footsteps of St. Dominic, he is yet one who, as the French express it, 'knows his world,' and his clear-headed counsel and practical advice, freely given to those who demand it, is invariably worthy of being carried out. His reputation as a literary critic and connoisseur is firmly established, and he is completely up to date in his acquaintance with all that is worth reading in current literature, besides being well versed in the authors of a bygone day. Perhaps his special forte, from a religious point of view, lies in his preaching of retreats, especially in those given to priests and ecclesiastical students. A large number of his penitents in Rome, England, and amongst the green valleys of Erin, can testify to his marvellous powers of direction, and his extraordinary discernment of individual character. Father Hickey speaks several languages with ease and fluency, and possesses, moreover, a considerable acquaintance with antiquarian lore. Visitors to the interesting and ancient church of San Clemente, no matter what their creed or nationality, were invariably greeted by him with unvarying kindness and courtesy, and on many occasions he would himself 'personally conduct' them through the underground Basilica, pointing out every object of interest, and explaining its history.

"With all his suavity of manner, he possesses what he has himself described to us as a 'rough side to his tongue,' and his antiquarian lectures on San Clemente, when delivered in the presence of Protestants, often contained many witty and pungent home truths,—remarks which, in many cases, set men's minds working, and gave birth in their hearts to the question of Pilate, 'What is Truth?'"

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ROSE O'CONNOR.—*Please tell me the difference between the Rosary beads and the Bridgettine beads, and the beads of the Crosiers.*—We take pleasure in giving to our correspondent an exact explanation of the three Rosaries in question.

Exteriorly, there is no difference between these Rosaries; they have all five decades, of small beads, on each of which the angelical salutation is recited, and at the head of each decade is a large bead, on which we say the Lord's Prayer.

In what does the difference between them then consist? Simply in the blessing which they receive. The first receives the blessing of the Rosary, the second what is called the blessing of St. Bridget, and the third the blessing of the Crosier Fathers. The Rosary beads are those which are usually blessed in behalf of the Associates of the Rosary.

They can, however, be blessed in behalf of all the faithful, and for them, as well as for all the Associates of the Rosary, one hundred days' indulgence on each bead can be gained. The Bridgettine Rosary, by which we also gain, on each bead, one hundred days' indulgence, is the one which a priest blesses in consequence of certain qualifications, granted outside of the Order of St. Dominic, directly by the Holy See, or indirectly through some Roman Congregation. It differs from the beads of St. Bridget, properly so-called, in that the latter is composed of six decades, followed by three Aves, and on the large beads, it is necessary to say the Creed instead of the Our Father. The Crosier beads are those blessed exclusively by the Reverend Crosier Fathers of Belgium. To every bead is attached an indulgence of five hundred days. For a person, not associated with the Confraternity of the Rosary, the regular Rosary beads and the Bridgettine are exactly alike; but for the Associates of the Rosary, the Rosary beads possess over the Bridgettine beads the following advantages: first, by reciting the decades separately, when fulfilling the obligation of the recitation of the weekly Rosary, the Associate always gains the indulgence of one hundred days on each bead, but those who do not belong to the Confraternity only gain this indulgence on condition of reciting at least five mysteries each time; secondly, those who are not members of the Confraternity of the Rosary gain no indulgence by carrying the Bridgettine beads; thirdly, the Associates of the Rosary, besides the indulgence of one hundred days, gain, on the recitation of each Ave on his

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beads, very many important indulgences. And further, every Rosary blessed by a Dominican is enriched with both Rosary and Bridgettine indulgences; hence, the recitation may merit two hundred days on each bead.

For those who do not belong to the Confraternity of the Rosary, the beads of the Crosiers are superior in indulgences to the simple Rosary, or the Bridgettine beads. But for an Associate of the Rosary, the Rosary beads are far superior, even concerning indulgences, to the beads of the Crosiers. Let us consider: first, the Associate of the Rosary who carries devoutly, either exteriorly or secretly, the beads, gains every day one hundred years' and one hundred quarantines' indulgence.

The one who possesses and carries the Crosier beads gains nothing on this account. Is it not much more convenient to carry, devoutly, the Rosary indulgenced beads than to recite eighty Aves on the Crosier beads, the indulgence of which would be scarcely as full as that for simply carrying the Rosary beads?

MAGAZINES.

The North American Review, January, February, March, April, May, has a series of articles by Mr. Gladstone, on "The Future Life, and the Condition of Man Therein." The grand old man will soon enter into the life whereof he writes, and in some succeeding articles, for the series is not yet complete, we may expect something pathetic as well as something interesting concerning the beliefs and hopes of this great thinker. From his articles, one would judge that Mr. Gladstone had devoted almost as much time to theology as to politics. They certainly give evidence of a vast amount of patient research and careful study, and what strikes us most of all in reading them is the spirit of deep reverence and firm faith with which he approaches the consideration of this all-important subject. He is a believer in revelation as well as a seeker after the truth, and whilst we are not prepared to admit all his statements, we must acknowledge that he handles his subject with unusual competence and reverence. Many writers of less learning and less prestige would have been much bolder in their assertions.

He opens with a discussion of the immortality of the soul, and then proceeds to give a history of opinions on that subject, and on the manner of proving the survival of man in his present identity. But, of greatest importance, is the question discussed in the following articles, viz: "What will be the condition of the righteous and of the unrighteous in that future life?"

Here it is principally that Mr. Gladstone displays learning, faith, and reverence. We are surprised at the number of authors quoted, and at the skill displayed in discussing various opinions. He condemns those who exaggerate, loading the doctrine of eternal pains "with extravagant extensions and with details sometimes unwarranted, sometimes even approaching to the loathsome"; but he will not minimize "in order to supply the weaker brethren with a handful of material such as may suffice to suppress lingering scruples." He would have the doctrine of Christ and of the Apostles true, simple, and majestic, preached in a manner that will be operative, *i. e.*, practical in deterring men from evil-doing, leaving, however, to every one full liberty to theorize concerning those things that have not been defined. "If the terrors of the Lord had an essential place in the Apostolic system, they ought not drop out of view in this or any other century. But the anxiety now is to throw these subjects into the shade, lest the fastidiousness of human judgment and feeling should be so offended as to rise in rebellion against God for His harshness and severity" These are sound principles, and can be most heartily commended. Such passages represent the reverential spirit already mentioned above. And yet, with all due respect for Mr. Gladstone, we must here ask, how is he and how are others to know what is settled and defined, what is open to free discussion on these subjects? Where does Faith end and speculation begin? Catholics can answer these questions, for they have an infallible guide and teacher. What that teacher has defined, by virtue of divinely-conferred authority, must be accepted. What has not been defined is the subject of free discussion.

Mr. Gladstone's articles, with all their learning and reverence, and theories discussed, and doubts proposed and left unsolved, point clearly to the necessity of an infallible guide and teacher on this

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and other matters relating to our future destiny. Outside of the Church, with her Heaven-given authority to teach, there will ever be endless speculation—wise or foolish, learned or ignorant, reverential or flippant.

This general remark will dispense us from the obligation of calling attention to several sweeping assertions and hazardous propositions, which no student should accept without examination, even on the authority of Mr. Gladstone.

In his history and explanation of the development of the doctrine of natural immortality in the Christian Church, and in occasional remarks upon this doctrine, the illustrious writer seems to insinuate that natural immortality is a question which revelation alone must be left to settle,—but which revelation does not settle. So the silent inference is that natural immortality is not a certainty. And towards this opinion Mr. Gladstone seems to lean for the sake of maintaining a "reserve" in regard to the duration of future punishments. There is between the lines a "perhaps, and, very likely, there will be an end to the sufferings of the lost souls through extinction and total disappearance." We are not certain of the meaning in Mr. Gladstone's mind, but this is the meaning his words convey to us on a first and a second reading. And such, we think, will be the way in which most of his readers will understand them. Thus the influence of a noble soul and a powerful mind will go in for the denial, or at least the questioning, of a fundamental article of Christian belief.

There is indeed an immortality in store for man which can be known only through revelation. It is the result of the free gift of God by which He raised man to the life of supernatural grace. It may be termed supernatural immortality. But the natural immortality of the human soul is a truth which reason alone, unaided by the light of divine revelation, proves to a certainty. By demonstrative argument it proves that the soul of man is *by its very nature* immortal, that though the body to which it is joined may see corruption and die, the soul in its simplicity and spirituality lives on forever and ever. And this remember by reason of its very nature. The soul of a tree or of a horse might be immortal if God chose to sustain it in never-ending life, but of itself neither the soul of the tree, nor the soul of the horse is immortal. Not so with the soul of man. It is immortal independently of any special dispensation on the part of God. It finds the reasons and the necessity of its immortality in itself, in its own intrinsic nature. Absolutely speaking, God can annihilate the soul. But reflect that it is He Himself that has given it a nature which abhors annihilation, that it is He Himself that implanted in it, at the very moment of its creation, a craving for immortality. And revelation supplies us with no authority upon which to rest the hope, much less the assertion, that He intends ever to undo His work and disregard the longings and the dictates of that nature. Rather, it confirms this inner testimony. Natural immortality has more sound argument back of it than Mr. Gladstone seems to admit. However, we are far from claiming that the argument for natural immortality is also *of itself* a demonstrative proof of the existence of eternal punishment.

The idea of time advocated in the article of the May number of the *Review* is very strange and very vague. "If the grand idea of the future reserved for righteous souls be, according to the gospel, a re-establishment in the original charter of our nature by reunion with God, and if God have an existence outside of time, who can tell whether or not an independence of time may not be included in the conditions of this reunion?" This, we say, is strange and vague. Time is merely the measure of duration of finite things as to their past, their present, and their future. To the Infinite alone everything is always present, without past or future. When the blessed are reunited with God in Heaven, they do not put off their finiteness and put on infinity. Eternity will be for them only a "prolongation of time continued without limit" (*a parte post*), no matter how great may be their union with God. They may be so completely and so continuously wrapt in the ecstasy of the beatific vision as never to think of past or future, but their past and their future, the moment gone and the next to come, will be facts nevertheless equally with the past and future of this world,—no more, no less.

The relative number of the elect and the reprobate is most reverently and most intelligently referred to. "The small number of the elect" used to be a favorite theme for pulpit oratory. It is hard to believe that the majority of the souls for which Christ died are lost to Him for ever. And, thank God! we don't have to believe it. "In all His teachings, by parable or otherwise, we look in vain for any revelation of the relative numbers of

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the accepted and the lost.... In the case of the wise and foolish virgins, the numbers are equal. In the case of the talents, two of the entrusted servants are mentioned for acceptance, one only for rejection.... In the case of the guest chamber, the wedding feast is eaten by a number of persons, but only one is detected as not having on the wedding garment."

"A Heroine of the Renaissance" is the title of a spirited account, in *Blackwood's Magazine* for April, of the stormy career of the celebrated Catherine Sforza, one of the world's noted women. A little tinge of bigotry appears at intervals in the article; and the writer's reference to the Pope absolving a dead man is an evidence of ignorance that we overlook. Such blemishes we almost expect in the non-Catholic treatment of Catholic topics, or of matters in which the Church is involved.

From the Spanish Rosary Magazine, *El Santisimo Rosario*, we learn that in the vicariate of Phu-Nhai, China, where the Dominicans labor, there are seven thousand Tertiaries, or members of the Third Order of St. Dominic. The good Father who writes the letter containing this most edifying news, adds, as a matter of course, it would seem, that the entire province, young and old, is affiliated to the Rosary Confraternity. Thus does our Lady's devotion flourish in the far East.

The Contemporary Review for April publishes a long article on the Irish Priesthood, prefaced by a brief account of the establishment of Maynooth College, which celebrated its centenary last year. It is not easy to determine the creed of the writer, though his name, Michael McDonagh, might suggest that he is a Catholic. His treatment of the question is seemingly intended to be impartial, and the result may be considered a fair picture of the average Irish priest. On two points he scores the great body of the clergy—the neglect of literature, except on the line of Irish antiquities, and their failure to do much for the social betterment of the people. Altogether it is a rather spicy and entertaining article.

The Seminary for May contains a valuable paper by Mr. John A. Mooney. It may be called a politico-religious diagnosis of the present government of France. Under the heading, "The Men who Govern France—A Cabinet of Freemasons—Officially Atheistic and Officially Socialistic," Mr. Mooney lays bare the inner working of the spirit that moves the motley crew in charge of the French ship of state. His article is admirably done. It will be most instructive to all who will have the good fortune to read it. Mr. Mooney is thoroughly acquainted with French political life, thoroughly qualified for such an arraignment as he makes of the rascals who now rule France. We advise our friends to read his paper in *The Seminary*.

The opening paper of *The Cosmopolitan Magazine* for May, is "Seville the Fair," by H. Chatfield Taylor. "Photographic Models," by A. Van Berg, gives minute instructions in the points to be observed in sitting for a photograph, the first necessity being, says Mr. Van Berg, "form, rather than coloring." The illustrations of this article are particularly good. "Physical Training in the Universities" is by William G. Anderson. The paper is a contradiction of the statements made in an article by Dr. White, which appeared in the *Cosmopolitan* some months ago. Of the two papers, the editor in a footnote says: "Although the impartial reader must admit the great value of the work done at the Yale gymnasium, he may still be inclined to recognize the truth of the strictures contained in Dr. White's article which Dr. Anderson quotes." "Dangers of High Buildings" is a paper of local interest, as some of the great buildings of New York are mentioned and given in illustration. The writer of the article, Mr. Ernest Flagg, gives some excellent reasons why the buildings of New York should be governed by the same laws of construction as are those of other great communities of the world. "The Phœnix Park Tragedy," by Tighe Hopkins, is the history of that deplorable Irish political crime of some years ago. "Convicts and Bushrangers in Australia" is by Thomas W. Knox.

The Scottish Review, quarterly, for April, contains a clear and vigorous description of the Olympian games, with some "realistic" translations of ancient boxing matches that would gladden the hearts of our modern prize fighters. "The Runic Crosses of Northumbria" is a valuable contribution to the story of Anglo-Saxon Catholicity, carrying the interested reader back to the days of the bard Cædmon. "The Princes of the

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House of Condé," and "Spain and the Jacobites," are two chapters of history bearing on most important events in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. "The Orkney Isles," by Colonel Pilkington White, "The Gladstones of the Olden Time," and "Plagiarism and Coincidence," are among the other excellent contributions.

"The Impending Sword," by Horace Annesley Vachell, is the novelette of *Lippincott's Magazine* for May. The story is one of romantic adventure, fairly well-told, and sufficiently intricate of plot to keep up the reader's interest. "The Last Duel in America," by William Cecil Elam, is an account of some of the more notorious "affairs" under that barbarous code, of which, says Mr. Elam, "even men like Henry Clay had to obey the despotic rule, and beneath which such men as Hamilton had to fall." "In the Abbey of Gethsemane," by Allen Hendricks, tells of the Trappist Monastery, Nelson County, Kentucky. "No matter in what creed the visitor to Gethsemane has been reared," says Mr. Hendricks, "no matter what religious traditions he may cherish, intolerant though he may be of all devotional restraint, he cannot but feel when he has passed within its gates, that he is among a body of men who are thoroughly sincere in their piety, and who have reached a state of earthly content that is vouchsafed to few who know the bustling outer world. The quiet life, the daily devotion, the meditation, freed from the worry of a life more active, must needs bring peace and rest and calmness of mind." "An Overlooked Poet," is a sketch of the life and poetical work of Joseph Fawcett, "a dissenting minister of Walthamstow," of whom F. M. B., the writer of the present article, says: "He was no great genius, doubtless, or we should have heard of him before this; but something beyond a mere trimmer of smooth verses, a man worth making acquaintance with, even in our crowded age, and across a century. "Bed and Board in Russia," by Isabel Hapgood, and "Official Residences for American Diplomats," by Theodore Staunton, together with several short stories, complete the May number.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record for May contains a well-written paper on "Religious Bigotry in the United States." It is from the pen of the Reverend P. Griffy, of Cullom, Illinois. Father Hogan, of Maynooth College, traces the career of St. Cathaldus of Taranto, the Irish missionary and bishop who converted the inhabitants of the once famous Tarentum. Father Hogan rapidly sketches the history of the rise and fall of this memorable place. We are also indebted to this number of *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for the words of the recently indulgenced prayer to our Lady, which we publish for the use of our Rosarians.

The most lengthy paper in the *Century Magazine* for May, is, "The Crowning of a Czar," by Mary Grace Thornton, daughter of Sir Edward Thornton, British ambassador to Russia. Miss Thornton was an eye-witness of the coronation of Alexander III., and it is his "crowning" of which she writes. "The Election of a Pope," is by Mr. William Roscoe Thayer, who says of the canons regarding the papal election: "The canons define three kinds of election: by inspiration, by compromise, and by ballot." We may add that Mr. Thayer evidently considers that there is a fourth means by which the election is accomplished, consisting of intrigue and wire-pulling, for he says: "The oath of secrecy fortified by menace of dire penalties to those who break it, has never constrained either the cardinals or their attendants. * * Many an important missive has reached its destination (under the label of a wine bottle, etc.) in spite of the vigilance of the Bishop inspector of viands."

Now, why set down the smuggling in of these "important missives" to the stupidity of the Bishop inspector of viands? It would be just as well for Mr. Thayer to include the inspector in his sweeping assertions of corruption; it would have made his graphic account more consistent, and would not in the least hurt the inspector. Mr. Thayer continues to weaken his statements, and degenerates into the absurd when he says: "In 1823 a cardinal who had almost reached the goal was defeated by the rumor that he had once drunk chocolate on a fast day."

There is a fine illustration of the group for the base of the John Boyle O'Reilly memorial, Boston. The monument is a granite monolith, and the group, of which Mr. Daniel Chester French is the sculptor, is composed of the figures of Erin, the genius of poetry, and the genius of patriotism—fitting expressions of the predominant quali-

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ties of John Boyle O'Reilly's life. "In Bohemia with Du Maurier," with illustrations after Du Maurier's sketches by Felix Moscheles, gives pleasant recollections of artist life in Paris, during the fifties. "Photographing the Unseen" is a "symposium" on the famous Rœntgen rays. The article is possessed of the merit of being by Thomas A. Edison. In "topics of the time," we have the "Mischief of the A. P. A.," by a non-Catholic, whose opening words are: "The bigot is generally devoid of that saving sense of humor which greatly helps to make life worth living. If it were not so, those secret societies, like the so-called American Protective Association, which are engaged in a deadly warfare against all that is most significant and precious in American institutions, would not insist as parading themselves as "the patriotic orders." The paper is fair-minded and American. "The Alaska Boundary Question," and "Impressions of South Africa," by James Bryce, are papers upon up-to-date subjects.

On the whole, *Littell's Living Age* is one of our safest magazines, inasmuch as its "morals" are irreproachable; this in conjunction with its merit, makes it an altogether desirable periodical. Recent numbers have been particularly happy in their selections.

The Globe Quarterly Review for May bears the special marks of its able editor's peculiar talents. Mr. Thorne's opening paper on "Summer Schools and Catholic Culture," is a bit of scathing rebuke and warning for which he offers some hard facts as a groundwork. This article will give offence, however, not because of its plain speech and truth, but because it is, in parts, inaccurate, and because it attacks Catholic periodicals in an ill-tempered and unjust way. We feel, too, that Mr. Thorne will not advance the cause he loves and serves, by unnecessary flings at "fifth-rate curates," or by broadsides against "prejudiced and impulsive priests" engaged in literary work. We readily agree with Mr. Thorne in his claim that there is a large amount of sham and fraud and humbug in much that poses to-day as Catholic literature and Catholic culture. We ourselves have often given offense because of unvarnished utterances. As a plain, blunt man, we have spoken often and vigorously on this subject; and we are glad to applaud the Editor of *The Globe Quarterly* for his honest indignation. But we feel that it is neither wise nor kind to lash well-meaning men, especially among the clergy, when other means would be more effective. The Catholic sentiment towards the clergy is sensitive, and the laity resent any needless reflections on priests. An attack, therefore, even on "fifth-rate curates," a term, by the way, very offensive in itself, is not calculated to win friends for Mr. Thorne among priests or people. Rather, we fear, he damages his cause in the eyes of those whose good-will is a necessary condition for their just enlightenment. However, it would be well if our enterprising editorial (?) clippers would favor their readers with this article, stripped of its offensive epithets. It would be much more lively reading than much of that stuff with which their dull columns are filled.

We also desire to call Mr. Thorne's attention to his serious blunder in printing the wretched, calumnious charges of that Canadian disturber, Laurent, whose recent pamphlet on French-Canadian ecclesiastical affairs in this country is a tissue of falsehoods. The attack on the New England bishops who, according to Laurent, discriminate in various ways, against French-speaking priests and people, is a piece of contemptible and treacherous ingratitude. We are somewhat familiar with this question of so-called national churches, and we only express the general sentiment of priests and people in New England (outside of the irreclaimable cranks, ingrates, and rebels), when we say that the dealings of the bishops have, in every instance, been characterized by extreme gentleness, forbearance, indulgence, long-suffering, patience, and fatherly tenderness. It is our good-will towards Mr. Thorne that urges us to advise him to hold his *Review* aloof from such matters.

In the same spirit we counsel him to be more discriminate in his criticism of the Catholic University. Entitled, as he is, to his just opinions and their fullest expression, it is hardly decorous to omit the proprieties in speaking of Bishop Keane. Nor is his reference to the Papal Delegate and the Holy Father presented in becoming language.

In his notes, Mr. Thorne says some just and true things touching Sunday observance and prohibition. The following paragraph has the true Catholic ring: "Set it down as a deathless law of God—print it on your hearts, burn it into your souls, that what you cannot do to make men pious on Sunday, temperate always,

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and just always, *by means of God's grace in His Church*, you cannot do by Utopian abuse of saloon keepers, by lying about the liquor business, crying up the American Sabbath, preaching single tax, or dancing attendance on termagant women's so-called social purity conventions." Mr. Thorne is right that our great power to save men is from "the sunspark from the bleeding Heart of God." But again, we urge *The Globe* editor to be milder in his references to priests. Knowing his gentle nature and noble soul, we earnestly desire that he will throw no impediment in his own way. Would that he would always write in a vein such as marks the following exquisite sonnet that appears in this number of his *Review*:

O love! thou art resplendent in the stars;
Thou breathest softly in the flowers; the sea
Forever rolls in loyalty to thee,
And thou art healer of the nations' scars.
Thou shuttest up the doors of hate; the bars
To highest Heaven's eternal destiny,
Touched by thy magic wand, do break and flee,
As conquered armies in our bloody wars.

But glory of the ages! thou dost shine
In majesty outstripping thought of man;
Most lovely art, and perfectly divine
When in disgrace thou sufferest a span!
In bitter agony and death, to prove
The deathless beauty of thy deathless love.

In the same number of *The Globe*, the question of woman's mental inferiority to man is discussed in a very satisfactory way, by George Parbury. "Modern Conceits of Science," by James Finn, is a good paper. So are "The Creative in Art and Letters," by Caroline D. Swan, and "Aids to the Study of Tennyson," by Eugene Parsons.

Scribner's Magazine for May opens with "Vailima Table-Talk," by Isabel Strong, the stepdaughter and amanuensis of Robert Louis Stevenson. The paper is built upon a diary kept by Mrs. Strong during the residence of the Stevenson family at Samoa, and shows the novelist in his home-life. The article is to be concluded in the June number. "Women Bachelors in London," is by Mary Gay Humphreys, in which the English woman of to-day is presented as a new figure. "It is easier," says Miss Humphreys, "to hear the revel of the sky-lark, and catch the scent of the hawthorn in London, than to find the spinster—the back-bone of English fiction. You may track Russell Square without meeting Maria or Jane Osborne. The gentle breasts of a number of Ann Dobbinses keep green numberless quiet English mounds." The present English spinster is not the one to whom fiction has accustomed us. The paper is unusually well-written. "The Comedies of a Consulate," by the Honorable Ben. H. Ridgely, is a very humorous account of the many funny demands made upon him by his countrymen while he was Consul of the United States at Geneva. According to Mr. Ridgely the duties of his office were very numerous, including pretty much everything, from telling a man where to find "real American plug tobacco" to looking up ladies' "stickpins." The rest of the magazine is made up of a number of short stories. Among the contributors of these, are J. M. Barrie, Brander Matthews, and Octave Thanet.

The first number of a new quarterly has appeared. It bears the significant name of *Catholic Truth*. Its purpose is to present to Catholics and truth-seeking non-Catholics, a compilation of short, well-written papers on leading questions of doctrine, discipline, and devotion. It starts well, including, as it does, selected contributions from Archbishop Ireland, Archbishop Kain, Father Butler of Lewiston, Me., the late Sir John Thompson, and other worthy names. The mission of *Catholic Truth* should commend the little eclectic to all loving the Faith, and desiring to spread its light and fire among those sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. We commend the publication to all our friends. It is issued at 23 Chatham Street, Worcester, Mass. To *Catholic Truth* itself, we give this friendly advice: Cut your price in two, and you will deserve and probably secure a larger subscription list.

The Nineteenth Century for May contains an instructive article on "Hungary at the Close of her First Millenium"; it will be of special value to those who have made but scant study of the Austro-Hungarian empire. A rather improbable, but interesting, contribution is William O'Brien's estimate of how it may come to pass that Ireland may yet send a delegation of home-rule members of Parliament to plead her cause before the bar of the United States Congress. The Viscount Halifax writes touchingly, tenderly, reverently, on "The Reunion of Christendom." It is a beautiful plea, a loving cry from a good man's heart. God grant that it may be carefully and prayerfully read by all to whom it is addressed—the non-Conformists, the Anglicans, the Catholics! God speed the day when there

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will be only one Fold under the one Shepherd!

The Forum for May gives two papers on the Cuban question, both readable: one by Senator Lodge, the other by Professor John B. Moore of Columbia University. The Senator argues strongly for intervention; the Professor maintains that cause does not yet exist. We prefer the Professor's statement; he is more logical. The Senator enthuses; the Professor leads to conviction. In the same number, H. K. Carroll, a special agent for the compilation of church statistics during the census of 1890, gives a clear and emphatic *No*, as an answer to the question, "Is the Power of Christianity Waning?" His answer is well sustained by well-presented facts and figures. Several articles on the coming presidential issues seem intended as attacks on the silver men. But this matter will not be decided by any magazine contributors. "The Unaided Solution of the Southern Race Problem"; "Need of Better Homes for Wage Earners," and "The Cultivation of Vacant City Lots," are papers of interest.

With its April issue *The Dublin Review* enters on its sixty-first year. The President of St. Bede's College, Manchester, the Very Reverend Doctor Casartelli, sketches, in a happy vein, the history of this celebrated periodical. In the same number, one of Cardinal Manning's spiritual brethren, Father Kent of the Oblates of St. Charles, defends the great Archbishop as he is presented in Purcell's "Life." The Reverend T. B. Scannell presents a picture of Alexander VI. that will satisfy the most exacting demands of this Pope's enemies. "Catholic Antiquities of the Darenth Valley, Kent," and "Wanderings of Early Irish Saints on the Continent," the former by Miss A. M. Wilson, and the latter by Miss E. M. Clerke, are delightful bits of reading. But probably the most interesting and the most valuable contribution to this number is D. Moncrieff O'Connor's "The Place of the Holy Trinity in the Divina Commedia," an admirable disquisition on Dante's work, that we commend to every student who would know how to read the great poet.

The American Catholic Quarterly for April is an excellent number. Doctor Richard H. Clarke's study of George Washington as a devout and truly religious man will afford an insight into the character of the Father of his Country that cannot be gained by the mere reading of the story of his civil and military career. The timely significance of this contribution lies in the fact, which Doctor Clarke so clearly presents, that George Washington, and those who followed his leadership in constitutional work, were lovers of religious liberty. The Very Reverend Doctor Hewitt, C. S. P., offers the first part of an admirable essay, in answer to the living question—Rome or Naturalism?

Father Hugh T. Henry gives a delightful picture of the Abbé Briault, author of "Rimes Clericales," some of whose quaint and very clever work is introduced by Father Henry, in English verse that compares well with the original. William J. Onahan's review of the services of the Scotch to the Crown of France will be, for many, light on hitherto unexplored fields. "The Christians Under Turkish Rule" is one of Bryan J. Clinch's fine historical papers, always reliable, always readable. Archbishop Ryan pays tribute to the character of the late Archbishop Kenrick. Two good papers are Thomas F. Galwey's and Arthur F. Marshall's criticism of Purcell's "Life of Manning." Father Freeman makes interesting the subject of the ball-nozzle and the plate-nozzle. The other matter of this number will be found of solid value—the second part of St. George Mivart's review of Balfour's Philosophy; "The Lesson of Landscape," by Father Kendal, S. J.; Richard R. Elliott's "The Chippewas of Lake Superior"; and Doctor Charles Herbermann's "The Recently Discovered Apology of Apollonius the Martyr."

The Fortnightly Review for April begins a series of graphic sketches of South Africa, by Olive Schreiner. A Johannesburg resident tells the story of the recent disturbance there, which he calls an amateur revolution. Canon MacColl hurls another bolt at Islam. Edward Dicey tells of the situation of Bulgarian and Russian affairs as the outcome of the shameful and cowardly conduct of Prince Ferdinand in selling his own conscience and his little son Boris, whom he has handed over to the Greek Church. Ouida contributes a spirited article on "The Awakening of Italy," in which she once more exposes the corruption that is devouring the Italian people. Sidney Burton's "Cardinal Manning—A Reminiscence" is a beautiful tribute from a non-Catholic. He shows the Cardinal

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as the true friend of the workingman—and in this connection, he gives the inside history of the great London Dock strikes in the settlement of which Cardinal Manning took so conspicuous and efficient a part.

In the May number of *Harper's Magazine* we have, "At Home in Virginia," a particularly well-written paper by Mr. Woodrow Woolson. It skims lightly over the life—domestic and public—of our great first president, and puts him in a position of peculiar nearness to the reader. In many biographical sketches of Washington, the private is made so subordinate to the public life, that to an extent it is lost sight of, but in the present paper there is a pleasant harmony between the two, and a harmless exercise of the imagination, where facts are not involved, which make Mr. Woolson's article attractive reading. "Mark Twain," by Joseph H. Twichell, is a pleasantly written, sketchy biographical paper, distinctly and personally complimentary.

"Through Inland Waters, Depicted with Pen and Pencil," by Howard Pyle, is the account of a canal voyage, and the habits and manners of the people whose lives are spent in these floating water homes. "The Dashur Explorations," by Jacques De Morgan, is an account of "the principal results of the last year's explorations at Dashur *** which open to us new vistas on the Egyptian civilization of the epoch" upon which they bear, namely, the Twelfth Dynasty. "England and America in 1863: A Chapter in the Life of Cyrus W. Field," the conclusion of Mr. William Black's serial; "Brisies," and several short stories go towards making up the number.

Considering "The Burden of Egypt," *The Nineteenth Century* for April discusses the important question of English occupation, in two articles, entitled, respectively, "The Difficulties of Withdrawal," and "Our Promise to Withdraw." Mr. Augustine Birrell, the distinguished critic, contributes a very thoughtful and suggestive paper, "What then, Did Happen at the Reformation?" He shows what all but prejudiced Anglicans have long known, that the Reformation swept away the Mass in England, and, therefore, tore the so-called Church of England from the unity of the Church of Christ. This article should prove serviceable. A very agreeable sketch of Sir Robert Peel, in the same number, deserves special mention.

In *McClure's Magazine* for May, Mr. Will H. Low gives the first of his series of papers entitled: "A Century in Painting." Mr. Low is eminently fitted for such a work, and if the first paper (The Life and Work of Jean Francois Millet), be an earnest of those to follow, the set of papers will make a valuable acquisition to art literature. "The Life of Abraham Lincoln," by Ida M. Tarbell, promises to be as well written as her life of Napoleon, which won her reputation as a biographical writer. The period of the present paper extends over Lincoln's life in Congress, and is made up of some hitherto unpublished facts and letters. "The Use of the Rœntgen Rays in Surgery" is by W. W. Keen, and is a scientific paper possessing the rare value of being intelligible to the ordinary reader. "Climbing Mount Blanc in a Blizzard," is by Garrett P. Serviss, who was caught in a blinding snow-storm on a narrow cliff two and a half miles above the sea level. For those who delight in adventure, the paper is an interesting one. "Phroso," Anthony Hope's serial, and several short stories, complete the May number.

BOOKS.

We have received from the Catholic Book Exchange (Paulists), 120 West 60th Street, New York, THE TEACHING OF ST. JOHN THE APOSTLE TO THE CHURCHES OF ASIA AND THE WORLD, by the Very Reverend A. F. Hewit, D. D., of the Congregation of St. Paul.

The artistic little volume before us is from the pen of one whose name, upon the title-page of any volume, is sufficient guarantee of its excellence. Father Hewit, in giving to the public the "Teaching of St. John the Apostle," proposed to himself, as he tells us in his preface, a twofold object: First, to present the evidence of the Apostolic origin of the Catholic Church, with its dogma, hierarchy and liturgy, from the inspired writings of St. John, and from the tradition received from him by his disciples and their immedlate successors; second, to offer a specimen of an improved Eng-

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lish version of the canonical Scriptures.

For attaining the first end the writings of St. John are admirably adapted. The beloved disciple of our Divine Lord survived his fellow-apostles, during a third of a century, and lived almost to the close of the first century. He is, as it were, the connecting link between the apostles and their successors, the bishops, to whom they bequeathed the prerogatives of governing and teaching which they themselves had received immediately from Jesus Christ. He it was who bequeathed the blessing and approbation of the apostolic college to the Catholic episcopate and the Church of the second century.

No less admirably adapted to the attainment of the second end the author had in view, is the general treatment of the entire work. As it was not his intention to introduce novelties for the mere sake of novelty, a cursory perusal may not bring to light any material difference between this and older versions; but here and there will be noticed differences which seem more fittingly to convey the meaning of the Evangelist.

As we have already said, the style of the book throughout is eminently artistic. Half-tone illustrations, mostly after Hoffmann's beautiful representations of our Lord in the different scenes of His earthly ministry, enliven the text throughout. Had the author no other purpose than to present to us a portion of the sacred Scriptures in a pleasing and attractive style, the success that has marked his efforts would in itself merit a generous appreciation on the part of the public.

A collection of poems on the priesthood appears under the title, LYRA HIERATICA. Father T. E. Bridgett, the Redemptorist, is the compiler. He has gathered from many sources some of the choicest verses inspired by the "Priesthood," and here and there are found, modestly inserted, a blossom culled from his own bower. Of the latter, we yield the palm to the lines on "St. Alphonsus," and we can readily understand why he should have sung sweetest on this theme. But whatever possessed the Reverend Editor to interpolate Adelaide Proctor's poem, "Our Titles," with a stanza of his own composing? The thing in itself appears to us as being of a questionable taste. A poem, when it leaves the hand of an artist such as Miss Proctor certainly was, is a finished whole, and the symmetry of its proportions ought not be tampered with by additions. As the poem in question, without Father Bridgett's stanza, would have no place in a collection on "the Priesthood," we must be pardoned if we surmise that the interpolation was made solely for the purpose of including it in the LYRA HIERATICA.

Among the authors represented in the collection we find Dante, Aubrey De Vere, Longfellow, Mrs. Hemans, Sister Mary Alphonsus, O. S. D. (Miss Ellen Downing), Milton, Newman, Adelaide Proctor, Father Walworth, etc.

It is a good book, and we hope that it may enjoy a large circulation. Both the clergy and the laity will find it a means of storing their minds with beautiful thoughts on the sublimest dignity to which mortal man can be raised, "the priesthood of the Catholic Church."

It is published by Burns and Oates, London, and Benziger Bros., New York.

VIEWS AND PORTRAITS OF MAYNOOTH COLLEGE—A CENTENARY ALBUM. We have never seen a more magnificent collection of photogravures. There are upwards of two hundred pictures in the ALBUM, comprising, views of the grounds, buildings, interior and exterior, together with portraits of the distinguished men connected with this famed institution. It is a thing of beauty, and a credit both to the institution which it celebrates and to Messrs. Browne and Nolan, of Dublin, the publishers. Benziger Brothers are the New York agents.

THE MOST HIGH: a Lyrical Thought-sequence by the Author of "Wreaths of Song from Courses of Philosophy." This is a theological poem, or rather, a chain of poems the binding link of which is the great thought of the One Necessary Being, "I am Who am." The series opens with a Prologue, and closes with an Epilogue, and those running between are respectively devoted to the various feasts and seasons of the Christian year, namely, Michaelmas, All Saints, All Souls Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, Holy Trinity, Corpus Christi. The tone-thought of the Prologue is caught from the beginning of the eighth chapter of Proverbs, that of the Epilogue from the end of the same chapter, viz: "I was with Him forming all things, and was delighted every day, playing before Him at all times playing in the world."

It is a work of undeniable merit, betraying an author with a mind of strong reason, a soul of stronger faith, and a sense of strongest æstheticism. Doubt-

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less its depth will, to the many, prove unfathomable. Not one nor even two readings will suffice to put the reader in possession of the full contents of the lines. It is a mine rich with theological ore, but the reader must do his own digging, and as the tools for this sort of digging are not in the hands of any but theologians, it is not likely that any but theologians will bring its treasures to the surface.

Perhaps the Christmas number is the most beautiful. Its theme is, "Cœli enarrant gloriam Dei" (the Heavens are telling the glory of God), and the central thought is of the wealth of light which shines between the stars, but which the eyes of our soul, housed as it is in its tenement of clay, cannot see.

"Were sense-sight once freed from these fumes of earth's fire,
Did this life's lurid light from my vision retire,
Yet leave me here seeing, with these very eyes
Up-looking as now at yon star-spangled skies—
Would the whole there not show as some sapphire-gemmed screen
With the light my life seeks the gems glowing between?
Then should I be seeing there all to be seen—
Gloria in excelsis!"

Here the author travels in parallel lines with Shakespeare. Note the resemblance. In the "Merchant of Venice," Lorenzo, directing Jessica's attention to the beauty of the heavens, says:

"Look, how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Altogether, the poem is remarkable for depth of thought. The frequent recurrence of hyphenated words rather mars the smoothness of the lines. M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin, are the publishers.

In the first chapter of Father Morgan M. Sheedy's admirable little book of CHRISTIAN UNITY, noticed in our April number, these words occur: "From many quarters are heard sweet sounds set to the music of Heaven, that tell of the universal desire for unity and peace." Of this nature is a beautifully-published volume of "Some Poems and Prose" from the pen of Rev. Silliman Blagden, of Boston. The object of the compilation was, says the author in his preface, "to expedite 'Christian Unity,' and to encourage and cheer the hearts of God's dear people, who really desire and long for it: and to engender, foster, and stimulate a Christ-like yearning for it too in the minds and hearts of all persons everywhere, calling themselves Christians." This the work certainly does; for the seventy-three pages are full of unction,—of an unction which must impress the reader with the sincerity of the author's longing for the "One Fold and one Shepherd."

From Benziger Bros. we have received ÆTHIOPUM SERVUS, a work issued by the publishing house of Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., London, England. This work, which its author, M. D. Petre, terms a study in Christian altruism, is a sketch of the life of the recently canonized Saint Peter Claver, the holy and heroic Jesuit priest, who, to bind himself irrevocably to the monotony and repulsiveness of a missionary life among the slaves of Carthegena, signed his final religious profession with the words: "Petrus Claver, Æthiopum semper servus."

It is not, strictly speaking, a biography of him who was "ever the slave of the Blacks," but a sketch of his patient labors in a chosen field that absorbed the last thirty-five years of his life,—in a field from which he reaped a slow but abundant harvest of souls. In this edifying story of the life-work of one of God's saints, the author displays a thorough knowledge of the slave question which he treats from an ethical, a theological, and an historical standpoint.

The highly instructive fifth chapter points out the difference between the pagan idea of slavery and the slavery tolerated by the Catholic Church, and in its concluding words sums up the Christian view of the rights and duties towards each other of master and slave. "The right of the master was to command in external things: his duty, to respect the freedom of the slave in the spiritual order. The right of the slave was to be independent as regarded his conscience: his duty, to obey in things which were merely temporal. The slave was the freeman of Christ, the master was his bondman: the one was rescued by the Gospel from the bondage of the soul, the other was brought by it under the yoke of Christ. 'For he that is called in the Lord, being a bondman, is the freeman of the Lord. Likewise, he that is called, being free, is the bondman of Christ.'"[1]

In the description of the rise and growth of the slave traffic in the Spanish-

[1] Cor., vii. 22.

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American colonies, many just and beautiful things are said of Las Casas, the protector of the Indians, whose giant heroism and devotion, to use the author's own words, preserved an entire continent.

"Were it not;" says the author, "for the untiring exertions of himself and his Dominican companions, the small existing remnant of the Indian race might have been entirely effaced and extinguished." In another place, speaking of the spiritual conquest of Tuzulutlan, "where the Dominicans under Las Casas tamed a race which the Spanish adventurers had never been able to subdue," the author says: "But these are golden pages of history that depict a condition of things which could seldom exist, and which could not long continue." The readers of ÆTHIOPUM SERVUS, besides gaining a knowledge of the altruistic work of Peter Claver, will also obtain a correct idea of that misunderstood figure of the past, "the towering Las Casas."

We have not space to mention the many merits of this book, whose pages are full of fresh and original thoughts set forth in a smooth and forceful style, but we confidently assure our readers that should they commence reading this volume they will find it so interesting that they will not lay it aside until they have read it to the end.

The attractive binding, remarkably good paper, and the clean, correct, and perfect printing of the book show that the publishers have done their work well.

From Benziger Bros. we have THE CIRCUS-RIDER'S DAUGHTER, by F. V. Brackel, translated by Mary A. Mitchell. Morally, "The Circus-Rider's Daughter" is excellent, being pure in tone. Literarily, it holds a place of mediocrity with thousands of other novels. It belongs to the old school (which, however, is in itself not offered as an objection), and has a beautiful and faultless heroine, a wily villain, a young man with a strong character, another with a weak one, and the lives of all the characters fall in pleasant lines, as to this world's goods. While such a book may be the means of whiling away a few pleasant hours, the question arises, whether the same time might not have been spent in reading something equally agreeable, and much more profitable. We are convinced, that in intellectual pursuits, as in all others, we either gather or waste; time must be spent profitably or unprofitably; there is no intermediate course. We would propose, then, to any one selecting a novel, to choose the very best, and always a step above, rather than a step below, our natural taste. Without any spirit of carping or fault-finding, we feel justified in saying that after reading THE CIRCUS-RIDER'S DAUGHTER one is no better morally or intellectually, and the mission of a book, even the novel, is one or both of these results. The translation is fair, the blemishes being only those incidental to the difference in idioms, "which often sets the powers of translation at defiance." The presswork is excellent, and the binding substantial, and in good taste.

From B. Herder, publisher, St. Louis, we have, LOVE YOUR ENEMIES, by Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J.; THE CHRISTIAN YOUTH OF LEBANON, by A. V. B., and PRINCE ARUMUGAN, author not given. While these little stories are bound separately, and are by different authors, they bear a close resemblance, being all translations from the German, all tales of the persecution of Christians, and identical as to style of print, binding, and illustrations. LOVE YOUR ENEMIES, by Fr. Spillman, is an account of the Maori insurrection in New Zealand, and teems with thrilling situations and hair-breadth escapes. The plot is interestingly laid, and carries with it a pleasant interest. "Maron" is the story of the persecution of the Christians by the Turks, in and about Lebanon. In it, the fortunes of a Christian family, and a young Turk, afterwards converted, are followed. PRINCE ARUMUGAN is the story of a young Indian prince who is converted to Catholicity and becomes a priest. These tales are semi-historical, at least as to customs, peoples, etc., and are safe and instructive.

THE FOLLOWING OF CHRIST. From Benziger Brothers there comes a new and low-priced edition of Thomas A Kempis' great and beautiful book. The good print and neat binding of the little volume under notice, are not always to be found in cheap editions, while the fact of its price, convenient size, etc., makes it possible for it to be, what some edition of this immortal book should be, the companion and intimate friend of every Catholic. After each chapter are practical reflections and prayers, and the appendix includes, morning, evening, and Mass prayers, with other devotions.

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